

PHOTOPLAY

ed with
MOVIE MIRROR

NOVEMBER

15¢

ANN SHERIDAN
BY PAUL HESSE

for Cavalcade — New Portraits of JOSEPH COTTEN, CARY GRANT, PAULETTE GODDARD
FABULOUS FRANK SINATRA by Louella O. Parsons

Easy Way

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TINTZ

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MUST DELIGHT YOU OR NO COST ...

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COUPON

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS
SIMPLY SEND LETTER OR CONVENIENT COUPON

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

the whole world

loves a radiant smile!



Give your smile a winning sparkle with the aid of Ipana and massage!

CHIN UP, PLAIN GIRL! Glance at the most popular girls in your crowd—girls who win admiration, invite romance. Very few can claim real beauty. *But they all know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a faint, half-hearted smile but a radiant smile—the kind that gives you a magic charm. Yes, smile—but remember, sparkling

teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Just mas-

sage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



All eyes are upon the girl with a lovely, radiant smile! Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.



We said we had put our Best Foot Forward, but we've got a still better foot. It's "Girl Crazy."

We're crazy about "Girl Crazy" for a combination of reasons. We're Gershwin crazy, Mickey Rooney crazy, Judy Garland crazy, Tommy Dorsey crazy.



Some of us old harkers hark back to the original Broadway show and remember "I Got Rhythm," "Bidin' My Time," "Embraceable You," and other wonderful melodies and lyrics.

Well, brethren and sistern, the verdict is in. The screen "Girl Crazy" will delight the harkers-back and delight those butterflies who have recently emerged from the cocoon.

From the moment that Mickey meets Judy in that broken-down jalopy and sings "Could You Use Me," the gaiety gets going and keeps going.

When Judy sings "They're Writing Songs Of Love But Not For Me," hard hearts melt. When Mickey does his Madison Square Garden routine all sides shake.

We can't omit mention of Gil Stratton, "Rags" Ragland, Nancy Walker (remember her in "Best Foot Forward"). Robert E. Strickland, June Allyson and Guy Kibbee. They're a great cast.

Fred Finklehoffe did the screen play from the musical by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan. The great late George Gershwin did the music and brother Ira the lyrics. Norman Taurog directed, Arthur Freed produced.

Tommy Dorsey's lively band. Beautiful girls. Loud comedy. In the words of "I Got Rhythm," could you ask for anything more?

The story deals with an eastern playboy who gets a degree in discipline from the wild and woolly campus of an Arizona college.

It is a colorful production in typical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer style.

As for us

We're Girl Crazy.

—Lea



PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

NOVEMBER, 1943

VOL. 23, NO. 6

Story Highlights

Fabulous Frank Sinatra.....	Louella O. Parsons	28
Lonely Girl.....	Judy Garland	30
Gary Wraps It Up.....	Adela Rogers St. Johns	32
"Annie" to All.....	Sidney Skolsky	36
Salute to the Hollywood Canteen.....	James Hilton	38
You Love Him If—.....		40
Who Rules These Hollywood Roosts?.....	"Fearless"	44
Happiness.....	Deanna Durbin	47
Portrait of an Individualist—Ray Milland.....	Jerrold Asher	48
Categorically Speaking.....		50
Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne play a game with author Howard Sharpe		
The Man I Love—Jean Pierre Aumont.....	Maria Montez	52
"California" Coming Up.....	Sara Hamilton	54
Susie Cues.....	Helen Macy Sharpe	55
Backdoor Debutantes.....	Lillian Day	58
Where Is He?.....		66
A "please find" item from June Havoc to Photoplay readers		
Bette Davis Faces Sorrow.....	Helen Gilmore	69

Portraits in Color

Paulette Goddard.....	35	Dennis Morgan.....	39
Lynn Bari, Red Skelton.....	38	Olivia de Havilland, Anne Shirley.....	39
Marlene Dietrich.....	38	Cary Grant.....	42
Joan Leslie.....	38	Joseph Cotten.....	43
Hedy Lamarr, John Loder... ..	39	Deanna Durbin.....	46

Special Features

Brief Reviews.....	24	Horoscope—Matilda Trotter..	100
Casts of Current Pictures.....	117	Inside Stuff—Cal York.....	6
Fashions—Maureen O'Hara... ..	61	Speak for Yourself.....	4
Frontdoor Debutante.....	60	Star-Maker Fashions.....	64
The Shadow Stage.....	20		

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROJECTION ROOM



Picture of a Lion going **CRAZY** with Joy !

He's just seen a preview of A GEM FROM M-G-M

the merry musical **GIRL CRAZY**

It is studded with beautiful girls and sparkling with Gershwin music

MICKEY ROONEY

and

JUDY GARLAND

and

TOMMY DORSEY and his Orchestra

It's got ropin' ridin' and rhythm! It's got dancin' romancin' and it's a riot!

with GIL STRATTON "RAGS" RAGLAND NANCY WALKER ROBERT E. STRICKLAND
JUNE ALLYSON • GUY KIBBEE Screen Play by Fred Finklehoffe • Based Upon Musical Play
"Girl Crazy" by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan • Music by George Gershwin • Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture



IT'S GOT BROADWAY FLAIR AND A WESTERN AIR !

It's a
BIG PICTURE

HOW LOUD CAN YOU LAUGH?

Bet you don't know...
'cause you've never
laughed as hard in
all your life as you're
going to laugh when you see



JUDY CANOVA

in her fastest, funniest
film hit

SLEEPY LAGOON



with

DENNIS DAY

**Ruth Donnelly
Joe Sawyer
Ernest Truex
Douglas Fowley
MIKE RILEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA**

VERY MERRY MUSIC:

Sleepy Lagoon
Political Satire
If You Are There
You're the Very
Fondest Thing
I Am Of
I'm Not
Myself
Anymore

It will tickle your
risibles and
fascinate your
funny bone!

BACK THE ATTACK
BUY MORE
WAR BONDS



Flash! — Republic will co-star John Wayne and Martha Scott with Albert Dekker in **IN OLD OKLAHOMA**

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

\$10.00 PRIZE "Of Movies and Men..."

THE bells are ringing for me and my gal... The music sounded clear through the tropic night. On the screen Judy Garland sang the lyrics; in front of the screen four hundred American soldiers hummed softly. As the strains died away one could see by the light in those boys' eyes, that momentarily, they were happy—four hundred examples of the marvelous work movies are doing in our fight to win this war.

One of the very first things a company does when it establishes itself on an island base is to clear an area for the theater. Here a screen is put up and crude seats made of logs are installed. Opening night is a gala occasion for all.

Movies are today's greatest morale builder. Take, for example, the night "Stage Door Canteen" played. There were fourteen fellows in our tent all engaged in a dice game. It was the day after pay day. When the sergeant came to the door and informed us of our movie treat for the evening not one, but every one of the fourteen, withdrew from the game and strolled down the hill to the theater area. When a movie can stop a dice game the day after pay day that's going some!

A short time ago I sat for two hours in a tropical downpour listening to charmer Alice Faye croon her nostalgic selections from "Hello, Frisco, Hello"—even though I had seen the picture before. Evidently I was not the only drenched Faye fan, for as I looked about myself I could see a countless throng of enchanted men with their wet faces lifted to the screen and their eyes gazing dreamily a million miles beyond the image thereupon.

More than once we over here have had our movies interrupted by the familiar air-raid alarm. Upon such occasions the lights are extinguished immediately and the audience scatters, each man returning quickly to his quarters and his respective fox hole. After the all clear sounds they scramble from



Alice Faye: Hundreds of men on an island base heard her sing

the fox holes and resume their places before the screen and the movie is continued.

There you have the film situation overseas. The American motion-picture association is doing a noteworthy job of keeping 'em smiling over there. Congratulations, Hollywood! Keep it up!

Robert French,
APO No. 709
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Cal.

\$5.00 PRIZE Canada Speaking

SAY, I've just got home on a leave and being all alone this evening, Mom and Dad having gone to a movie, I'm going to say something which has been on my mind for some time. Hope you're all listenin'! But first, let me say, I'm seventeen and am in the Royal

Canadian Army Medical Corps. Nope, my dad and mother couldn't keep me out, in fact, Dad was in himself when he was fifteen, so why blame me!

Dad has been a booster of Richard Dix for years and years. If he sees this, there'll be the devil to pay, but then I should worry, I'll be away far from here. I used to kid Pop about Dix, but do you know I've yet to see a player any better than he is. I've seen many of them, the ones of today, the younger ones whom we naturally like to see, but gosh all hemlock, when I want to see a hard-riding Western with thrills aplenty and good all-round dramatic acting, well, give me the same Richard Dix, too. Gosh, that guy must be good, else he wouldn't still be up there starring after so many years!

I'm getting to be like my "old man" insofar as supporting Richard Dix is concerned. I keep telling the boys at this basic training camp all about Dix and his latest picture. Well,

I gotta be shovin' off, but a last word about Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I get it every month from home and I pass it along to the fellows and they like it lots, too!

Pvt. Kenneth
Richard Revine,
Canadian Army
Basic Training
Camp No. 41,
Huntingdon, Que.
(Cont'd on page 106)

Speak FOR YOURSELF

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



The Greatest Love Story
Ever To Live On The Screen

Paramount Presents

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

FROM THE CELEBRATED NOVEL BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

starring

Gary Ingrid
Cooper • Bergman

with AKIM TAMIROFF • ARTURO DE CORDOVA
JOSEPH CALLEIA and KATINA PAXINOU

Executive Producer B. G. DESYLVA

Produced and
Directed by

Sam Wood

Screen Play by
Dudley Nichols

IN TECHNICOLOR

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" WILL NOT BE SHOWN AT REGULAR ADMISSION PRICES UNTIL 1945



Two current enthusiasms turn enthusiasts for Photoplay's Hollywood party: Joe Cotton and Dana Andrews



The lighter side of Hollywood life with the man who camera-sees it: Evelyn Keyes and Jinx Falkenburg with Photoplay's cover artist Paul Hesse

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

Photoplay Gives a Party: If you've admired PHOTOPLAY's own Cover Girls you may be interested to know the artist Paul Hesse, who shoots the glamour girls for PHOTOPLAY, is as handsome as any movie star himself. And just to celebrate that new contract Paul signed for more covers, editorial director Fred Sammis threw an elegant party at Paul's own swanky studio on Sunset Strip.

Hollywood celebrities came in droves. For some inside light on the guests, see our host's own account on page 27.

When It's Feuding Time in Hollywood: It seems Olivia de Havilland and Ginger Rogers, both working on the RKO lot, have never heard of the existence of each other. Coming out of the commissary at that studio, the other day, we witnessed a little scene that stirred our risibles.

From one direction came Shadrack, Olivia's dog; from another trotted Ginger's dachshund. The merest side glance was exchanged by the canines. Behind the dogs came the stars. Not even a side glance was exchanged. Behind the stars came the maids. A definite up-in-the-air tilt of the nose revealed anything but an overwhelming friendship. Maybe by this time the girls have been introduced and the stars, the dogs and the maids are all speaking.

The tension on the set of "Tropicana" is growing day by day between Mae West and director Gregory Ratoff. Mae has ideas of her own. Strictly Tenth Avenue. So

has Gregory. Strictly Russian Theater. We're waiting for the fusing, the explosion and the clearing away of the wounded.

"What has got into Fontaine?" is Paramount's daily watchword, for not since the old Gloria Swanson-Pola Negri days have so many fireworks exploded on one lot.

Word first drifted back from the location site of "Frenchman's Creek." One retired press agent was the result. By the time a second and third press agent had taken over the task of placating Miss Fontaine, the company had moved back to the home lot and the battle was on, close range.

Hollywood and "the Boys": More and more, Hollywood reaches out its heart to the service men in its midst and out of it. The Masquers Club, that organization composed of actors and similar to the Lamb's Club in New York, gives a weekly Saturday-night dinner followed by a show with an imposing list of performers and free beds to over 250 servicemen. The dinners are sponsored by citizens of the community connected in some way with the industry. Mr. Y. Frank Freeman, President of Paramount Studios, was host the night old Cal appeared as guest of honor. And were we pleased when those boys lined up at the glamour table (as they call the raised table at which the sponsor, the visiting stars and guests of honor sit), and asked for our autograph. "Photoplay!" the Navy (for it was Navy night) said almost in a body. "Say, that's our favorite magazine. That's the only one we read."

The Ann Lehr Guild, where free meals and beds are provided enlisted men, with games, cards and dancing thrown in, is another popular place in town. The corner of Crescent Heights Boulevard and Fountain Avenue is always alive with men coming and going to the Lehr Guild.

The Canteen has taken on new life with Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper and others taking over certain nights as mistresses of ceremonies. Show stoppers this month have been Katharine Hepburn, Susanna Foster, Harry James, Nelson Eddy and Red Skelton.

Officers are also remembered by (Continued on page 8)



Above: Picture of three men having a good time: Cary Grant talks to the host, Photo-play's Editorial Director, Fred R. Sammis. Third grin belongs to actor Walter Reed



At party-ease: Rita Beery and Veronica Lake



Group being gay: Hedda Hopper, Photo-play writer, Sonny Tufts, Deanna Durbin, Anne Shirley and Mr. Hesse



★ Corner-wise: Lon McCallister, Frances Gifford

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

Now it can be told!
The mighty epic story
of adventure, courage
and glory in the
desert...SAHARA
...starring the
great action
star of "Casa-
blanca"...
HUMPHREY BOGART.
Its tender human emotion and
matchless thrills will give
you a memorable entertain-
ment experience.



The suspense
is terrific...
the action is
thrilling...
the-man-to-
man drama is tender
as a woman's heart. That's
DESTROYER...the stirring sto-
ry of 200 Americans aboard "a
hunk of tin with a heart"...
starring Edward G. Robinson
with Glenn Ford and Marguerite
Chapman sharing the love-
interest. See it for thrills!



For rollicking,
uproarious
laughter see
"MY KINGDOM
FOR A COOK"
Charles
"Dingle" Coburn
is the star in this
story of a visit-
ing celebrity whose stomach
was the apple of his eye. We
recommend it as the laughing
successor to "The More The Mer-
rier". It's got that TINGLE!

ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
FOR THESE COLUMBIA PICTURES

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The beard (re-
sult of "The
Cross of Lor-
raine") belongs
to Gene Kelly,
the girl does,
too—she's his
wife. Scene:
Photoplay party



Gentleman before the camera:
Helmut Dantine. Lady over
his shoulder, Loretta Young



The press came to the party,
too—Hollywood's famous
reporter, Louella Parsons

(Continued from page 6) the three
leading hotels, the Beverly Wilshire,
the Ambassador and the Beverly Hills,
that conduct dances for the officers
on leave.

At the Mocambo recently a little
sailor stood on the sidelines and hun-
grily eyed Judy Garland as she danced
by. On his blue uniform were four
ribbons and five stars which denoted
fierce action on far-off fronts.

Out of the corner of her eye Judy
glimpsed the boy and before he could
draw a deep breath he somehow found
himself with Judy in his arms waltz-
ing about the floor. Somehow, from the
look on his face, we knew he felt this
moment repaid all those other ones—
the ones signified by the ribbons and
the stars on his uniform.

To Cary Grant—a Tribute: If you
were to ask most any writer, actor or
crew who their favorite was we're
pretty sure the unanimous vote of all
Hollywood would be—Cary Grant.

Everyone, from the lowest to the
highest, feels his warming friendship.
A crumpled \$100 bill in the hand of a
mutual friend to be passed on else-
where, a word of encouragement to a
baffled newcomer, the determination
that others may share a scene equally
are all a part of the Grant.

His bounty to the boys in the service
knows no end. Not only has he toured
camps, giving of his time and talent,
but the monetary good he does cannot
be measured.

One evening Cary, after a long, hard
day at the studio, and Barbara were
upstairs having a light supper. Cary,
who wasn't up to visitors, was informed
several gentlemen wanted to see him
downstairs. Reluctantly he went down.
Barbara came along.

At the door they paused. An officer
stepped forward, gave the command to
three straight-backed soldiers who,
with full military honor and dignity,
presented to (Continued on page 10)



His lifelong friend from the day he arrives

In his diaper days he'll first appreciate its cool, antiseptic action to relieve chafing.

A few years later he'll learn about it when a little finger is cut or a little toe is skinned and Mother adds an additional kiss to "make it well".

Then, in his school days, he'll probably discover—and remember all through life—how useful Listerine Antiseptic often is in helping to halt a sore throat or head off a cold.

And, equally important, when he becomes "girl-conscious", he'll realize what a pal Listerine Antiseptic can be in keeping him in the good graces of his Lady Fair . . . how often it guards against offensive breath when non-systemic.

By the time he's twenty-one he'll be a lifelong member of a club that numbers millions . . . men and women who feel that home isn't quite home unless this safe antiseptic is handy to

meet the countless little emergencies that so frequently arise. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES

SIXTY YEARS IN SERVICE

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

Military
Needs Come
First



Camouflage nets help protect our fighting men and their equipment. That's why Real-Form is devoting most of its Raschel knitting machines to this vital military need, while making a limited number of girdles and panty girdles. You'll continue to find Lastex in Real-Form as long as our supply lasts. Please be patient if your dealer can't supply you at once.

Real-Form
GIRDLES OF GRACE
358 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff



One of the best-liked men in Hollywood and his best-dressed wife arrive at the Masquers: The Cary Grants

(Continued from page 8) Cary Grant, Englishman, a flag of honor from their outfit. Cary wouldn't tell of the deed that had prompted that gesture. But he wasn't ashamed to admit to the tears that rimmed his eyes, the lump that played havoc in his throat.

Cal wishes there were some better way to pay proper tribute to Hollywood's beloved citizen—Cary Grant.

Around Town: The sight of the week is Sabu with a G. I. haircut and no turban to set off his Army uniform. The town is chuckling over the disclosure that followed a very wonderful gesture on the part of Sabu and his brother, Shaik (pronounced shake), who followed the Indian actor into the Army. The boys gave their 250 chickens to the Canteen and then startled the women's food committee by informing them they would also contribute the 250 roosters, husbands of the hens.

No one had the heart to inform the lads that roosters were far from monogamists and that every hen need not necessarily have her mate.

Anyway, the 250 feathered couples went into the Canteen pot. . . .

Martha O'Driscoll has chosen a little

church off Santa Monica Boulevard in Beverly Hills for her wedding to Lieutenant Commander Richard Adams. For that "something blue" Martha's eyes, starry as the sky these days, should be sufficient. . . .

Universal has signed Nelson Eddy for two more pictures, but we hear tell Nelson will have his own way and remain a blond. We don't blame him. By the way, Susanna Foster, his leading lady in "Phantom Of The Opera," used to write the most fervent fan letters imaginable to Nelson. Now she's his leading lady. Nelson, who dropped in at the Beverly Wilshire Officers' Club to sing for the boys, worried all evening because he'd forgotten to put the chickens in the hen house, turn off the water in the trough and do several other little farmyard chores. . . .

An X-ray cross section of Hollywood's mind these days would reveal chickens, pigs, cows and Victory gardens predominating, which reminds us of the crack Ann Sheridan made when told her sow had several little pigs. "Thank heavens," she said, "for some new faces (Continued on page 12)



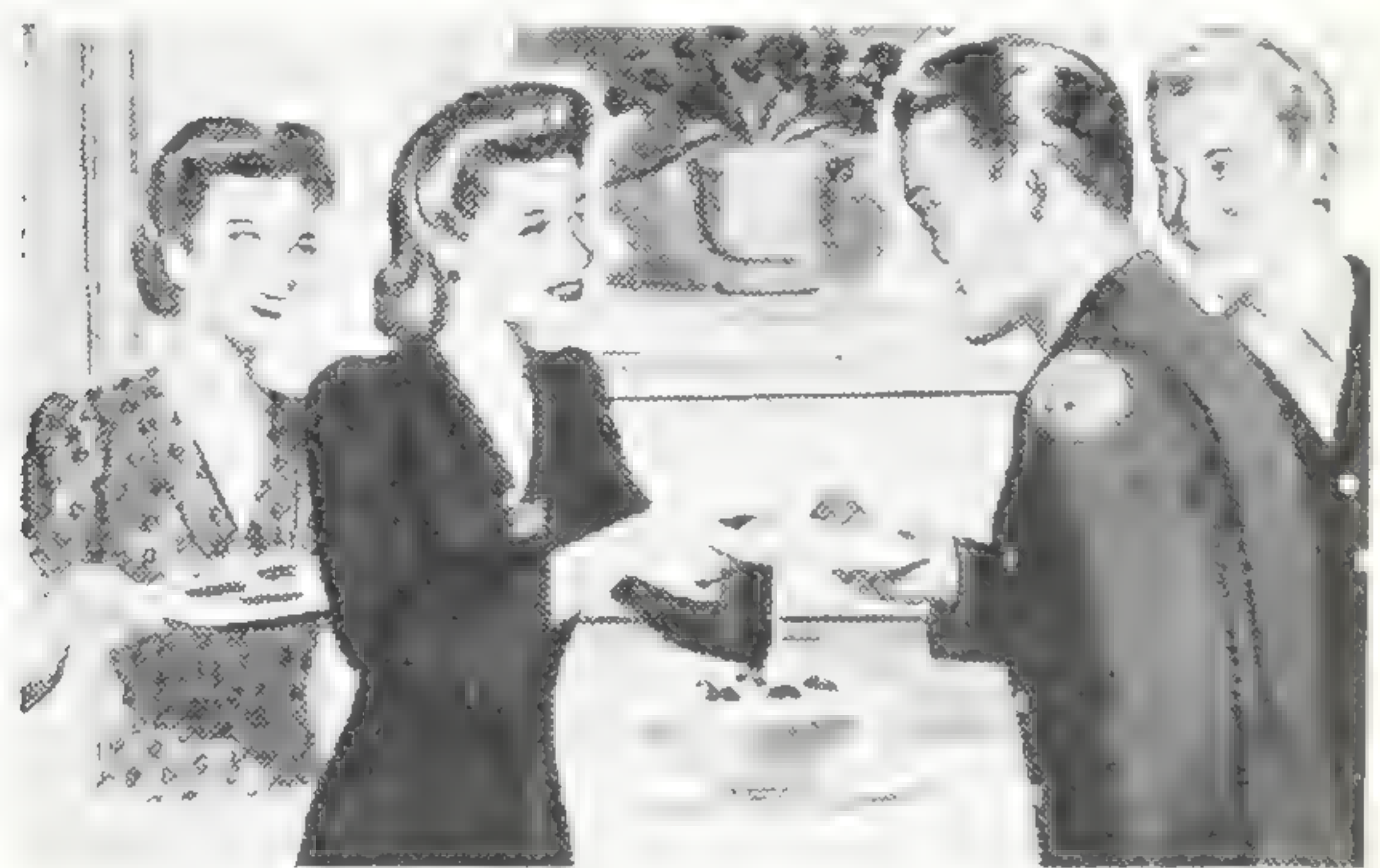
What have these
soft, smooth hands been
doing all day?



Every day is maid's day out now—and there are meals to get, dishes to wash, undies to be tubbed. *Before* you tackle any soap-and-water task, always smooth on 'Toushay! It's a marvelous new *beforehand* lotion—guards lovely hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water and helps to keep them soft, smooth, and white!



Volunteers are urgently needed for war work at the hospital—so you're helping out every afternoon! No place here for rough hands that catch on surgical gauze. But Toushay-guarded hands are smooth. Just see for yourself how this wonderfully creamy, fragrant lotion helps *prevent* dryness and roughness, instead of waiting until the damage is done.



Supper guests tonight? Let lush, flower-scented 'Toushay help you look glamorous. This new-idea lotion does all the things other lotions do for you, *plus* its "beforehand" use. Try it as a powder base—or for all-over body rubs—or last-minute smoothing to arms, elbows, and throat. A generous-sized bottle costs little—lasts a long time. Ask for 'Toushay—the *before-hand* lotion—at your druggist's.

TOUSHAY



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands
even in hot, soapy water

Look what this new lotion with LANOLIN did!



• "When we were introduced, we shook hands—and he didn't let go! He said some silly little thing about soft, pretty hands—meaning mine. Well, anyway, that's how it began, as romance often does—holding hands."

The House of Campana takes Pride in Presenting their New Campana Cream Balm Containing Lanolin

CREATED BY CAMPANA SKIN SCIENTISTS, AND
TESTED AND APPROVED BY HUNDREDS OF
WOMEN. A CREAMY, NON-STICKY, SOOTH-
ING, SOFTENING HAND LOTION TO HELP
PREVENT SKIN DRYNESS AND ROUGHNESS.
CONTAINS LANOLIN, THE MATERIAL MOST
NEARLY DUPLICATING THE FUNCTIONS OF
THE NATURAL OILS OF THE SKIN.

Campana Cream Balm

You can distinguish the new Campana Cream Balm by its pure white color and distinctive yellow and white carton. Sold by drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Campana Laboratories also produce the Original CAMPANA BALM in the green and white package.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Soda-fountain set: Van Johnson and Judy Garland stage a tryout of the best-looking sundae on Mocambo's menu

(Continued from page 10) around here." Ann has one of the up-and-comingest farms in the valley. Two cows, a dozen chickens and six pigs have taken George Brent's place. Hear Ann is taking Ida Lupino with her to Mexico when both girls finish their current pictures. Ann and Ida, eh? Wonder how that will work out. Ida, by the way, is working hard on that musical comedy (she wrote all the music for it) she expects to stage very soon. Producer Lupino! Not bad. . . .

That Bob Hope take-off in the picture "Let's Face It" on Paul Henreid's double cigarette lighting has everyone in stitches. Henreid doesn't relish the kidding too much, we hear. But Paul is so wrapped up in his little daughter Monica he can't be too upset. . . .

Dana Andrews is the boy that's caught in the middle these days. Because his contract is jointly owned by both Sam Goldwyn and Twentieth

Century-Fox, neither studio is willing to give Dana a build-up. So there's Dana, as fine an actor as you'd care to meet, caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. Dana won't say which is which. Speaking of nice people, you should see the carrying on that transpires between two players, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, each working on adjoining sets at Twentieth. The note-passing and telephoning between sets is—well, really. And after all those years of marriage and parenthood! Someone asked Joel if he liked Frances, his wife, with her hair up. "I like my wife—period," Joel said, "and I'd love to see that in print." Well, Mr. McCrea, here it is. . . .

Jinx Falkenburg wants to go to England to entertain the service boys and marry Tex McCrary, who's over there waiting, but guess who won't let her go—her studio, who won't let Rita Hayworth act in Orson Welles's show, either. . . . (Continued on page 14)

THEIR DRAMATIC STORY CAN NOW BE TOLD!

The mighty epic of adventure, courage and glory
in the desert...in all its heart-stirring splendor!

HUMPHREY BOGART

THE GREAT STAR OF "CASABLANCA" IN

SAHARA



with BRUCE BENNETT · J. CARROL NAISH · LLOYD BRIDGES
Screen Play by John Howard Lawson and Zoltan Korda · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

P
M
M

(Continued from page 12) Jennifer Jones ("Song Of Bernadette") graduated from a local hospital as a Nurses' Aide recently. If the mother of two small children can do it, why can't others, we wonder out loud in print. . . .

A letter from Vic Mature, who has come too close to death too often in his Coast Guard duties, tells us the torch he carried for Rita was so bright it melted the brass buttons off his uniform. But he's over it now. Pretty Lucy Cockrone, Boston socialite who was featured in Vogue recently, is the reason, we hear. . . .

Marine Lieutenant Ty Power got into Hollywood for a leave just after Naval Lieutenant Bob Taylor left on duty.

It's S-i-n-a-t-r-a: One Mr. Frank Sinatra, bedroom singer by his own claim, has come to Hollywood to make a picture and there hasn't been a bed made since he got here. Homes are left untidied, husbands deserted, hearts broken. Or so RKO Studios would have us believe.

Worried lest their hero would not be properly greeted, RKO Studios rushed busses of extras, stenographers and fans to the station as sort of a welcoming committee. They needn't have bothered. Enough people were on hand to greet Sinatra and General MacArthur, too, if he had arrived. Every color, race and creed were present. Negroes, Chinese jitterbugs and Mexicans milled among the blondes and redheads. One little old lady told Cal she had come down in behalf of her daughter who was working in a de-

fense plant and couldn't be present. She had promised to make a full report to the daughter.

Sinatra, of average height, hollowed-cheek and towseled hair, took it all in his stride.

"Gee, this is sensational!" he said.

Back at the studio the pro-Sinatras and anti-Sinatras began their eternal arguments. Stenographers in the writers' building refused to speak to the anti-Sinatra group across the way. Or even the neutral bunch on the second floor.

Waitresses, messengers, stenographers, took turns staring at the mild and slightly bewildered young man who, wisely or unwisely, had left his family at home.

The real test of courage came when Mr. Sinatra faced his slightly bitter co-workers on the set, especially Miss Michele Morgan who had been signed to star in the film "Higher And Higher" and so far had secured no publicity. As a matter of fact, no one remembered Jack Haley was even in the picture until the second week of shooting and Mr. Haley timidly approached the director about the matter. You could have knocked over everybody with a feather if you hadn't been afraid it would tickle Sinatra out of voice.

The most amazing aftermath to the whole affair occurred when the famous opera star, Rise Stevens, found she could keep her date to sing at the Hollywood Bowl after all.

To her astonishment she was turned down.

"Oh, no, Miss Stevens," they said. "We have a singer for your place."

"Lily Pons?" inquired Rise, "Gladys Swarthout?"

"No, no," they gloated. "We've got Frank Sinatra."

Under the stars with old bedroom blues! No wonder meteors fell from heaven upon Hollywood that night.

Get Your Red-Hot Peanuts: Hollywood is really a circus only it took Orson Welles to prove it. Under a big top with canvas side shows and the smell of hot dogs to set it off, Orson opened his magic show with himself the magician for sweet charity's sake.

Typical of Welles, the show was produced with elaborate froufrou, beautiful costumes, pretty girls and weird lighting. Beautiful actresses paraded the sawdust aisles at intermission time selling peanuts, pop corn, ice cream and crackerjacks.

Assisting Mr. Welles was the beautiful girl friend, Miss Rita Hayworth and handsome Joe Cotten, utterly devastating to the women in a black silk outfit. Feminine sighs all but shook down the canvas on opening night.

As a fakir, Mr. Welles is terrific. Hens, rabbits, doves, girls, soldiers. Joe Cotten and Marine sergeants disappeared like mad.

His patter is swift, his eye to effect particularly keen and his showmanship outstanding. A big, overgrown boy in an Inverness and turban. Orson is still the seventh wonder of a seventh wonder to Hollywood. No one can make him out. And vice

IRRESISTIBLE

as always

WE DEDICATE TO THE **MARINES...**

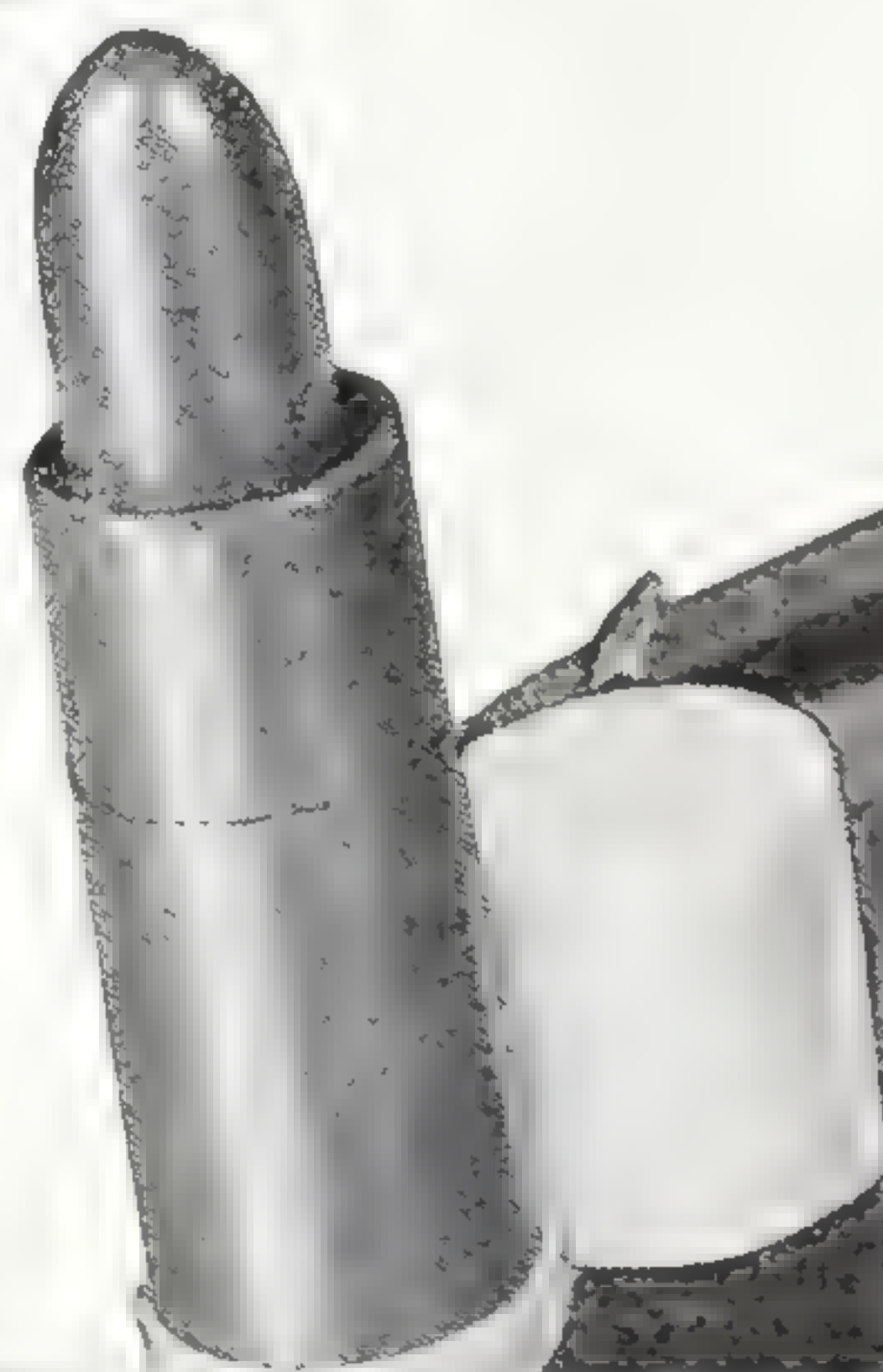
IRRESISTIBLE

*Candy
Stripe
Red*

LIPSTICK

Irresistible salutes the new woman . . . fresh, vital, confident . . . with Candy Stripe Red . . . a clear, high-hearted red destined for beauty-duty in the service or on the home front. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer lasting . . . dependable source of beauty for today's woman power. Complete your make-up with Irresistible matching Rouge and Powder.

10c AT ALL 10c STORES



Whip-Text

TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

10c



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Speaking of torches . . . a usual twosome at the Brown Derby—Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles

versa, we may add at this point.

After the first two performances, Miss Hayworth, who reappeared in trunks and refused to be choked to death with ribbons, was hastily withdrawn from the cast by her boss, who considered it (you should see those awful canvas paintings of Rita over the main tent) beneath the dignity of his star to act as stooge to a magician.

The vitriolic reply from the stage to this, as delivered by Orson to the audiences, was well worth the admission price. Mr. Welles knoweth well how to fling about the acid—and how people love it!

Since then, various women stars have been assisting Mr. Welles in his act with Madeleine Le Beau planning to become a permanent fixture.

Nightly, service men (admitted free), the local four hundred and Hollywood stars who never made the grade with local society, crowd the tent to see the feathers fly. And you can be sure of one thing. When goofier ideas are thought up, Mr. Welles will do the thinking.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Just to bring you up to date on what Hollywood's like this merry month of October, Cal reports the following facts:

Blasé Hollywood reviewers have a new sparkle in their eye as the films grow lighter and merrier. "Holy Matrimony," "Thank Your Lucky Stars," "Lady Takes a Chance," "Girl Crazy," "This Is The Army," are a few of the happier-day films that await a public more than hungry for them.

But there's danger lurking in an overindulgence of musical and straight comedies. Hollywood has a tendency to overdo a good thing. Let's hope six months from now we're not all howling with misery at too many girly-girly shows or comic farces. Let's hope such

"This couldn't mean ME!"



Kay: Jeepers, Peg—who does that sign mean? It can't be me! *Or is it?* Bob has been making himself sort of scarce lately.

Peg: Look, Kay! I don't want your ro-

mance to come to grief—so I'll leap to the rescue. You bathe every morning, yes! But did you know that bath-freshness can vanish on the way to work? Well—it *can*!



Kay: You mean *I* am the office pest, Peg?

Peg: Kay, any girl can slip up on charm—and not know it. But here's an easy answer—every day, after every bath, use Mum.



I'll see Bob at the company dance tonight. Now, with my bath to take care of *past* perspiration and Mum for the *future*, I'll be nice to dance with all evening long!



Why let underarm odor hamper success? Guard charm—use Mum every day, after every bath!

It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum!

It's safe—Mum won't irritate your skin, won't injure fabrics.

It's sure—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration—protects your charm.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this important purpose, too.

In the mirror of the mind...

*There will linger forever
your lovely image...
enhanced by Yardley's
"Bond Street" Beauty Preparations...
unequaled for turning heads...
and hearts!*

Something to remember you by —
"Bond Street" Beauty Preparations by

YARDLEY

"Bond Street" Perfume:
An intriguing fragrance of
endearing charm, \$2.50 to \$13.50.

Dry Skin Cleansing Cream,
\$1; jumbo jar, \$2.

"English Complexion" Powder: Try
the sunny, new shade, "Zinnia," \$1.

"Bond Street" Lipstick: "Full Red,"
the new vibrant color! \$1.



YARDLEY
DRY SKIN
Cleansing Cream



Diana Foster will be glad to help you with your beauty problems.
Write her at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A.
from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.



Dance-happy: Jane Withers and
Dana Andrews at the Palladium...

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

films as "Heaven Can Wait" and "Holy Matrimony" really mean a new trend in picture-making. And let's hope M-G-M finally catches on after thinking over "Girl Crazy" that Mickey and Judy have just about run their course as a musical-comedy team. There's something a bit incongruous about a gal who can play a wife and sweetheart to Gene Kelly, Van Heflin, or George Murphy, or even play a divorced wife off-screen, romping around like a twelve-year-old in a hep cat Rooney film.

* * *

Restaurants these days are literally jammed to the doors with long lines of people waiting for tables. The Hollywood Derby looks like the waiting room of the Grand Central, with customers standing for one and even two hours begging for a table. Prices are no object. The town seems full of money and people eager and anxious to spend it.

All the old-time splendor, pomp and ceremony occurred twice this month when Paramount threw a swanky premiere with lights, glitter and glamour for their picture "For Whom The Bell Tolls" and the very next night Warner Brothers repeated the ceremony with the opening of "This Is The Army." Everyone and his best girl turned out for the event. It's the first dress-up affair of its kind in months and how the town strutted.

* * *

The war has turned Hollywood into a small-town neighborly village with all its sophisticated nonsense knocked edgewise. Due to the servant shortage, people are helping one another out in the grandest love-thy-neighbor way possible. When their neighbors want to go out of an evening, they leave their children next door with the Dana Andrews. And take care of the An-



... and Janet Blair with Lloyd Nolan on the Trocadero floor

draws children the next evening. Lynn Bari spent the only day she had off the set in weeks caring for her stand-in's baby while the mother went shopping. Bill Bendix will sit up with the Ladd infant anytime Sue wants to go to the movies.

Brenda Marshall took Mrs. Richard Carlson to live with her a week or two before the Carlson baby was born. The care of the first Carlson baby and the housework, with no servant at all, proved too much so Brenda bedded Richard's wife at her home and cared for her until the second baby arrived. Richard was so grateful. Brenda, who was expecting her own baby any minute, even walked the hospital corridors with the prospective father. Several days later when Brenda felt the oppressive loneliness more than she could bear, who popped in from Texas on a thirty-six hour leave but husband Lieutenant Bill Holden. What a reunion after all those weeks of separation.

* * *

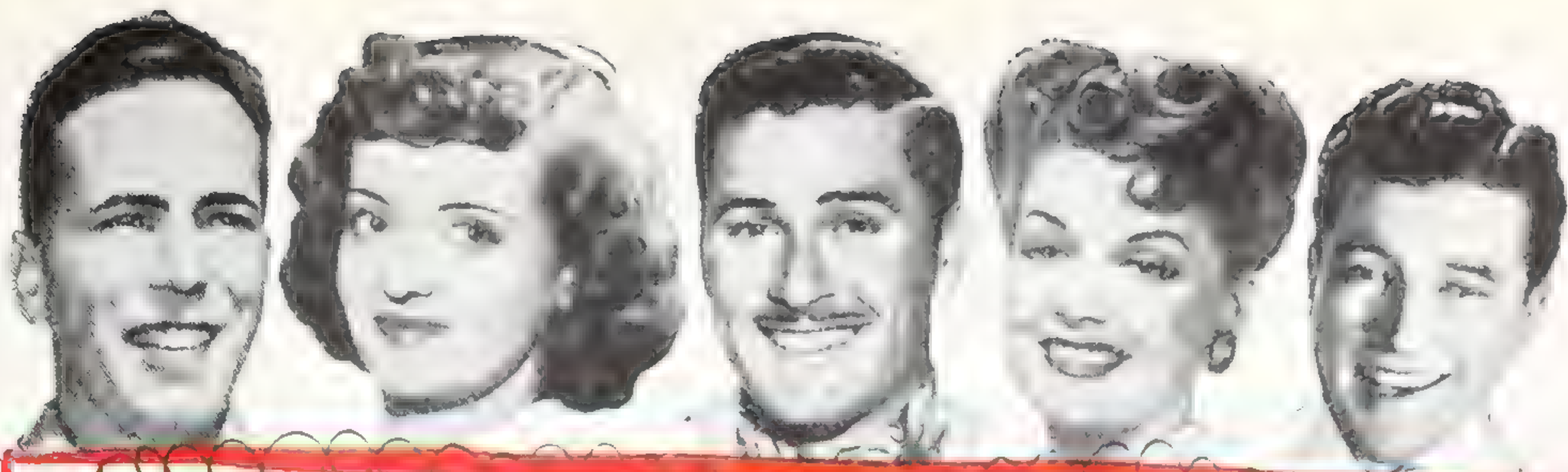
A hint to husbands can be found in the behavior of two men who married younger women and have managed to keep their marriage ideally happy. At a recent party William Powell kissed his tiny wife, Diana, good-by, bade her stay and have a good time, after friends had promised to see her home. Then Bill went home and to bed.

At the Troc recently Brian Donlevy, who had a six o'clock call the next morning, kissed his wife, Margie, good-by, insisted she stay and enjoy herself and he, too, went home to bed.

How about it, men? Would you be as liberal as the Hollywood husbands of this year 1943?

Latest Bulletin of Hollywood's Boys in the Service: Corporal George Montgomery (enlisted under real name of George Letz) at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Henry Fonda, Third Class Quartermaster (up for commission), Bremerton, Washington.



We Want You!

WE WARNER BROS. STARS WANT YOU TO SEE
HOW MUCH TUNE-FILLED FUN A MOTION PICTURE
CAN BE!!! SO GET SET FOR THE SINGIN'EST
LAUGHIN'EST, HAPPIEST SHOW ON FILM!

(SIGNED)

Humphrey Bogart *Olivia de Havilland* *John Garfield* *Bette Davis* *Dennis Morgan*
Ida Lupino *Joan Leslie* *Ann Sheridan* *Errol Flynn* *Dinah Shore*
Alexis Smith

WARNER BROS. Wonder-Entertainment!

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS

with
GEORGE TOBIAS • JACK CARSON • ALAN HALE • EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
S. Z. SAKALL • HATTIE MCDANIEL SPIKE JONES and CITY SLICKERS Directed by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by Norman Panama & Melvin Frank and James V. Kern • From an Original Story by Everett Freeman and Arthur Schwartz

It's
ga-ga-great!

It's
ha-ha-happy!

It's
woo-woo-wonderful!



Songs!
Songs!
Songs!
SONGS!

'THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS'
'THEY'RE EITHER TOO YOUNG
OR TOO OLD'
'ICE COLD KATIE'
'GOOD NIGHT, GOOD NEIGHBOR'
'I'M RIDIN' FOR A FALL'
'HOW SWEET YOU ARE'
'LOVE ISN'T BORN'
'THE DREAMER'

and many more!

**Says DONALD O'CONNOR, "Man alive,
On the screen I jump and jive!
To keep me going, full of zest
I choose the cola that tastes best!"**

See Donald O'Connor
in "TOP MAN",
a Universal picture



"Brother, was I amazed
when I took the famous cola
taste-test," says movie-star
Donald O'Connor. "How was I supposed
to know one cola would taste so much
better than the rest?" Donald tasted lead-
ing colas in paper cups and chose the one
that tasted best. Says Donald, "One was
really out of this world! I found out later
it was Royal Crown Cola. And, folks, it's
been my favorite soft drink ever since!"

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Best by Taste-Test!



BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!

Victor Mature, First Class Bos'n,
Coast Guard, care of Postmaster,
New York, New York.

Cadet Ted North, Coast Guard, New
London, Connecticut.

Apprentice Seaman Cesar Romero,
Alameda, California.

Corporal Craig Stevens, Signal
Corps, Hal Roach Studios, Culver City,
California.

Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn, Signal
Corps, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

Lieutenant Bill Orr, Hal Roach
Studios, Culver City, California.

Lieutenant Jackie Coogan, Private



Two news-making newcomers, Don-
na Reed and Robert Walker, ex-
change some backstage backtalk

Richard Travis, Private Arthur Ken-
nedy, Lieutenant Tim Holt, care of
Moss Hart, New York. (These boys are
preparing for a Moss Hart Army show.)

Lieutenant Richard Greene, 27th
Lancers, London, England. (At present
making the film "Caesar And Cleo-
patra" for Gabriel Pascal with Vivien
Leigh in London.)

Private Robert Ryan, Air Corps.
(Ginger Roger's lead in "Tender Com-
rade"), Santa Ana, California.

Private Desi Arnaz, Camp Anza,
California.

Private Richard Ainley, Camp Ser-
bert, Alabama.

Lieutenant John Carroll, Army
Headquarters, Oakland, California.

Lieutenant Dan Dailey, Camp Crow-
der, Missouri.

Cadet Robert Sterling (enlisted un-
der real name of William J. Hart),
Air Corps, Pecos, Texas.

Lieutenant Van E. Heflin, Field Ar-
tillery, Camp Roberts, California.

Captain Clark Gable, Air Corps, care
of Postmaster, New York, New York.

Captain Melvyn Douglas, Washing-
ton-Adler College, Lexington, Virginia.

Private William Lundigan, Camp
Pendleton, Marines, Oceanside, Cali-
fornia.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Captain Ronald Reagan, Air Corps, Western Division, care of Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California.

Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery, San Pedro, California.

Ensign Richard Ney, care of Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

Richard Derr, Transportation Navigation, Miami, Florida.

Robert Cummings, Civilian Air Patrol, Quartzside, Arizona.

Private John Payne, Air Corps, Phoenix Junior College, Phoenix, Arizona.

Lieutenant Rudy Vallee, U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, Coast Guard Patrol Base, Wilmington, California.

Two news-making romancers, Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell, do some limelight signing at Mocambo



The News Round-Up: Lana Turner's baby, after several blood transfusions for anemia, is home with its lovely mother . . .

The almost nightly dating between Olivia de Havilland and Anatole Litvak leads one to wonder what happened to Olivia's big romance with Captain John Huston, now overseas.

Marlene Dietrich was not invited to the wedding of her daughter, Maria Manton, eighteen, and Dean T. Goodman Jr., young amateur actor who works in a men's clothing store. Maria, who has lived in her own home, does not see eye to eye with her mother on certain things . . .

Rudy Vallee and Bette Jane Greer, a newcomer to Hollywood, will marry after the war is over and John Sutton and Mary Lou Dix expect to take the step when John's divorce becomes final. . . .

She Almost Missed Being a Mrs.



1 Poor girl—she was a spinster . . . and oh, so lonely! Romance had passed her by . . . for she *looked* old . . . though she really wasn't!

Her face powder added years to her age . . . 'cause its color was dead and lifeless . . . so her skin looked that way, too!



2 Then—lucky girl—she heard about the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder . . . shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a difference! What a thrill . . . for her and for you . . . because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out *your* allure . . . all the natural, young coloring in your complexion, no matter what your age!

3 And now—happy girl—she's joyful and gay . . . for the man she loves, loves her . . . thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! She's found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended . . . *never* streaky! And it's color-smooth . . . goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours and hours!

4 Remember there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that's just right for you . . . color-harmonized to suit *your* skin-type perfectly! So, start today to bring out the natural youth and beauty in your complexion with Cashmere Bouquet! You'll find it in a 10¢ or larger size at all cosmetic counters!



**CASHMERE BOUQUET
FACE POWDER**

In the New Youthful Shades



THE Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Laugh riot: John Wayne and Jean Arthur in "A Lady Takes A Chance"

✓✓ A Lady Takes A Chance (RKO)

It's About: How an Eastern girl, on a vacation, ropes a cowboy.

THE only trouble with this comedy is that the laughs are so prolonged one can't hear much of the dialogue. That champion of all comedians, Jean Arthur, who delivers her lines in a broken-saucer voice, simply outdoes herself in the matter of grabbing the laughs. Typical scene is the one in which Miss Arthur orders cactus milk over a Western bar and lets out a Sioux-on-the-warpath whoop when the mixture twirls her dizzy.

The plot doesn't mean a thing—it's the way Jean and the manly object of her affection, John Wayne, get together that matters. You see, Jean is a New York working girl who takes a bus trip out West as a sort of vacation from her three suitors, Grady Sutton, Grant Withers and Hans Conreid.

At a rodeo she meets Wayne and becomes so entranced she misses her bus. What goes on while Jean is waiting for the vehicle to gather her up on its return is the basis for some very, very funny business.

Charles Winninger, as Wayne's partner, is an old lambie pie. Phil Silvers, as the bus driver, is a riot.

Your Reviewer Says: Yipeeee!



Music plus fun: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in "Girl Crazy"

✓✓ Girl Crazy (M-G-M)

It's About: A playboy who turns a man's college into a co-ed institution.

SOMETHING old, something new, something loud, something blue and something bouncing all over the place called Mickey Rooney are the ingredients of this 1930 Gershwin stage hit, revamped and remade into a Rooney-Garland opus. Yes, Judy and Mickey are together again, noisier and better than ever. The music, especially those old favorites, "I Got Rhythm," "Fascinatin' Rhythm," "Embraceable You," "I'm Bidin' My Time," are as new and heart-appealing today as the moment they were written. The supporting cast, including "Rags" Ragland, Gil Stratton, June Allyson, Nancy Walker, Frances Rafferty, is a honey.

The plot is frail. Mickey, an incorrigible girl-crazy playboy, is sent West to a stag college by his father, Henry O'Neil. Only one girl is to be found on the entire campus and that's Judy, granddaughter of the school head. But Mickey soon remedies that intolerable situation by staging a lavish rodeo with beauty contest winners and, presto, the school goes co-ed.

Judy's singing is something to hear; ditto Mickey, at the piano. Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra do right by the Gershwin music.

Your Reviewer Says: Music, girls, fun.



Star-bright: Joan Leslie and Dennis Morgan in "Thank Your Lucky Stars"

✓✓ Thank Your Lucky Stars (Warners)

It's About: A parade of Warner talent in a charity benefit.

EVERYBODY and his second cousin from the Burbank studio of the brother Warner join in the fun and festivities for a grand parade of stars. All that's needed is a calliope to play "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight" and the party would be complete.

Shining brightly are such twinklers as Bette Davis, singing "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," Errol Flynn, cute as a bug's ear in his "It Served Them Right" number, Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino and George Tobias, in a hotch sketch that riots the customers, Dina Shore in three song numbers; Jack Carson and Alan Hale as a pair of corny vaudeville villains, Hattie McDaniel and Negro trouper in the "Ice Cold Katie" routine, Art Sheridan exclaiming on Love, Alexis Smith in a sleek, smooth dance routine, and Joan Leslie and Dennis Morgan capering around.

If there is any fault to be found with the story at all, it's the over abundance of Eddie Cantor, whose bossy antics and constant self-exploitation are cleverly satirized.

Humphrey Bogart, who meets defeat at the hands of S. Z. Sakall, and John Gar

(Continued on page 23)

For Best Picture of the Month and Best Performances See Page 110

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 117

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 24

Your lovely, lustrous hair is sure
To make him fall for your allure!



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



THE SUIT is a winter favorite. It's warm and you can vary it with dickeys and blouses—and wear it under a topcoat all winter long! The smartest hair-dos are simple and practical—with their beauty more than ever dependent on the shining smoothness only Special Drene can give!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

"She's gorgeous—she has the loveliest hair!" That's the kind of thing men say about the girl who keeps her locks sparkling with highlights, gleaming with lustre!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its shining beauty.

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange... right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neat-

ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed! And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Soap film
dulls lustre—robs
hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

IT'S SWEET BETTY ^{Oh} GRABLE,
In Her - And The Screen's Greatest M-M-Musical!

THE story's as great
as the stars! The stars
are as glorious as the
songs! It's the year's
spectacular treat!

Sweet
Rosie
O'Grady

IN TECHNICOLOR!

BETTY GRABLE

ROBERT YOUNG

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Mack Gordon and
Harry Warren songs:

"My Heart Tells Me,"
"The Wishing Waltz,"
"My Sam," "Goin'
to the County Fair."
Plus the immortal
"Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

Reginald GARDINER
Virginia GREY
Phil REGAN

Directed by
IRVING CUMMINGS

Produced by
WILLIAM PERLBERG

Screen Play by
Ken Englund

Don't you dare miss
the bath tub scene!

Watch for this BIG ONE
from 20th Century-Fox to be followed by

★
ORSON WELLES
JOAN FONTAINE
in
Charlotte Bronte's
"JANE EYRE"

★
ALICE FAYE
CARMEN MIRANDA
PHIL BAKER
BENNY GOODMAN
and his Orchestra
in THE GANG'S
ALL HERE
in Technicolor

★
RICHARD
TREGASKIS'
≈
GUADALCANAL
DIARY

★
MAUREEN O'HARA
JOEL MCCREA
in BUFFALO
BILL
•
in Technicolor

★
FRANZ
WERFEL'S
THE
SONG OF
BERNADETTE

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 20)

field, who plays Cantor's radio guest, are marvelous.

The slim story thread has Sakall and Edward Everett Horton attempting to give a benefit which is taken over by the impossible Cantor. Dennis Morgan and Joan Leslie, with the aid of a see-the-stars'-homes bus driver, also played by Cantor, attempt to crash the benefit and do. Their efforts involve a lot of slapstick nonsense. Spike Jones and His City Slickers contribute several amazing numbers. All in all, it's a show of shows and the treat of treats. So don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly big-time.

✓✓ Johnny Come Lately (United Artists)

It's About: A tramp who reforms a town.

JAMES CAGNEY brings his first picture, "Johnny Come Lately," to the screen under the production banner of his brother William Cagney and the experiment turns out successfully. Lacking the star-spangled glory of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," the story nevertheless has charm set off with plenty of action.

Taken from Louis Bromfield's novel, "McLeod's Folly," the story has Jimmy, a tramp newspaper man, charged with vagrancy in the small Midwest town of Plattsville.

To his amazement Jimmy finds himself bailed out by Miss Grace George, the little old lady who runs a local newspaper. Miss George gives Jimmy a job on her paper and he, in gratitude, aids her in her almost hopeless campaign of running the local bigwig, a grafting politician, out of town.

Miss George, for many years a dramatic actress on the stage, gives a smooth performance as the woman editor. Hattie McDaniel all but steals the show as the sensitive and nosey servant. Marjorie Main, as "Gashouse Mary," Marjorie Lord, as the niece in love with the politician's son, William Henry, and Edward McNamara, as the old scallawag himself, are delightful people in a delightful role. Cagney, as usual, holds the interest and attention with his fine performance. And what a relief from the hard-boiled Jimmy of other days!

Your Reviewer Says: A quaint and entertaining story.

✓✓ Holy Matrimony (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The mistaken identity between a noted painter and his deceased valet.

FLASH! There's a certain type comedy hitting the screen that's original in treatment and idea and one that lets 1943-44 audiences in on the ground floor of a trend new to pictures. It was most pronounced in that blending of comedy, pathos and quiet domesticity in "Heaven Can Wait," and here it is again in "Holy Matrimony" with those same ingredients and minus all the slapstick clatter of former farces.

You will love its every moment of life. You will love its easy, quiet narration that never once overreaches for a laugh.

But even more you will adore its players, Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. What a team, what an amazing combination!

The story has Monty, a famous but retiring painter, being summoned back to

England from his jungle home to be knighted.

En route his valet, Eric Blore, is stricken ill and dies. Through a mix-up and in the ensuing confusion the valet is buried in Westminster Abbey and Woolley finds himself married to Gracie Fields, the woman who has agreed to marry Blore (and still thinks she has) through a matrimonial agency.

Woolley is happy, completely and utterly contented with Holy Matrimony, until Blore's first wife (Una O'Connor) turns up and Gracie secretly sells her husband's new paintings that are at once recognized as the work of the artist supposed to be deep in the heart of Westminster Abbey.

A court trial ensues between Woolley and art dealer Laird Cregar that should end all court trials. Delicious, delightful touches are thrown in by writer Nunnally Johnson that should tickle even a grumpy Eskimo.

Montague Love, Franklin Pangborn, Alan Mowbray round out the best of all possible casts, but it's Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields who steal the proceedings and rightly so.

Your Reviewer Says: We loved it.

✓✓ Watch On The Rhine (Warner Brothers)

It's About: A refugee family returns to America.

PAUL LUKAS breathes life and all its attending emotions into the role of an active German anti-Nazi who returns with his three children and wife, Bette Davis, to her former home in Virginia.

So good is Mr. Lukas, so natural and compelling is his performance, Miss Davis herself is lost in its force.

The role of the understanding wife should never have been coveted by Miss Davis in the first place. It is strictly a supporting one, requiring no special talents and not even suitable to the peculiar Davis genius.

Yet certainly the production is enhanced by her presence if the role adds little to her prestige.

Lucile Watson, her mother, is downright out-and-out superb and runs away with the feminine honors. The audience loves and adores her. No wonder! She's marvelous.

Donald Woods, her son and Bette's brother, is most pleasing. He makes the most of this break with an easy and smooth performance. Geraldine Fitzgerald, as the wife of the scoundrelly would-be Nazi, George Coulouris, is splendid, but again the male of the species outshines. Coulouris is one of the slickest villains seen on the screen.

The soul-searing events following the arrival of Lukas, undercover man for the anti-Nazi party, at his quiet Virginia retreat, are almost unbelievable.

As Miss Watson says: "We've been shaken out of our magnolia blossoms." America, in other words, is given a front-row seat at the most terrifying performance in the world. The proximity is devastating.

The three children, played by Donald Buka, Eric Roberts and Janis Wilson, victims of hate and intrigue, are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: European horror brought too close to home.

(Continued on page 109)



RUTH: "But, Mother, nearly all the girls in my dorm are using Tampax now. It's not considered new any more; it's just a regular thing."

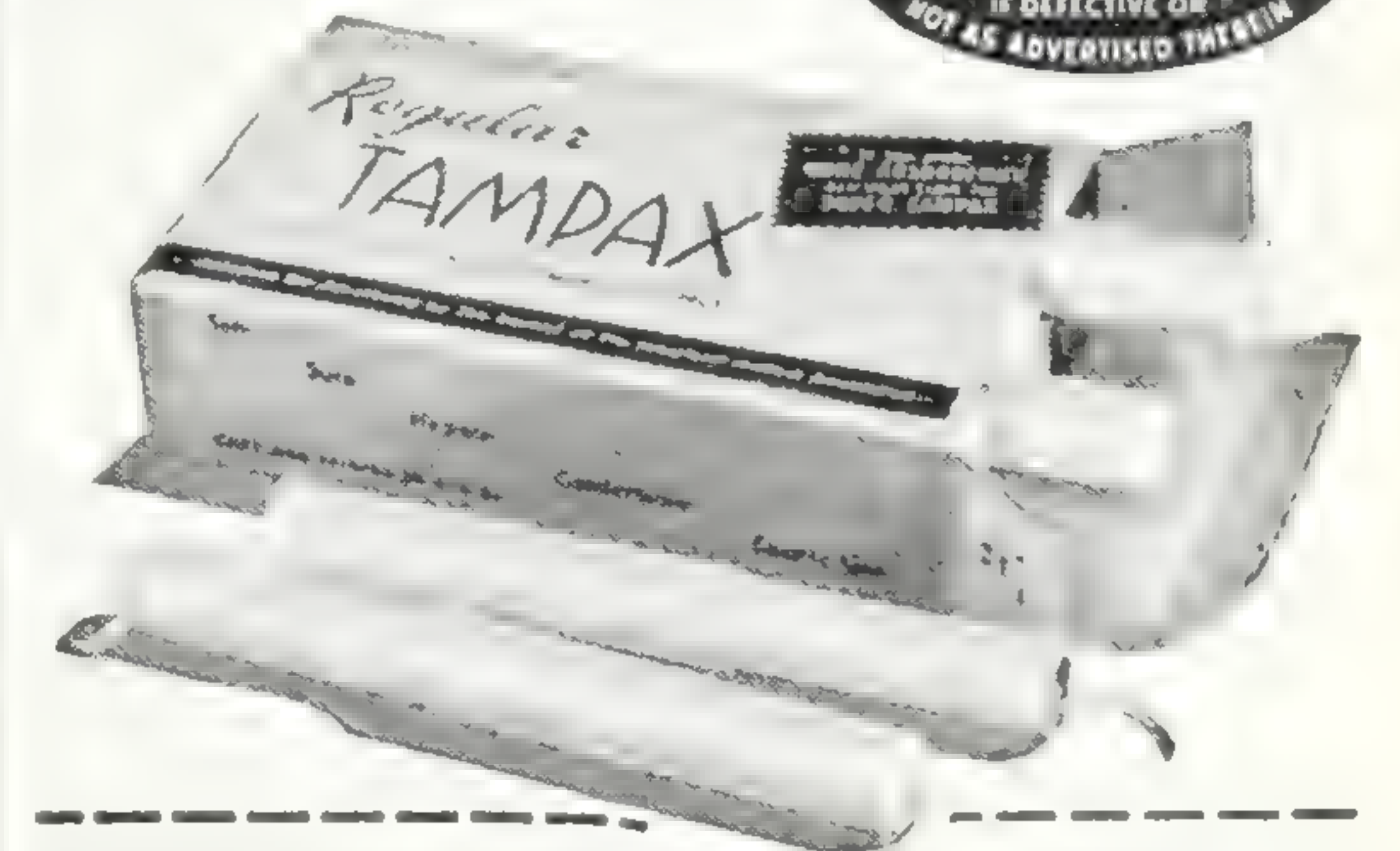
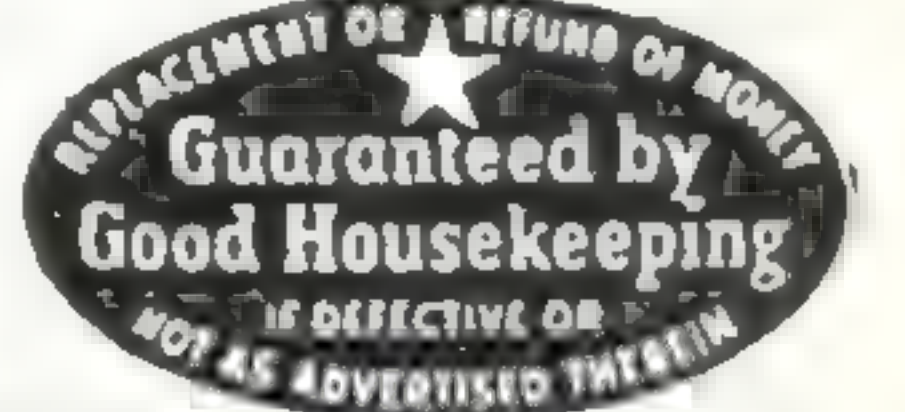
MOTHER: "Well, I'll admit it has a lot of advantages, especially the quick changing, now that restrooms are so crowded . . . You say a doctor invented it?"

RUTH: "Yes, and it has been adopted by millions of women all over the world—in Asia, Australia, Africa, Europe and the Americas. I'm really enthusiastic, you see!"

MOTHER: "I give in! If it can cure a sensitive girl like you of self-consciousness and make you light-hearted at that time of the month, I'm for Tampax!"

Tampax is a form of monthly sanitary protection based on the principle of *internal absorption*, long known to doctors and now available for women generally. Made of pure, long-fiber surgical cotton, firmly stitched and exceedingly absorbent. It comes compressed to small size in dainty applicators. No belts, pins or pads. No odor. No bulging or chafing. Wearer cannot feel it. Hands need not touch it. Easy disposal. *Three absorbencies*: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 lasts 4 months, average. Don't wait for next month. Start Tampax now!

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BRIEF REVIEWS

New team; purpose, romance: Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy in "A Guy Named Joe"



✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ **ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC**—Warner Brothers: A splendid exciting picture about the experiences of a Merchant Marine convoy to Russia, dogged by submarines. Raymond Massey is the captain of one of the ships; Humphrey Bogart, his first mate. All the crew is perfectly cast. It's packed with action and suspense and is a fine salute to the heroism of the Merchant Marine. (Aug.)

ALASKA HIGHWAY—Paramount: Richard Arlen and Bill Henry are brothers, both working as engineers on the famous Alaskan Highway and both in love with Jean Parker. Their rivalry, plus some broad comedy sequences involving Ralph Sanford and Joe Sawyer, plus a spectacular forest fire and a landslide, keep the action going. (Sept.)

ALL BY MYSELF—Universal: Evelyn Ankers is a career girl who loves Neil Hamilton and loses him to night-club singer Rosemary Lane. To get even, Evelyn introduces Patric Knowles as her fiance and he in turn announces they're married. So then the whole thing becomes a jumble of misunderstanding. (Sept.)

✓✓ **BACKGROUND TO DANGER**—Warners: All kinds of secret agents are after a set of plans whipped up by the Nazis to break Turkey's neutrality. George Raft is an American agent posing as a machinery salesman through Central Europe and gets the plans first. Osa Massen, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, Brenda Marshall and Turhan Bey all join the mix-up. (Sept.)

BAR 20—Sherman-U.A.: When Hopalong Cassidy is ambushed and his money stolen, he gets all riled up and sets out to recover the money and you never saw so much chasing and shooting and riding in your life. Dustine Farnum's jewels have also been stolen, so Hoppy sets out to get them back too. George Reeves is Dustine's fiance. With Victor Jory and Andy Clyde. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BATAAN**—M-G-M: This story of thirteen men in a Bataan fox hole, ready to give their lives to prevent the Japs from rebuilding a bridge, is living testimony of the courage of Americans in their

desperate struggle for freedom. Robert Walker is outstanding; Bob Taylor, Lloyd Nolan, George Murphy, Desi Arnaz, Thomas Mitchell and the others are also excellent. (Aug.)

✓✓ **BEHIND THE RISING SUN**—RKO-Radio: A gripping, fascinating story portraying actual life and events in Japan prior to and during the war, this shows the transformation of an American-educated Japanese into a military tyrant. Tom Neal in this role is amazingly good and Margo as the Japanese girl he loves and later renounces is also very good, as are J. Carrol Naish and Robert Ryan. (Oct.)

✓ **BEST FOOT FORWARD**—M-G-M: Movie star Lucille Ball gets invited to a military academy senior prom and pandemonium is the result. Virginia Weidler is the girl Lucille cuts out by accepting the invitation, Nancy Walker provides some dead-pan comedy and William Gaxton is Lucille's bumptious press agent. Harry James and his band provide the music. (Sept.)

✓✓ **BOMBARDIER**—RKO-Radio: Both instructive and entertaining, this tells how boys are trained to become bombardiers. Pat O'Brien gives a swell show as the bombshell devotee who wins his fight over Randy Scott, a pilot who believes his job superior to the bombardier. Eddie Albert, Barton MacLane, Robert Ryan and Anne Shirley are very good and the climax is a whizdinger. (Aug.)

COLT COMRADES—Sherman-U.A.: Hopalong Cassidy and his two pals, Andy Clyde and Jay Kirby, decide to buy a ranch and settle down, but they immediately run into trouble when they find the water rights tied up. When meanie Victor Jory tries to frame the boys as cattle rustlers, plenty of action results. (Sept.)

✓✓ **CONSTANT NYMPH, THE**—Warners: Women will love this heart-breaking tale of a young girl's love for an older musician. Joan Fontaine is so believable as the girl; Charles Boyer is the musician; and Alexis Smith gives a fine performance as his wife. Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Joyce Reynolds are the other Sanger sisters. With Peter Lorre and Charles Coburn. (Sept.)

DANGER! WOMEN AT WORK—PRC: Irene Kelly inherits a truck and with Mary Brian and Isabel Jewel decide to go into the trucking business. Gamblers provide them with their first load, gambling equipment to be taken to Las Vegas, and the journey there is filled with weird adventures. (Oct.)

✓✓ **DIXIE**—Paramount: Bing Crosby plays Don Emmett, the first of the great minstrels to rise in the South. This story of his rise to success, his love for Dorothy Lamour and his marriage to Marjorie Reynolds is an interesting one, packed with songs, music and entertainment. Billy De Wolfe, Lynne Overmire, Eddie Foy Jr. and Raymond Walburn all do fine work. (Sept.)

✓ **DR. GILLESPIE'S CRIMINAL CASE**—M-G-M: Lionel Barrymore, always splendid as Dr. Gillespie. (Continued on page 114)

SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

	Page
Bomber's Moon.....	113
Claudia	109
Destroyer	112
Fallen Sparrow, The.....	109
Fired Wife.....	111
Frontier Badmen.....	111
Girl Crazy.....	20
Hi Diddle Diddle.....	110
Holy Matrimony.....	23
Hostages	113
Johnny Come Lately.....	23
Lady Takes A Chance, A.....	20
Lassie Come Home.....	109
Man From Down Under, The.....	112
Nobody's Darling.....	112
Someone To Remember.....	111
Strange Death Of Adolf Hitler, The.....	112
Thank Your Lucky Stars.....	20
Tornado	111
True To Life.....	113
Watch On The Rhine.....	23

Hats on to MAZOLA!



★ FOR FRYING



FRIED CHICKEN — tender, golden brown, digestible — Use $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chickens, cut into pieces. Wash and dry. Dredge each chicken thoroughly in large bowl containing mixture of 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper. Pour Mazola into heavy frying pan to depth of 1 inch. When hot, add chicken and brown both sides (uncovered). Reduce heat to low, cover closely and continue cooking. Turn frequently until done—40 to 60 min.



★★ FOR SHORTENING



PIE CRUST — that "melts in your mouth" — for apple, fresh fruit, berry or any pie!

2 cups sifted flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Mazola
 Cold water to moisten
 (about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup)

Sift together flour and salt. Mix in Mazola lightly with fork or pastry blender. Add water, a little at a time, and work lightly with a fork. (The dough should be soft.) Roll out at once on floured board. Makes top and bottom crust for one 9-inch pie, or two 9-inch pastry shells.



★★★ FOR SALADS



FRENCH DRESSING — quick and easy to make; delicious with all salads.

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika 1 teaspoon sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Mazola $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.



Mazola now comes to you in a crystal-clear bottle, enclosed in a sealed carton. This carton safeguards the quality and golden goodness of Mazola against light, which often affects salad oils.

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The *economy* of Mazola has little to do with its popularity. The *purity* and *quality* of Mazola are paramount in appealing to particular people. All grocers sell Mazola in crystal-clear bottles protected by sealed outer cartons.

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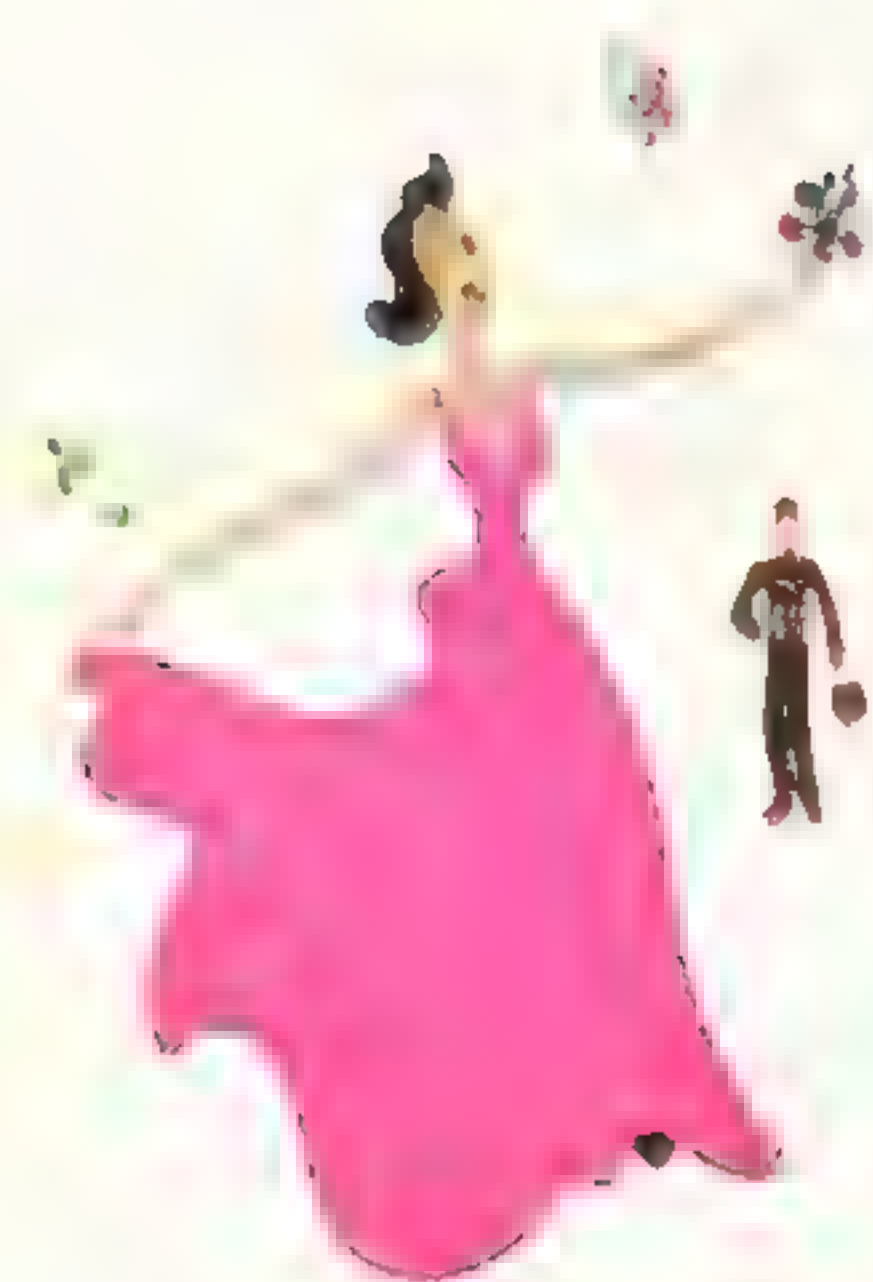


Sure Fire for Sweet Romance



*your luscious
Lovely Face*

Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the
New Jergens Face Powder



YOUR LOOK-ALIVE LOOK

You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to bring your skin a young, *alive tone*. Her dresses made even plain women smart. Her shade for you can set hearts a-spin with your fresh loveliness!



YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK

Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here's why: the texture of fragrant Jergens Powder is velvetized—by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear your perfect Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!



CHOOSE YOUR SHADE

Peach Bloom (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look. **Rachel** (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour. **Naturelle** (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty. **Brunette** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure. **Dark Rachel** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look. **Big Boudoir Box \$1.00 . . . Try-it sizes 25¢, 10¢.**

When Good Fellows Get Together

"PHOTOPLAY cordially invites its friends to a party . . ." began a telegram sent last month to a hundred of Hollywood's best known citizens.

Photoplay was about to play the role of host.

It has been said that in Hollywood the true test of friendship is to appear at a party after a full day's work on a studio sound stage.

If that is so, Photoplay has many bonds of friendship of which it is proud.

The party was in celebration of the renewal of the contract with artist Paul Hesse for a new series of his brilliant natural-color covers. Appropriately, the party scene was the open terrace of Paul's Sunset Boulevard studio overlooking the town of Hollywood tapestried across the flat land below.

Many essential ingredients make up a magazine's success. Paul Hesse's covers are one. In their artistry and individuality, they are the bright wrapping that helps make each month's finished package more attractive to the reader.

Impressions of a host are uncertain at best; of a host who must say hello to a hundred familiar movie faces they are the most fleeting and broken of memory pictures . . .

IMPRESSIONS of Cary Grant, one of the first to arrive and an immediate supercharger of gayety.

Of Joan Leslie, sweet and unassuming, at her first official Hollywood party. Of Deanna Durbin in gleaming white; of Mickey Rooney happily introducing his girl, Helen Mueller.

Of Joe Cotten turning feminine heads and Helmut Dantine turning feminine hearts.

Of Dana Andrews, intent on a good time; of Lynn Bari delighted with her fiance, test pilot Sid Luft.

Of Veronica Lake, so tiny, saying proudly that she has gained five pounds and now is a buxom ninety-eight; of Janet Blair and her mother who compared Hollywood and the star it had made of her daughter with Pennsylvania and her lifetime there of happiness.

Of Evelyn Keyes with director Charles Vidor; of freshly scrubbed Lon McCallister, *California* of "Stage Door Canteen" and a best bet for stardom.

Of Loretta Young so happy with her husband, Lt. Colonel Tom Lewis; of Gene Kelly with a half-blown beard (for retakes) and his wife as charming and Irish as her husband.

Of Sonny Tufts towering above the others; of Alan Marshal, handsome and happy with his role opposite Irene Dunne; of Tom Conway, George Sanders's brother, with charm for both; of Walter Reed, young RKO actor, Army-bound; of teen-age Kim Hunter, new Selznick player; and of Peggy O'Neill as young and as pretty.

Of Hedda Hopper, graciously commenting, "best party of the year"; of Anne Shirley so bewitching in make-up of ultra sophistication; of Jean Parker with agent Wynn Rocomora; of Virginia Bruce, reviewing old times with her old friend, Paul Hesse.

Of tall, forthright and charming Louise Allbritton; of sweet Bonita Granville with her understanding mother; of John Mack Brown with vivacious Helen Ferguson.

Of Maria Montez in lustrous fur coat with attentive groom Pierre Aumont; of affable Sidney Skolsky.

Of Jinx Falkenburg, apologizing for her house mate, Paulette Goddard who—at the last moment—couldn't come; of fashionable Frances Gifford under a floppy picture hat; of Corinna Mura who sang in the large downstairs studio and enchanted her star audience.

Of Luise Rainer, hair wind-blown from a swift drive in from the ocean; of pert Diana Lynn; of Louella Parsons with gay hat, gay dress, gay voice.

To all these and the many other friends who came to the party and thereby made possible its success, Photoplay gives thanks in a final toast.



Fred Sammis



Jitterbug jam: Typical of Sinatra's arrival everywhere was this California scene

At the Canteen with author Parsons ("Louella" to Frank) to entertain soldiers



FABULOUS

This is what the singular Sinatra admitted to his famous friend—about his wife, his life, himself

BY
LOUELLA O.
PARSONS



Women in the Sinatra life: His wife and small daughter Nancy

FRANK SINATRA, crooner of intimate love songs, the American-Italian boy who has turned Hollywood upside down and who has women swooning at his feet is just as unspoiled and unassuming as if he were still singing in the Demerast High School Glee Club in Hoboken.

If that sounds a little press-agency, the truth is—and I might as well confess it: Frankie got to *me* before he got to Hollywood.

At least a week before the 20,000 Bobby Socks overran the sacred Hollywood Bowl to listen to his concert of "bedroom" lyrics that had the musical intelligentsia pulling out long hairs by the roots, I was, you might say, "in a spin" along with the other Sinaitraites.

When I heard Frankie was coming to Hollywood I wanted to beat the competition to his first Coast interview (it's an old habit with me). So I called him in New York.

It was a terrible connection. It rattled and jangled and sounded as if the Japs had got at least as far as Kansas City where they were bombing the telephone wires.

I kept yelling into the clash-banging, "Mr. Sinatra—Mr. Sinatra—this is Louella Parsons in Hollywood." And then over the din, or perhaps under it, came the old black magical voice saying gently, but with all the stops out: "Hello, Louella. This is Frank." That did it. It wasn't what he said. It was the intimate Sinatra-way he said it!

So, anybody who is not a dyed-in-the-wool Sinatra fan can stop reading this story right here and leave the rest of it to us girls who are going to have a fine old heart-to-heart talk about Frankie in Hollywood.

In the twenty years I have been covering Hollywood I've never seen anything like the Sinatra craze. Bing Crosby can cross the street without bringing out the reserves. Some of the boys can even appear in public without their "top pieces" without being embarrassed—because nobody is looking, anyway. But Sinatra—!

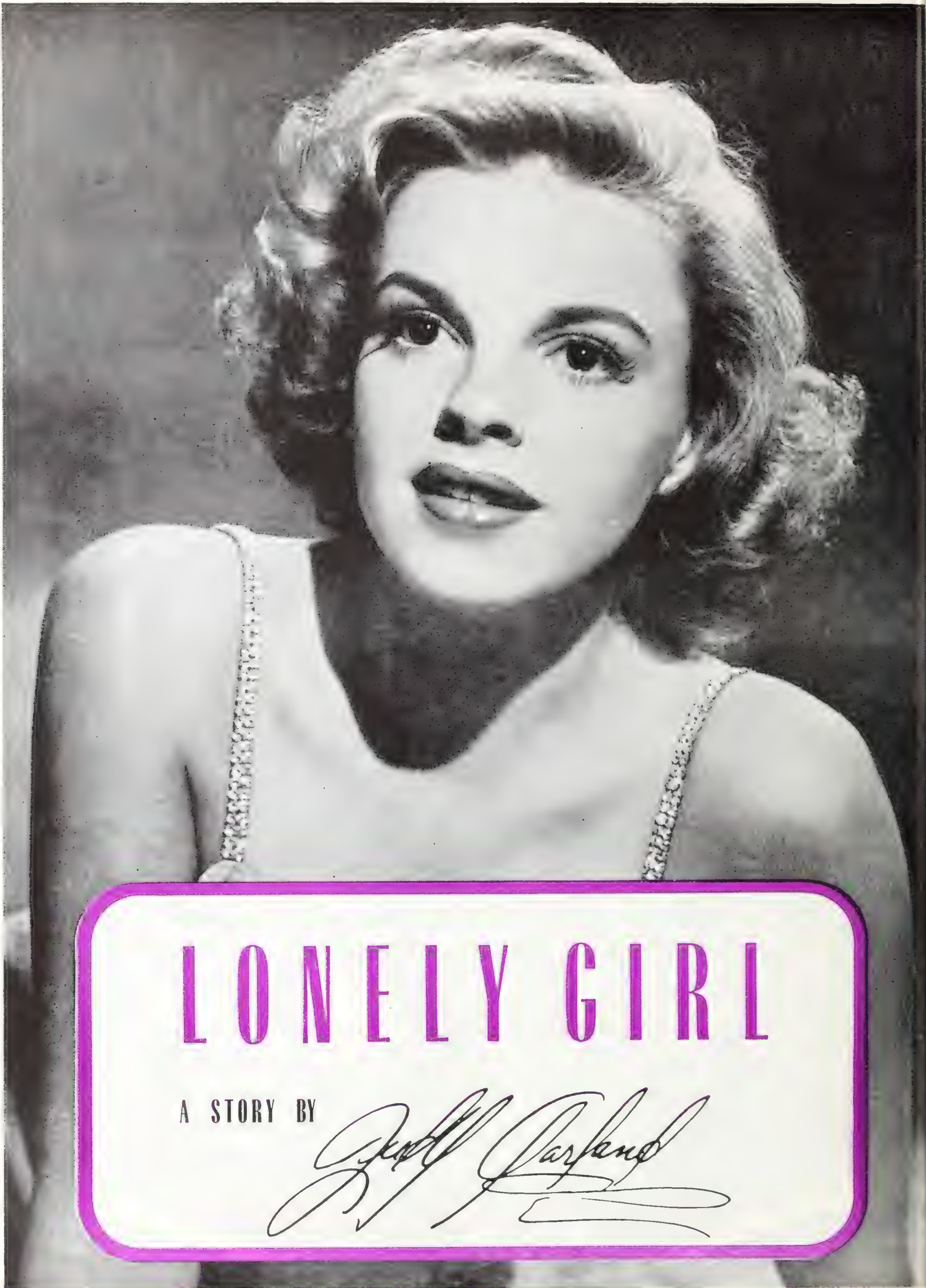
It isn't only the girls. The night he appeared with me at the Hollywood Canteen I've never heard such a

reception as 750 soldiers, sailors and Marines turned on for Frankie. The cheer that went up from nearly a thousand masculine throats was a particular kind of a tribute to a boy who looked dead tired after what he had been through in his first two days in Hollywood: Frankie's unruly black hair was more unruly than usual. There were lines of fatigue around his mouth.

Within forty-eight hours he had gone through that unbelievably hysterical scene at the station . . . he had sung his regular "Hit Parade" program before going on to that highly disputed concert at the Bowl . . . he had spent all day Sunday in a huddle with Tim Whelan who is directing him in "Higher And Higher" at RKO . . . all day Monday he had been before the cameras in his first acting role which must have been a strain. Yet, Monday night, in his first "free" moment—there he was all ready to turn it on for the boys at the Canteen. (Continued on page 78)

FRANK SINATRA





LONELY GIRL

A STORY BY

Jeff Dargatzis

You may very likely guess who the girl in this story is—

and you may be right. But more important than her identity is the understanding that came to her heart

THIS is a true story about a real girl, whom I choose not to identify. So I shall just put down her story for you. Perhaps, though, you will recognize her. . . .

* * *

"Try it again, Joan," Earl said, "and this time don't look gloomier than the song itself. Do you want the soldiers to commit mass suicide after hearing it?"

He played the introduction again to "Don't Get Around Much Any More." Joan, who'd been stalking the hotel room rug as if it were a jungle trail, stopped beside the piano and began singing again. It was the twelfth popular song she had memorized in two days, closeted here in this strange New York hotel room—because, as Earl had pointed out, maybe the soldiers would ask for songs that she hadn't sung in her pictures.

Across the room she could see her mother sitting, knitting busily, but with a worried expression on her face—as worried as that of her pianist as he bent frowning over the keyboard.

She knew it was ridiculous to them that she felt so hopelessly depressed—but she'd been in this mood for weeks now. It had continued all the way across the continent from Hollywood, and it had lasted right through these packed two days of song rehearsing.

While she sang, she argued with herself about it. Why should she feel lost and hopelessly sad? At twenty-one, she was a famous movie star who thoroughly enjoyed making musical pictures. She was young, successful, surrounded by friends . . . and yet she felt as if life had no aim for her, that there was no one person who needed her and whom she needed. She was deeply lonely . . . and, though she knew loneliness was a disease, striking millions of other women in America right now, company didn't ease her misery. She certainly had—what would you call it?—the wartime blues.

THE worst of it was, she couldn't shake them. They were still with her the next morning at eleven, when she mounted the rough wooden steps to a platform—in front of a murmuring, whistling, rustling mob of ten thousand uniformed men.

Earl sat at the piano, waiting for her. The heat was so oppressive that her powder had melted off her face on the way from her impromptu board dressing room and now as she climbed the steps she shook out again the damp wrinkles of her gray jersey dress—a sixty-mile automobile ride in a temperature of 100 hadn't improved its lines.

Then she was standing there looking down at the suddenly quiet sea of faces above the half-mile mass of khaki—and she pushed her depression away by sheer force. Smiling, she stepped up to the microphone.

"I didn't come here to tell you how to fight the war," she said, and her light voice went out clearly into the great silence of the men. "All I know is that you *will* fight the war, and you will win it—and I and a hundred and thirty million other people will be forever indebted to you. So I came to give you a down payment on our

indebtedness, with a piano and some songs. What would you like to hear?" A few hardy souls yelled song titles toward her, and then with a roar like the ocean surf, they were all shouting together.

Out of the turbulence she picked the five songs they called the most loudly for—and she was to sing those same five songs for thousands of other boys in a dozen other camps in the next crowded three weeks, for they were the favorite songs of Uncle Sam's Army. Three of them were from her pictures, and she sang them easily; "You Made Me Love You," "For Me And My Gal" and "Over The Rainbow." The other two she had learned only yesterday, in that hotel room—"Don't Get Around Much Any More" and "Let's Get Lost."

AFTER she had sung those five, she sang seven more—twelve altogether. She'd borrowed Earl's handkerchief after the second song and frankly mopped off her face with it, and she continued to mop while she sang in the suffocating heat.

When she finally came down the stairs again, hundreds of soldiers surged around her, waving pencils and autograph books, grabbing at the pink bows in her hair—snatching them off, shredding them, clutching at the tiny pieces for souvenirs. She stood there, dripping perspiration, signing and signing again for a good half hour . . . and then she was back in the car with Earl and her mother, driving miles across the enormous encampment to another platform, with another ten thousand soldiers already waiting to hear her songs.

She was to sing five times that day, to five gigantic, eager impatient audiences . . . singing good-by to them, really, for this was an embarkation point, this camp, and so were all of the others scheduled for her tour.

But even though she shoved back that feeling of lost sadness while she sang—it was still there, waiting to take possession of her again the minute she was alone. The world seemed so overpoweringly sad—10,000 sadnesses after 10,000 sadnesses. And what could you do about it really. Don't kid yourself, Joan. You just aren't in this thing and you know it.

Technically for Joan, the tour went on. Five times a day she sang to enormous sprawling soldier audiences—traveling in blisteringly hot trains from one camp to another. She learned that paratroopers always yell from emotional pressure as they leap from a plane—hoarse shouts of "Geronimo!" as they drop into space. She learned that soldiers always sing with unnatural loudness as they march down to their overseas boats—mainly the songs of the last war, like "Over There," and "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad," and "K-k-k-katie!"

And she kept traveling. Once she was in three different states in one day, singing. Sometimes she lived right on the embarkation post with the soldiers—in old-fashioned little board houses, with ancient wind-it-yourself phonographs stocked with aged (Continued on page 72)

GARY

In which this new "Coop" admits just what has happened to him—that being one of the best things that could ever happen to anyone



One man, two hits: Gary of "For Whom The Bell Tolls," "Saratoga Trunk"

WRAPS IT UP

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Cooper grin comes into action at the Florentine Gardens. Occasion: Dinner out with Mrs. Cooper



ONE of the many fascinating things about having lived quite a while is that you get a chance to see how things work out. Ideas you had when you were very young turn up either good or bad. Experiments and gambles bring in profit or loss. Above all, people prove themselves over the years.

What I mean is something of what Gracie Allen expressed to me the other day when she said, "You never can tell about any entertainer until you see whether he can wrap it up or not. Lots of people have talent and skyrocket up to fame, but you can't really rate them until you know whether they can consolidate their position."

That isn't true only of a man's professional standing. It can be true, too, of his character and his personal life.

Thinking that over after I left Gracie, naming over folks I've known quite a while around this town, I came smack bang up against one name.

Gary Cooper.

Now there is a gent who has wrapped it up.

Year by year, he has grown in stature. His standing as a motion-picture star has waxed instead of waned. His prestige as an actor is great, but no greater than his influence and position as a man. And what is rarer than I wish it were, Gary Cooper's popularity as a man in his home town is larger even than his popularity with fans who pay to see him at the box office. In spite of Gary's enormous shyness and reserve, nobody except Clark Gable (always in a class by himself) has ever been so universally liked and admired in Hollywood.

Driving over to the studio to meet him, I did some remembering, the way you will when you are going to meet an old friend, especially one you haven't seen for a year or so. For some reason, the picture that came clearest was of him in the uniform of the American Air Corps of World War I, the part he played in that still classical epic of our pilots, "Wings." I remembered how nervous and tense he'd been about that "bit"—it wasn't much more—underneath his strong silent exterior.

So it was a surprise when I walked out on the Cecil DeMille set, where the dean of motion-picture directors was shooting "The Life Of Dr. Wassell," to see the same, tall, slim, quiet figure in uniform coming toward me, to sense that same almost breathless tension beneath the quiet gravity. For a moment, a split second, it seemed as though the clock had turned back almost twenty years. I had to

shake myself and realize that this was Gary Cooper, the star, the Academy Award Winner, and not the awkward young cowpuncher.

I said, "You've changed less than almost anybody, Gary," and got in return that same shy smile that begins in the blue eyes and finally relaxes the almost stern mouth.

But over lunch of scrambled eggs and fresh tomatoes I knew I was mistaken and that Gary Cooper has changed a great deal.

In the first place, he talks. Unless you knew Gary well in the old days you wouldn't grasp what a vast alteration that is all by itself. We talked about politics, and the war, and labor and the future. And as the ideas came steadily and quietly from Mr. Cooper, I became aware that I was talking to a man who had clearly and carefully thought things out for himself.

WE talked, too, about motion pictures.

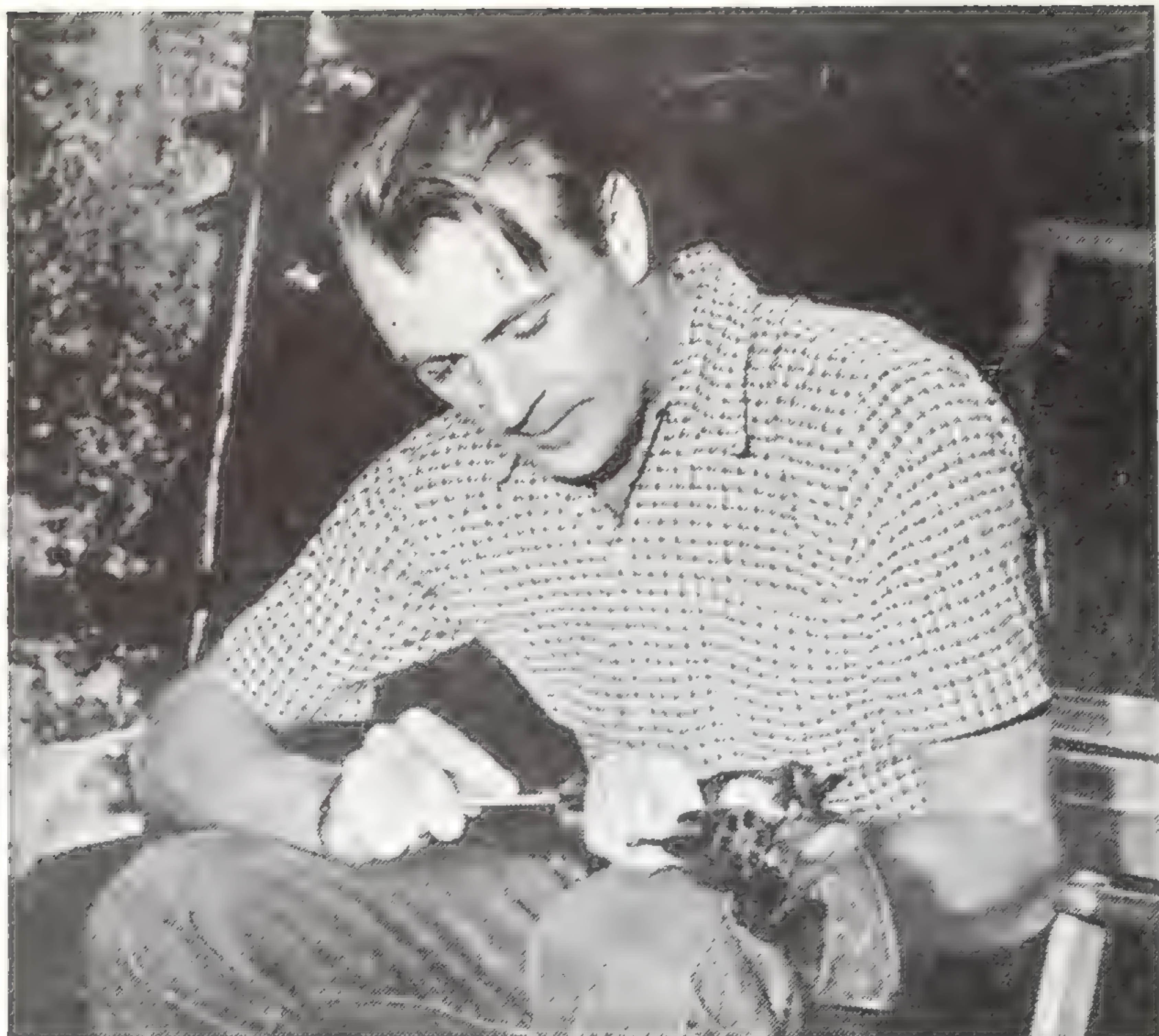
I said, "What have you got out of it all, my friend? All these years since you came to Hollywood?"

"A great deal more than I deserve," said Gary, sincerely. "Or so it seems to me. A home, a child, a happy and worthwhile marriage, success, and a good job that I like. A man can't ask more than that."

"I have a theory," I ventured, "that almost everybody gets what he deserves. Or rather that we reap what we sow. The older I get, the more it seems to me as I look at the people I've known all my life that the pattern was always there. We don't recognize it when we're kids; if we did I suppose we would soon have the millenium. But I think life pays back about what we put into it. If that's true, you haven't gotten more than you deserve."

"A man," said Gary Cooper, "has a lot of choices to make. People talk about the crossroads as though there were only one—or maybe only a few important ones. Seems to me there's a crossroad comes along every few minutes."

"You might say it's like a man riding the range. Some folks have a bump of location—born with it. The more



"Just an average American citizen," says Gary, the hunter-philosopher

they ride the more they develop an instinct for going in the right direction to find water and grass. I expect that original bump of location is either just a gift or it's something they were sort of taught around home when they were very little. I always figured it was a good thing to stand still and give it a chance to work—that's the only thing I know. Never gets you much of anywhere to go rushing around in a circle. If you stand still maybe the wind—or a smell—or the sky or stars or shadows will tell you which is the right way."

I ASKED him about "For Whom The Bell Tolls" which was to open that night. I hadn't seen it then and I was anxious for his opinion on it—as a picture.

"I was always mighty interested in Spain, myself," said Mr. Cooper, slowly. After a moment he looked at me very directly, and in the tanned lean face his eyes were remarkably blue. "That was the beginning. All of everything that has happened to the world since was right there, wrapped up in their troubles. All the differences, all the dangers. It was too bad folks were so indifferent and—maybe sort of bored, when it was going on. I was myself, some of the time. Well, nobody is going to be bored with the way it's told in our picture. It'll make their hair stand on end, but it'll make them understand it—I think—maybe for the first time."

I suddenly remembered one of his very first pictures, on which I worked as a writer. I remembered how nervous and dissatisfied he was with himself, and I said, "You're still as dissatisfied with your work as you used to be, Gary?"

"That's right," Gary Cooper says, "I get pretty mad at myself sometimes when I think how much more I ought to know."

When he says things like that, you have to believe him. There is, about everything he says, a simple ring of truth. The same thing that shines through his work on the screen is in many ways the same thing that most impresses you in his personality.

"Dissatisfaction with your work," I said, "is sometimes a very good thing. It makes you keep on growing and reaching. What was it Browning once said, 'A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?'"

"He said something there," Gary agreed simply.

"Are you glad, after these years, that you got into pictures?" I said. "Has it been the right job, the right place for you? Has it been worth while?"

He looked down at the tablecloth for quite a long time. He has a habit of silence, of pause, that is in no way uncomfortable. Most of his movements are slow and controlled, but you are always conscious

that he could move very swiftly if he had to.

"Sometimes," he said, low, "sometimes right now it seems kind of a piddling thing to be doing. Sometimes it seems that way to me. But it is my job and I know it is right and worth while to keep doing it. That's why I'm making every picture I can right now. If it's worth doing, then—right now—I figure I ought to do all of it I can."

"There's this Dr. Wassell that I'm playing right now. He is a real man, you know, he comes up and sits on the set sometimes and so does his wife. Now you take a man like that. He was just an ordinary doctor. I mean, that's what his standing was. But he was always working and looking up and trying and seeing what ought to be done in medicine. Couple of times it looked as though he had done a real big thing, found out about some germ or bug or something that would help lots of people. Some other man got in just a little bit ahead of him and got all the credit. But he kept right on."

"Nobody ever paid any attention to him. Run-of-the-mill sort of a guy. Must be thousands like him. And then he got in a pinch and he showed he was one of the biggest and finest souls and one of the best doctors that ever lived and there he was all of a sudden getting a medal pinned on him and the President of the United States talking about him on the radio to the whole country."

Gary looked up at me. He has learned to talk fluently enough of impersonal things, but he still doesn't like to talk much about himself.

"I like to try to play a man like that so that everybody meets him face to face and sees what his life was like," he said. "Of course it's important to know about the great people and the spectacular ones and the unusual ones that had a lot of genius and all. But—it seems to me it's more important right now to know about men like Dr. Wassell, to figure out what Americans and people who think the way we do are like, just ordinary everyday ones. And still when the pinch comes we show up with all the good, solid, old-fashioned things, like courage and self-sacrifice and all that. And thinking about the other fellow and his right to live and be happy."

"I THINK," I said, "that you like your job very much."

"I suppose," said Gary Cooper, "that one of the best things that could ever happen to a man would be just that—to like his job. I never spent any time thinking about it much when I was a kid. I certainly would have been a good deal surprised if anybody had ever told me I was going to be an actor. I probably wouldn't have believed him. I was one of the lucky ones. But I hope kids realize how important it is and don't just—oh, take anything. You spend an awful lot of time with your job."

"And what about the future?" I asked. "The jobs for the soldiers coming home?"

"We all think a lot about that, don't we?" Gary Cooper said. "I am not a politician, I'm just an average American citizen. I know one thing. We have got to remember what America means every minute. We can't sell America short by backing up on all the things she's stood for. The right to work—and the right to succeed. It'll still be there. We mustn't take the wrong road either way. A man hasn't any right to a living unless he works for it—nobody owes him a living. He does have a right to work and if he works harder and has more to give, I guess he'll always score a few more points—the way he always has."

I said, "Have you a philosophy (Continued on page 90)"

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



Lady in the red: Paulette Goddard of Paramount's "So Proudly We Hail"



DRAWINGS BY
SOL BAER FINGERMAN

She adores Mexico; Mexico adores her.
They call her "Anita," they'll go in
droves to see "Shine On, Harvest Moon"

ANN SHERIDAN, on one of her camp tours, stayed at a small hotel in a little town near the Army camp. After she had left, the manager of the hotel did a terrific business. Over the bed in the room that she had occupied, the manager posted a sign, reading: "Ann Sheridan Slept Here."

Although she is no longer billed as the "Oomph Girl," she still has it.

She doesn't take her "oomph" seriously. She signs photographs "Oompie" or "Poopie the Oomph Girl." On one occasion her friend, Ann Sothern, sent her a note and signed it, "The Scroomph Girl."

Yet this discarded title was partly responsible for her success. She is an actress who can be labeled "movie-made."

She arrived in Hollywood without any acting experience. She was given a stock contract at Paramount because she was one of the winners in a "search for beauty" contest. She was too plump, her hair was too bushy and she was too scared. Paramount let her go.

Then she was signed by Warners. She took dramatic lessons. She changed her hair, her figure and her name. She is definitely a Hollywood product.

She was Clara Lou Sheridan, born on February 21, 1915, in Dallas, Texas. She is part Indian, part Scotch and part

"Annie"

This is A. Sheridan—making time, making



She generally wears slacks and sandals,
probably has fewer evening dresses than
any glamour girl, likes brown and green

Irish. She is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 112 pounds, has hazel eyes and red-brown hair.

She goes to a beauty parlor about once a month to have some of the curl taken out of her red hair.

She attended the Robert E. Lee Grammar School, the Denton Jr. High School and studied for two years at the North State Teachers' College. She was going to be a teacher.

She always preferred the company of boys to girls. She had her first real boy friends—there were two—when she was going to high school. They both liked her and she said, "Boys, don't fight over me. I'll go with you both."

And she still prefers the company of men to women. In the commissary at the studio, she always has lunch with four or five men. Seldom women.

Usually, she eats in the Green Room at the studio, with Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson, when they are working in a picture. She never consults a menu. She is automatically served with eggs scrambled with tomatoes, mashed potatoes, two strips of bacon, buttered rye toast and coleslaw. She never eats the coleslaw.

Recently, she entered the Green Room in her costume for "Shine On, Harvest Moon." She was wearing a skin-tight, black sequin gown. The male population of the commissary had seen her walk in every day. They were used to her. Yet when she walked in this day, they came out with that well-known wolf whistle. She was flattered!

She is what is known as a "good guy" on the set.

She generally wears slacks and sandals. She doesn't like to dress up. She probably has fewer evening gowns than any other glamour girl. Her favorite colors, for slacks or dresses, are brown and green. She usually wears long bright red nails. When she was married to George Brent, she wore her nails short and without polish, because he wanted it that way.

She resides in a small ranch house, which she owns,

to all

The Cover Girl

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

friends, making news everywhere she goes



For lunch she never consults a menu. She's automatically served scrambled eggs, mashed potatoes, bacon strips, coleslaw

in the valley at Reseda. She moved back in this house after her separation from George Brent. The house is still not completely furnished and in her spare time she attends auctions to buy various pieces of furniture. The ranch has stables, but no horses. She has a burro, called "Oscar," which was given to her by George Brent for a Valentine present. It is the only thing of Brent's about the place.

HER favorite room in the house is called "The Office." Here she has a desk, a phonograph and a number of shelves, which are mainly filled with rhumba records. She has one of the greatest collections of rhumba records and can listen to this music for hours. She also has a large collection of Bing Crosby records. Her big favorites are Crosby and Fred Astaire. She would give practically anything to be able to dance with Fred Astaire in a picture.

She is now going in for Mexican folk songs. She loves Mexico with a passion. They love "Anita," as they call her, with a passion. She intends to own a home there someday.

She is trying to cut down on her smoking. Now she only takes a ciggie every hour, on the hour.

She always takes a shower every morning as soon as she gets up and a tub every night before going to bed. She likes to spray herself with perfume.

She is a good cook. Often she prepares chicken, fried tomatoes and canned peas. She doesn't like fresh peas because she claims they haven't any flavor.

She has a colored maid, Elizabeth, who sounds exactly like her over the phone. When Elizabeth tells callers that Ann isn't in, they invariably say, "Quit the kidding. I'd know your voice anywhere."

She often crochets on the set between scenes. She crocheted the same thing, a bedspread, for three years. When she married George Brent, she started to make it for a double bed. She finished the bedspread on the day that their separation was announced.



She goes to a beauty parlor monthly to have some of the curl taken out of her hair

Before Brent, she was married to Eddie Norris. Recently, since she is interested in aviation, Robert Cummings introduced her to an excellent instructor. "I've taught quite a few movie people to fly," said the instructor. "Among them were George Brent and Eddie Norris. Do you know them?"

"Why—yes—and—no," was all she could say while she tried to keep from laughing.

And concerning laughing, which she so enjoys, she can be heard—but heard!—when she laughs. She is a great audience.

She does not expect constant attention and as a friend she makes no demands. She doesn't pout if you don't phone her. She can't stand little afternoons of bridge and gossip. She hates shopping with other girls. She isn't a "girly-girl!"

She sleeps in a canopied bed. She usually sleeps with three pillows, one stacked on top of the other. She rolls herself up into a ball and pulls the covers over her head. In the morning, the covers are generally on the floor.

She seldom gets angry about anything written concerning her. She did, however, when a writer stated in an article that she wore paddings to be a sweater-girl. She said: "I'd like to prove to that fellow how wrong he is! My only defect is that I'm pigeon-toed!"

THE END

On this page: Seen at the Hollywood Canteen—Red Skelton and Lynn Bari, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Leslie



Salute to



This writer has won world praise. His

THERE are two entrances to the Hollywood Canteen. One is for civilians in civilian clothes, the other is for civilians in uniform. Maybe that isn't the usual way to describe soldiers, especially those of the best armies in the world; and yet, perhaps, in a way it is. For ninety percent of both American and British soldiers were civilians a few years ago and ninety percent hope to be civilians again a few years hence. Ours are not professional armies. Few of us have any military ambitions except to win the war and watch that there is no other. Yes, indeed—this is the Army, Mr. Jones—and the result is that, by and large, this is Mr. Jones's army.

One of the wonderful things the Hollywood Canteen does is to make Mr. Jones feel at home. Whatever he is in barracks or on the parade ground, he is an individual as soon as he enters the big building at the corner of Cahuenga and Sunset Boulevards, in the city of Hollywood. And if you say that technically the "Mister" does not exist, then I shall reply that technically there is no such city as Hollywood, either. But we all know that it exists.

The night I visited the Canteen the place was pretty crowded, though men were still converging from all directions like—again the civilian parallel comes to me—like commuters hurrying to

On this page: Canteeners Hedy Lamarr and John Loder, Dennis Morgan, Olivia de Havilland and Anne Shirley



praise now goes to—these Americans

catch the eight-fifteen. Inside the cheerful, roomy hall men and girls were dancing to the music of a name-band whose name I would give you except that I'm bad at remembering the names of name-bands. But I could give you the name of a boy I got to talking to, except that I'd rather tell you he was actually sixteen but had claimed to be two years older in order to join the Navy.

Most people by now know the way the Canteen is run. To begin with, everything is free—food, music, entertainment, services. Any uniformed male member of the armed forces of the United Nations can use the place as much and as often as he likes. He can come and go without restrictions; he can stay all evening or for ten minutes; he doesn't have to ask for any permission, or make any special arrangements. The only time he can't get in is when the place is jammed full. And once inside, he can do more or less what he likes. He can have sandwiches, coffee, fruit, or soft drinks. He can write letters or have a secretary type them for him. He can dance. Or he can watch the dancing from the sidelines. Or he can sit around and talk to his pals. And there are no strings to all this—not even well-intentioned ones. I mean, nobody gets up to give him a pep-talk or a sermon or a dull speech.

Furthermore—and I say (Continued on page 84)





You Love

—you say "yes,"

but to these six stars' ideas



Annabella says: The only test of love I know is instinctive. Your intuition, inner voice, is your best guide. When you fall in love it just happens. You can't help it. You can't plan for it. You can't escape it. The world suddenly changes its colors. You see what you never saw before. It seems a whole new world opens up to you. There is a fatal quality about every true love. We love those whom we're destined to love, by our physical constitutions, psychological make-up, our dreams, ideals, illusions and perhaps complexes. You fall in love with a person who makes a unique, irreplaceable appeal to you.

Carole Landis says: In my opinion real love has nothing to do with friendship or respect. They help, but they don't make it. A man can be an absolute heel and a woman, knowing it, can still be madly in love with him. When I met my husband I knew in fifteen minutes that I was in love with him. And I was surprised when he later told me the same thing about himself. Real love is love at first sight. To me, that's the test. You can't grow into love. You don't have to wait five years to find out if you'll love a man, if, maybe, your friendship and respect for him will change to love. It won't. It may change into a very fine relationship, but it won't be true romantic love. Love is what you make it. So there's an element of illusion in it—but it's the grandest illusion in the world.



Alexis Smith says: I don't think there could possibly be greater test for love than what the war provides. Back of it there are enforced separations and only real love can survive a separation that may last for months or years. But it's not enough to just sit back and hope your love will survive. You have to work at it. In my own case, I've definite ideas about what to do. My fiance, Craig Stevens, is in the Army. When he is away, I write to him every day. I talk about our plans for marriage, for our home. Things like that make him feel he's still a part of my daily life and in making him feel that I also feel closer to him. I think if you're willing to really work at keeping your love alive day after day after day, you can be positive it's the real thing.

Him & Her

not only to him

about the Cupid business

Julie Bishop says: The ideal test for a romance in its first rosy stages is for something really unpleasant to happen. It's easy to confuse infatuation with love and during the initial period of your romance you usually meet only under the most pleasant circumstances. But in that case how do you know that after marriage, when worries come up, he'll be able to cope with your moods? So try to find out if you're truly compatible. See each other after a hard day's work; when you've had one of those days when your hair is a mess and powder won't stay on your nose. If you're still crazy about each other, you can feel pretty sure it's the real thing.

Jennifer Jones says: Don't test your love! Don't fool or experiment with it. Marriage will test it. Life will test it. As life goes on, it will provide circumstances, trials, for testing your love. My husband and I, for instance, were very poor at one time. I got my "big break" before he did. That would be a test for any husband in this business. I think it's wrong for a girl to date another man to see how her boy friend or husband will take it. Don't be sophisticated about your love or marriage.

Barbara Stanwyck says: If you can share a silence with him, it's love. From my own experience, the ability to share silence is as good a test for love as any. Bob and I have a mutual understanding, a sort of language of our own. It doesn't require spoken words. When two people can sit together, stroll together, go for long drives together, without talking all the time, and still share a great companionship—that's a test for anybody's love. Bob and I have always had that. I sometimes wonder how we ever got acquainted. We never talked much. But from the very beginning we shared our silences. You can say more by silence than by the spoken word.



Cary Grant



Hymie Fink

Two gentlemen after four ladies' hearts: Cary Grant, who's cinema-paired with Faye Emerson in Warners' "Destination Tokyo"

Joseph Cotten



Hymie Fink

Joseph Cotten who'll cinema-cavort with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple in "Since You Went Away"

WHO RULES THESE

Touching on a touchy subject—
an exposé of the behind-the-scenes bosses in these homes

Paul Henreid and his Lisl:
The one holds the reins; the other goes along calmly



You might guess who runs
the Taylor-Stanwyck home
—and you might be wrong!



What Pat Boyer does about Charles's
library is proof of the domestic pudding



YOU can't tell about married couples until you have seen them under varying conditions at home. Blustery gentlemen frequently turn into Timid-Souls when their very own front door closes upon them. A surprising number of Little Women conceal iron wills beneath their fluffy frocks and helpless gestures.

The married couples of the film colony are no exception to this rule. You might assume it would be The-Star-In-The-House about whom the Hollywood house would revolve, for instance. But you wouldn't be right, not even half the time!

When Ginger Rogers married Jack Briggs the cat chorus—to which one or two of Ginger's ex-suitors lent their voices—wailed that Jack would be a busy boy jumping through hoops, hoops Ginger would hold and hoops Mama Lela would hold too. Never, apparently, had this chorus been exposed to the magic of the Briggs charm.

Jack's sweet and pleasant and easy-going. All of which probably explains how he gets his own way without half trying. Never, you see, does anyone feel the slightest need to be on guard with Jack. Everyone goes along with him, having fun, forgetting the plan to do something else

entirely. Like the day on the beach when Jack, grinning, asked a girl he knew slightly if she would hold his glasses while he went swimming. "Be glad to!" she said, responding to his casual friendly mood. "Take your time!" Even though she had been about to go into the water herself.

Jack overwhelms Ginger with his charming way of taking things for granted. He's probably the first human—man or woman or movie magnate—who has presumed to take anything for granted with Ginger for many years. It never occurred to Jack, for instance, that Ginger would object to his friends, barging in on them, at their honeymoon house at La Jolla. Consequently, given no opportunity to continue in her off-screen role of a recluse, Ginger found herself surrounded by gay groups. And loved it! In fact, since Jack Briggs moved in to rule Ginger's roost she's been shaken out of her old habits of being unco-operative and unfriendly. She's happier for this, of course.

There's more than one way of ruling a roost. . . .

Charles Boyer is another who maintains supremacy without behaving in an obnoxious, demanding way. No one could be more charming or gentle than Charles. Neither could anyone be more definite—about such things as in-

HOLLYWOOD ROOSTS?

by "Fearless"

Invite Betsy, wife of Gene Kelly, somewhere and you'll uncover the facts.



When you see Alan Ladd's Sue in a red coat you know who's ménage manager

Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs: One guess who rules this roost



dividual rights, especially. Pat Paterson Boyer wouldn't dream of entering Charles's bedroom without knocking. She wouldn't think of interrupting him if he was in his beloved circular library, going over accounts, writing letters, or reading. She never asks her friends into the library even when Charles is away. "The library's really Charles's room—and he doesn't like his things disturbed," she says, perfectly satisfied, apparently. Which isn't too strange, considering her lord and master is M. Boyer.

Charles's dominance doesn't end with his wish for personal privacy. It extends to the trifles of the household. The cocktails and wines served at Boyer dinner parties are his choice always and should the guests be his particular friends he determines the menu too.

European gentlemen like Charles and Paul Henreid rule their roosts instinctively, as their fathers did in France and Austria before them.

No doubt it took considerable adjustment for Pat Boyer to adapt to her husband's pattern of living. European Lisl Henreid, on the other hand, finds it the most natural thing in the world to accept her Paul's word as law, to consult him prior to every decision, to order the food

he likes, to blend his favorite colors and periods in decoration, to invite those he enjoys—and no others—to her parties.

Charles and Paul are stars, of course. You might think this rather than their European backgrounds accounted for their dominance of their domestic scenes. However, Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr, also stars, make no attempt to wear the pants in their households.

John Loder is utterly devoted to Hedy. But he does not wait upon her hand and foot and he doesn't hesitate to be critical of her upon occasion—when she attempts movie-star airs, for instance.

Hedy's previous husband, Gene Markey, also ruled, even though Hedy, in the first flush of her film success at this time, might have been expected to act in a high-handed manner. We well remember Gene, then a producer at Twentieth Century, giving an interview while Hedy waited to go to lunch with him. She was in a gay, talkative mood that day—until Gene, interrupted once too often, shushed her with a quick French phrase and, instantly and without resentment, she retired to the far end of the room to (Continued on page 90)



Deanna Durbin

Picture of laughter, and loveliness, and song: Deanna Durbin of Universal's "His Butler's Sister"

Happiness

BY DEANNA DURBIN



YOU can order your own happiness . . .

Because happiness isn't an accident. It doesn't come from the outside.

It's your own private property . . .

I was young when I began finding out about happiness.

It has come to me in many ways, many places . . .

In the ringing of a telephone . . . I must, I was told, by the voice on the telephone, do an audition on a certain day, at a certain hour—the day and hour when my class at school was to be graduated. To graduate with my class had been my dream for four long years. But the audition promised a job. I needed a job. Daddy was far from well. It was taking all his courage to get up and go to work each morning. We didn't know how long he could continue. I said I would be at the audition. I cried that day as I have rarely cried since. But I learned the wonderful sense of freedom and release that comes when you stand up to things . . .

In the music of a church organ . . . The day of my wedding to Vaughn was the happiest moment of my life. I was especially happy to have my fellow workers from the studio there to share that moment with me. As I walked down the aisle, out of the blur of the hundreds of faces turned towards me, I saw here and there the familiar faces of my studio crews, boys I've worked with ever since I went to Universal. They were smiling at me fondly, proudly—like my family. I was so very glad to know that they were there . . .

In two gardenias . . . I had promised to go out on a camp tour any time the studio didn't need me and U. S. O. Camp Shows did. Their call came just after Vaughn had enlisted and was awaiting orders. It seemed likely he would be gone before I could return. I had only to say, "So sorry, another time . . ." But before I could offer my excuse the Camp Show man said the camps in which I was booked hadn't had entertainment for a long time. I said yes—quickly. Now I say it gratefully. For those boys gave me so much more than I could ever give them.

Usually they were on the shy side the first day but by the second day they were all calling me Deanna. They told us how pleased they were to have us there in so many ways—with their big grins, with the enthusiasm with which they called for certain songs, with the stamping and whistling which said, "Thanks, loads!" And once two of them rode all the way into town and back to camp to bring me—two gardenias. It took their cigarette money and precious leave-time to bring me this gift.

Ever since, gardenias have said to me, "Do your share. It's worth it!"

*You can have happiness, too. It is within your reach everywhere
Teach yourself to love the little things in life and you
will hold happiness in your hands forever.*





American phenomenon: A man who buys his wife's hats—Ray Milland of Paramount's "The Uninvited"



Family picture: Ray, Mal, Fred and Lil MacMurray. Pint-sized front row: The Millands' Danny, the MacMurrays' Susan

PORTRAIT OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

A word's eye-view of Ray Milland,
that gives you all those "only his
best friends know" facts about him

BY JERROLD ASHER

"The crowd" aboard the Marada, Ray's boat named after Mal, Ray, Danny: Seated: Bob Sterling, Ann Sothorn, Mrs. Bob Hope, Ray. Behind Bob is Cesar Romero; in rear, Watson Webb



HE HAS a tattoo on his right arm.

He loves Bel Paese cheese and he never wears an undershirt. He hopes to be a singer in his reincarnation.

He seldom swears. He always likes the tie *you* are wearing. He was born with an uneven disposition and he still has it.

His real name is Reginald. Hollywood knows him as Ray. His friends call him Jack.

He loves fishing, hates hunting. "When you go hunting you see it. What point is there in killing it?"

His specially mixed sauce for plum pudding is famous. He's terrified of moths. He's frantically punctual.

Ray Milland was born January 3, 1907, in Neath, Wales, County of Glamorgan. He was born at home. He reads the encyclopedia at random. He's easily bored. He once wrote an essay entitled, "Consider the Titmouse."

He never sleeps on trains. He abhors serving on committees. He wears an artificial cap on one tooth in front of the camera. His favorite flower is the Sweet William.

He'd love to give up smoking.

His first picture was "The Flying Scotsman," made in England. He was brought over by Robert Rubin, Vice-President of M-G-M, in 1931. He is completely without sales resistance.

He laughs uproariously at corny jokes. Women with lipstick on their teeth irritate him. His nails have never been manicured by a manicurist. He can't bring himself to call his boss by his first name. He hates the taste, not the sound of celery.

Ray Milland is six feet, two inches tall in his moccasins. He went to King's College in England, served in the King's Guard and lived on King's Road when he first came to Hollywood. He enjoys tripe and new potatoes for breakfast.

He never gets seasick, never gets airsick. He's forever buying new razors. Merry-go-rounds make him dizzy.

He loves swap shops, white shirts and Flemenco music. He always thinks he's going to get heartburn. His legs are better than Dietrich's.

He cannot mix the simplest cocktail. His collapsible skis are of his own making. He refuses to pose puffing a pipe. "Because I've made too much fun of actors who do."

He has exceptionally good eyesight. He was British Army Rifle champion for three years. He wishes he had never gone to that costume party (Continued on page 101)

Categorically



Brian Aherne's idea of his wife Joan Fontaine: Peter Pan shopping in Bergdorf Goodman's...

Just imagine! That's the key to this new bit of fun dreamed up by Hollywood. It consists of taking a group of your friends and then imagining what each one would be and look like if he weren't a

Brian Aherne Says:

My wife, Joan Fontaine, is Peter Pan shopping in Bergdorf Goodman's.

Greta Garbo is long sixteen-button white kid gloves with a dead lily in the hand of one of them.

Lana Turner is a bottle of pink California champagne, cooling in a silver cup won in a jitterbug contest.

James Cagney is a fighting bantam cock with a Brown Derby perched on the side of its head.

Hedy Lamarr is a black panther wearing a collar of fire-opals and waiting for the green light on the corner of Hollywood and Vine.

Ginger Rogers is an ice-cream soda bar with only one stool in front of it.

Katharine Hepburn is a New England hatrack on which hang those classic masks of tragedy and comedy and a sunbonnet.

Betty Grable is the cover of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR torn off and pinned up over any soldier's bed, in any barracks anywhere in the world.

Paulette Goddard is a P.T. boat hung with gay bunting.

Charles Boyer is a French mantel with a row of first editions—in French, of course—lined along the back of it. Against this background are two cocktail glasses; beside them a crystal ash tray with two cigarettes smoldering, one red-tipped.

Ronald Colman is a chessman carved in the form of an ivory tower on a board made of letters from movie-goers.

Cary Grant is a long, low, powerful car with a cabana top.

... and Betty Grable, a pinned-up cover of Photoplay-Movie Mirror

... and Hedy Lamarr is a black panther wearing a collar of fire opals ...



Speaking



Joan Fontaine's idea of her husband Brian Aherne: Mercury in an aviator's helmet, a Shakespearean cloak...

person. Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine play the game here for Photoplay with author Howard Sharpe. They take a group of Hollywood personalities and ... well, start reading and you'll get the amusing idea

... and Greer Garson is a cello with ruffles on it under a weeping willow...



Joan Fontaine Says:

My husband, Brian Aherne, is Mercury in an aviator's helmet, Shakespearean cloak and patent-leather dinner slippers.

Greer Garson is a cello with ruffles on it, under a weeping willow tree.

Joan Crawford is a purple orchid drenched in perfume and tied with a ribbon of movie film.

Olivia de Havilland. My sister is a sweet little cottage built smack in the middle of Rockefeller Center, putting out bright awnings periodically in an effort to live up to the neighborhood.

Mickey Rooney is a slot machine decorated with little mirrors in an orange juice joint.

Rita Hayworth is Arthur Murray's "How To Dance The Rhumba" illustrated with pages from "The Body Beautiful."

Humphrey Bogart is a time-bomb in a cocktail lounge. Fascinating, dangerous, unpredictable.

Ann Sheridan is a Pinto filly riding in a chromium cart with red ribbons in her mane.

Maria Montez is a set of castanets loaded with pepper.

Orson Welles is a sculptured figure titled "Energy" carved from an enormous ripe Camembert cheese.

Bob Hope is a jack-in-the-box clutching a miniature bag of golf clubs, an infinitesimal microphone and an enormous American flag which almost obscures the other impedimenta.

Gary Cooper is a pair of Western riding boots, decorated with very sharp spurs and protected by a pair of sable chaps.

... and Humphrey Bogart is a time bomb in a cocktail lounge



"In love" picture of Jean Pierre and Maria, his delightfully distracting bride



The Man I

This is Jean Pierre Aumont as a husband, revealed to you by the woman who knows a man best—his wife

BY MARIA MONTEZ



FIRST saw the man I love and married at a party in Hollywood. The name Jean Pierre Aumont was well known to me as belonging to one of the finest actors in France. Over there he was equal in fame and popularity to Clark Gable here. And naturally I had seen his first American picture "Assignment In Brittany." So I watched him carefully and decided I didn't care for him. He's handsome but weak, I thought. The girl he had brought to the party seemed to be ordering him about. I do not care for that—a man who can be bossed around.

I was having dinner with Sir Charles Mendl and some friends several weeks later at the Brown Derby and Pierre was dining in a booth opposite. He was different somehow. I decided I liked him. "Sir Charles, I like that man," I said, "you must have a dinner party and bring us together." But almost immediately I left on a camp tour that ended in San Francisco. Then I went to New York for the opening of "Arabian Nights." And, of course, since nothing succeeds like a bit of success, I was given a gay whirl. But it was odd, too. One night in my hotel room I realized how empty my life was. I wanted to fall in love. That is what my life needs, to fall in love, I said.

Now you will see how it goes with fate.

The next day, it was February 11, I opened the daily horoscope, which had been forwarded from Hollywood by my astrologer Carroll Righter, and what does it say? "Look best today. Meet people. Please go out and be seen today." Three years ago I remember Carroll had said in 1943 I would be married. So I dressed in my best, for that day I had an interview with a New York paper and that evening I went to Club Twenty-One. I was on the second floor, I remember, when I glanced up to the landing above and my heart leaped. The back and

shoulders of a man looked so much like my fiance, Claude Strickland, who had been killed in the war. Then he turned. It was Jean-Pierre. He smiled and came down the steps. I was suddenly excited. "May I please call you," he said, "for dinner?" The next night I had an engagement and what I was afraid would happen, did. Jean Pierre called. Would I go to dinner and a show that evening? Now, what to do? I took out a coin. Tails, I decided, it would be Aumont. Heads, the other man. Tails it came out. My excuse was one of those ridiculous things he didn't believe, of course. Which was good, too, for who should be sitting at the table next to ours at Club Twenty-One but the man with whom I had the engagement.

That night I had taken a long time to dress. Usually I am the quick one when it comes to dressing. This night I had put on and taken off first one dress and then another before I could be satisfied. Then I had sneezed and my mascara had smeared and I must do my face over again. For the next fifteen days I was in New York I had a date every night with Jean Pierre. He had telephoned the very next morning and asked me to breakfast, and, of course, he used all his French charm—successfully, I admit. Flowers, poetry that I loved. But it wasn't until I was on the train back to Hollywood I knew I loved him. We were playing gin rummy in my drawing room and suddenly I saw him look at my hand, and there was something in his eyes, a look, a something, and I said to myself, "I love this man."

In Hollywood the reporters questioned. "Are you in love, Maria?" one asked and I said, yes, I was and maybe I would have a story later. It came out in headlines. "Maria Montez is in love. She will make announcement soon."

"But he has not asked me," I protested. "He has not asked me."

(Continued on page 74)



Love

The man most girls
would love: Aumont
of M-G-M's "The
Cross Of Lorraine"

"CALIFORNIA" COMING UP

BY SARA HAMILTON



The "more" about Lon McCallister everybody wanted after "Stage Door Canteen"

HE's neither tall, dark nor handsome. He has none of the dash or verve of the accepted movie hero. He never pushed a grapefruit or even a lemon custard into a pretty moll's face. He never scaled a wall, fought a duel, packed a rod, wooed and won, died a hero, lived a wolf. But when that long impressive parade of world-famous stars had finished their trek through the film "Stage Door Canteen" it was Lon McCallister, as *Private California*, who emerged the star and, judging from the ensuing commotion, the boy you can't forget.

Who better than Lon could play *California*, this Lon who was born and raised under the palms of Hollywood? He is *California*. What's more, he's representative of all the kids born and raised smack in the heart of glamour town. Quiet, well-mannered and not unbearably knowing.

"I found the kids back in Illinois know more about life and things (he calls it 'things') than I do," he says.

But like every movie kid he's smart about things it pays to be smart about. In fact, Lon is the 1943 model of tomorrow's post-war commandos who will invade our movies and our hearts. Only he does it with dimples instead of bayonets. And charm.

"How would you like to sign a contract, my boy?"

producer Sol Lesser asked of his new star with a see-what-Santa Claus-brings-good-boys smile.

Lonnie smiled back boyishly. "No thank you, sir." He always says "sir" to any man over twenty-five. He knows his onions and his manners.

Mr. Lesser rocked back ever so slightly on his heels. Lon, short for Alonzo, had never had a good role before in his life. He's hardly ever had a bad one, as far as that goes. He had no money. And here he was, actually refusing a seven-year contract.

When Mr. Lesser had recovered sufficiently he named the goodish figure of \$100 a week to climb to \$1,000 as bait.

But Lonnie just smiled and said he guessed not, sir, and thank you, sir.

Mr. Lesser looked at him hard. Real hard. Lonnie kept on smiling. The dimples danced merrily in each cheek, the watermelon pink that edges each ear glowed warningly. "Stop," those signals seemed to flash. "Hmmm," said Mr. Lesser, pinching his lower lip perplexedly.

In the end they compromised. Lon got \$500 a week, a \$5,000 bonus just for signing, a guarantee his mother would be provided for while he (Continued on page 81)

SUSIE CUES

BY HELEN MACY SHARPE



Conclusive clues as to why Susan Peters made you talk about her after "Random Harvest"

THERE is a new legend in Hollywood. Her name is Susan Peters. She was the enchanting ingenue in "Random Harvest," the French lass in "Assignment In Brittany," the girl with the wide-set eyes, the inquisitive pert nose, the hurt mouth. She is a legend because the people who work with her, particularly the women, think she is wonderful, and say so. That rarely happens in this town.

Two years ago she said, to any and all who would listen, that three years were enough to devote to any one particular ambition. "I'm a star by 1944, or nothing," said Susan; and she meant it.

Now most young women with a purpose like that, and a determination of such proportions, are of necessity on the ruthless side. Arrived at their goal, they are usually respected, but seldom liked.

Shall we be honest and complete the sentence? They are seldom liked by other women—because, somewhere on the way up the ladder, those other women have been given a high heel in the eye, a dusting of skirts in the face.

Sue Peters is an exception. She's twenty-one, knows where she's going, is almost there, and already is a past mistress in the art of turning the other cheek without

getting it slapped. This is probably because she knows what it's like to be kicked around. Before M-G-M made a star of her she had spent a year out at the Warner studio in Burbank trying to convince somebody that she was good.

She made more tests, for more different roles, than any other girl on the lot; after each one of them she waited a century to hear that some other little contract beauty had edged her out. Finally she discovered she was going to have a chance at the lead in "Sergeant York," opposite Gary Cooper. She knew what that would mean. Stardom, maybe; the big time at least.

Her test for "Sergeant York" was a perfect thing, one and all admitted. "The only thing is," they said, "you're too young for the part."

Before she had time to simmer down, she found out the name of the girl who had replaced her. Joan Leslie.

There was nothing to say to that. Joan, in point of fact, was at least two years younger than Susan.

It would be pleasant to record here that Sue thereupon walked out of Warners studio in a huff, to find fame elsewhere. She did no such thing. She left Warners, but not of her own volition. They fired her.

But Metro hired her shortly (Continued on page 103)

Blonde from Broadway, newest name in Hollywood: Dorothy McGuire, who gave "Claudia" stage life, now does the same in the cinema for Twentieth Century-Fox





Dark-eyed devastator of the American screen: Gene Kelly, who gathers some more triumphal palms in his current M-G-M film, "As Thousands Cheer"

Backdoor debutantes

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

I found a tall man crouching down in the scallion patch. "Good morning," I said. "The atmosphere is very lucid." He looked up and I nearly collapsed. It was Fred MacMurray!



What do you think would happen when that incredible Jane Lyons

hires out as a gardener to Humphrey Bogart? You're right! It does!

BY LILLIAN DAY

Author of the best seller and current screen hit:

"The Youngest Profession"

WE WERE in the Depths of the Dumps, Barb and I. Here we were in Hollywood, by the grace of the gods and an invitation from my Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy, breathing the same air as Paul Henreid, Greer Garson, et al., and yet Hollywood had ignored us. We'd gone to every studio, explaining we were correspondents for our N. Y. magazine, "Fan Dust." We spoke of the power of the Fan Press, but all we got from gate men was "Scram." But that was before I got "Glamour Make-Up Free" with only an outlay of a dollar ninety-five for false eyelashes. And I must say they were worth it. They got me right through the door of the Hollywood Canteen. Of course, I had to come right out again as Claudette Colbert, who was at the desk, asked for my card, and it seemed my visiting card wouldn't do, but at least I managed my exit with aplomb and, anyway, that was the way I met Robin.

To be more explicit, I bumped right into him outside the Canteen which would have been a Golden Opportunity in N. Y., but heavens knows we didn't come to Hollywood just to meet another Seabee so, resisting the temptation, I told him I could never see him again, hopped into a cab and drove off looking like Greer Garson saying farewell to Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Miniver."

It was the day after that that Barb and I came on the Great Adventure, or should I say Had The Great Hunch. We simply realized that the war had given us a heaven-sent opportunity—we could apply for positions as Domestic Help in the home of the stars!

The Goetz agency was jammed—with Employers, there being very few on the Help side. The woman in charge seemed glad to see us. It seems there was a gardener and a second maid needed. "Where is this job?" Barb asked her. "With Miss Methot," the woman said.

My heart almost stopped. I looked at Barb, but her face was blanker than usual. I stood there simply bursting while the woman checked back and then told us it was all right—we were to report Monday morning.

When we got outside Barb burst into tears. "We didn't have to come to Hollywood to work for a living," she said. "And probably with some old scriptwriter, at that!"

"You Zombie," I shouted. "The trouble with you is you don't keep up with the News behind the News. Why anyone knows Miss Methot is Mrs. Humphrey Bogart!"

IT'S amazing how a simple little telegram like this could make so much trouble.

Miss Vera Bailey
Editor, Fan Dust
116 East 84th St.
New York City

Am Living with Humphrey Bogart.
Letter Follows With Details.

Jane Lyons

Well, that telegram nearly wrecked everything. I was going to say "we" and sign "Jane and Barbara" but I thought we might get into trouble in case the postal authorities should happen to be against bigamy. Vera Bailey and the whole club will be consumed with envy.

We had told Aunt Helen an elaborate story about visiting Barb's aunt in Santa Ana so we could report at the Bogarts' Monday, when that dope Barb leaves a copy of the telegram on her desk, and Aunt Helen hits

the ceiling and back.

"I don't care what you do as long as you don't lie about it," which line Eve used to Cain when he bopped Abel. Uncle Bossy was on our side. He said, "What more idiotic things can they do than they've already done? Let them get it out of their systems."

"Their systems have an infinite capacity," said Aunt Helen who remembered a few things from New York.

"They'll be fired in a few days anyway," said Uncle Bossy.

"A few days may be an eternity," I said. "What is time?"

"Just what does that profound observation mean?" Bossy's a dear, but very literal-minded.

Finally we struck a compromise. We agreed not to do anything undignified and to telephone Aunt Helen every day, and she promised not to write and tell my parents, which was sporting enough. If Pops ever heard I was working as a Farmerette, I think he'd chew up the landscape.

So here we are, living under His very roof . . . under his floor, to be exact, because his room is right above ours. We haven't met him yet, because he's been away on a Bond-selling tour and she's with him, but they're coming home tomorrow.

Barb and I have a lovely room on the ground floor with twin beds and we can see everyone that goes in and out, if we slant our blinds right. There's a housekeeper in the next room so we have to make with the mute because I think she's suspicious of us. The servants call her Muggs, but her name is Miss Abernethy.

I'll write down everything as it happened just for the record. Of course it will get more and more exciting as we get more and more *intime*.

I'm wondering what I'll do if Bogie's wife turns out to be so nice to me that I feel it's dishonorable to double-cross her. I'm beginning to realize that while he hasn't been my pin-up man and my feelings for him up to now have been purely esoteric, now Sex is beginning to creep in.

Last Thursday, when we left the Goetz Employment Agency we had a feeling of exaltation . . . sort of purified like when you come out of church or an educational picture.

I wanted to go shopping right away, but Barb was stomach-minded as usual. She suggested the Beverly-Wilshire. "We're working now," she said, "so we can afford separate portions."

We had never been there before, so the waiter was very polite. He led us to a nice table overlooking the pool and took plenty of time bringing our order.

"If it's our last cent," I told Barb, "we'll give him his full ten percent."

We made a list of things to get, but we made it on the tablecloth so we couldn't take it along. Over our coffee Barb was silent for a long time (for her) and her eyes had that faraway look.

"A penny for your thoughts," I said.

"I was wondering," she said, "if the Bogarts set a good table for the help."

We went to Saks-Fifth Avenue to shop. I have never seen such a super-duper store off the screen. I bet Buckingham Palace isn't as elegant. We practically sank into carpet to the ankles, but it didn't intimidate us

because, after all, we weren't just looking around, we were real customers.

First we went to the Deb Sports department and everything I tried on did something for me some place. I said to Barb in French, "*C'est un embarras de nouveau riches, n'est-ce pas?*" and to my surprise the saleslady spoke in fluent French which I couldn't understand, but I bluffed it by saying "*mais oui*" and "*comment?*" I had a terrible time deciding, as I wanted everything. I spent about a month's salary on slacks, shorts, dungarees, blouses, etc., but after all, I figured, it's really an investment.

"You get all the breaks," said Barb. "I wish I were the gardener."

"Nonsense," I said, "you'll hear all the brilliant dinner table conversation while I'm below stairs eating with the help."

"That's true," she said, brightening up. "I'll try to remember every word to repeat to you."

I bought a large floppy hat and gardening gloves and a basket for flowers and sunburn lotion and citronella and poison-ivy wash and hand-cream and sun-glasses and three bottles of stockings.

Then we went to the maid's uniform department and Barb got the most becoming caps with little bows and one with lace, and sheer aprons to match. She would only buy blue and gray uniforms because she had read that those were his favorite colors and he vibrated to them.

"Boy," I said, "will he vibrate when he sees me in that dungaree outfit with the sun-back!"

On the way home we stopped at the five-and-ten and I got a book called "Simple Rules For Growing Vegetables" which I paid for in cash because I felt I had charged enough to poor Aunt Helen.

When we got home it was after five, and there on the terrace having cool drinks were Aunt Helen and Uncle Bossy and Robin Hood

(my romantic split-second of the Canteen) and another Seabee with red hair, who proved on introduction to be Second Class Electrician's Mate, Tom Casey, known as Sparks. Barb blushes every time she's introduced to a man, whether he's her type or not. I can't do a thing with her.

Robin gave me a penetrating look. "I'm glad to see you washed your face," he said. "You look all right now."

I asked him how he had found my address.

"The dame in the Canteen gave me the card you left," he said.

"Dame!" I cried in horror. "That was Claudette Colbert."

"I know," he replied. "She had chow with us at camp and borrowed my zippo. She's okay but I don't care for most movie actresses. They're too peepuli."

There was no use. I saw we didn't speak the same language.

"Peepuli," explained Sparks, "is crazy in Hawaiian. We all talk that way."

Robin said that Camp Peary, Virginia, where they were trained was the only place in the U.S. where you could stand in mud up to your ears and have the dust blow in your eyes. Barb thought that was a silly thing to do.

C.B. means Construction Battalion and the Navy would be sunk without them. Robin explained to Bossy about an invention he was working on which will revolutionize modern warfare. I think warfare is bad enough without revolutionizing it too. It's an auto engine with a drilling machine and pressure and heat. He calls it a Nerve Accustomizer and it's to make recruits get used to being in tanks under fire. He said he would bring it around some time and show us.

Barb said it must be a terrible thing to be in a tank under fire. "It must be like sitting under the drier all over."

Aunt Helen invited them for dinner and later they took us to the Tropics.

"I bet they have to light extra candles here to comply with the dim-out regulations," said Sparks. Barb thought that was very funny and I could see she was falling for him and I was getting worried because we had more important realms to conquer, and there are times in Barb's life when she is strictly a one-man woman.

I told Robin we were leaving on Monday to visit Barb's aunt in Santa Ana and we didn't know when we'd be back.

"That's okay with me," he said, taking my hand. "I don't care how far I have to go to see you."

He was getting possessive and I told him it was no use as no one man could ever hold me. "I am like Cleopatra," I said, "I have infinite variations." But he didn't know what I was talking about.

When we were dancing he held me very close and I tried not to feel thrilled, because I was in no mood for thrills, and in a dark corner he kissed me and I got very indignant. I told him I wasn't in the habit of kissing men the second time I met them.

"Only the first time?" he asked. He had me there.

"That was different," I said. "It was sort of impersonal."

"Well, all I can say is, I'd (Continued on page 97)

FRONTDOOR DEBUTANTE



For whom the welcoming gates of Hollywood swung wide—Paxinou, the Pilar of "For Whom The Bell Tolls"

BY BARBARA BERCH

KATINA PAXINOU is a straight-nosed, solid-eyed, firm-skinned Grecian with a size fourteen figure and Miss America legs who filtered sand through her hair and stuffed herself with wardrobe padding, to play the part of Pilar in "For Whom The Bell Tolls." For five months she spat and cussed, kicked and fought, blew up bridges and peeked into sleeping bags. Then when they said "Katina, you were great," she shrugged, lifted weary eyebrows and bellowed: "What else!"

Paxinou came to this country last year from England on a passport routed through to Greece—by way of America. Since she never misses a thing, her boat was promptly torpedoed in mid-ocean, she was left to float in a lifeboat for eighteen hours, picked up by a destroyer on its way to a battle to the death with the German cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, dodged gunfire and explosives for five bloody days and headed back to England to await plane passage next time. She landed in Lisbon six months later and with two days to kill before her clearance (and the ten-dollar allotment she was permitted to take out of England) she glided into the gambling casino and almost broke the bank. "But—of course—what else is there to do in Lisbon?"

She came to the U. S. to do a (Continued on page 108)

Fall in Line

Step into fall... like Maureen O'Hara, star of Fox's "Buffalo Bill," wearing a two-piece rayon silk in the news-making violet-blue. The peplum blouse, draped to make you figure beautifully in any gathering, ties on the side. An Edna Vilm design from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills



Ultrafeminine: A Connie anklet sandal in rust suede, black suede, black patent. Sold at leading stores



Line up to be looked at in a suit like Maureen O'Hara's—a Norfolk-type in dark gray wool, softly tailored, smartly set off with buttons pairing on the wide-lapeled jacket. Miss O'Hara tops it with a gray wool coat lined in yellow dyed baby lamb. Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills



Clever footwork: Connie's low-heeled sandal in brown alligator calf or soft, black suede

For dinner under a harvest moon—an all-purpose informal brown faille suit with exquisite lace frills at neckline and cuffs. Catch on to the fabric-saving device of a simulated double-breasted closing effected by two rows of fabric buttons. Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills



Definitely siren, amazingly flattering—Connie's baby vamp D'orsay pump in black suede

Good Mixers

Match these up and you have match-making outfits chosen by Carole Landis for Mona Tjader



1. Into New York came Carole Landis on "Wintertime" to meet her husband Captain Thomas Wallace of the Eagle Squadron, over from England on leave. In from Darien, Connecticut, came reader Mona Tjader to shop with Miss Landis. Their first buy was a Trik-skirt that will streamline your hips, cut down your pressing bills. This narrow belt weaves through slits in the waist and ties in a bow. You can wear the bow and buttons in back, in front or at the side. The silk jersey blouse has shirring that suggests epaulettes.

The skirt: In frost-point check, black, brown or blue. Any color in Jungo cloth. Sizes 10-18. Approximately \$5.99. The blouse: In white, rose, maize, pink, red, Kelly luggage. Sizes 32-38. About \$5.



2. A skirt that will twirl around in the very gayest fall social circles is this plaid one, bias side-pleated all the way around. Wear it with your sport jacket, your sweater or a little peasant blouse with a young square neck, rickrack trim.

The skirt: In brown and wine or black and wine with narrow red or green lines. About 50% wool and 50% rayon. Sizes 12-20. About \$6. The blouse: In white, cotton crash, with red, blue or white trim. Sizes 9-15. About \$2.98.

PHOTOPLAY'S
*Star-Maker
Fashions*

Around-the-clock
wardrobe
for \$26.68



3. Now for a grand idea! Take a basic skirt like this, cluster-pleated front and back and alternating wide and narrow box pleats and go to town with it morning, noon and night. For instance, in the A. M., wear with it a dicky and a soft smart sport jacket

Skirt: All-wool in black, brown, tartan green, navy, flight blue. Sizes 12-20. About \$6.
Dicky: In white sharkskin or pink, maize, or blue rayon crepe. Small, medium and large. At \$1.25.
Jacket—50% wool and 50% rayon. Herringbone in green, blue or natural. Sizes 12-20. About \$8.95.



4. The same skirt again, but looking very different by reason of the addition of a checked taffeta blouse with a clever little frill around the neckline and down the button closing. Wear this with the same smart skirt as a perfect "P.M.-er"

Blouse: White with black, red or green. Sizes 12-20. About \$3.98.
Hat—Black only. Adjustable size. About \$3.00



5. Guess again—it's still the same skirt! This time it goes out dancing with a special matcher—a brocade jacket with a flower pattern and bright buttons of brilliants and crystals. Good mixer par excellence

Evening jacket: In white, pale pink or aqua. Sizes 12-20. About \$6.50.

For a list of stores where these "Star-maker" fashions are available, see page 120



To Romance!

Donated to romance—this page of Photoplay. And why not, since we started the whole business by printing in the April issue a little treatise, "I'd Like To Have A Date With—" in which June Havoc admitted she'd like to meet young hero Ensign Gay of the Battle of Midway. The romance was on! Ensign Gay wrote June; she responded—V mail. But that V-mail letter was returned; Ensign (now Lieutenant) Gay could not be found. Then he returned, spent 24 hours in Hollywood but didn't call June because he hadn't heard from her. At this writing June is trying to reach him before he leaves the country again. Here's hoping!

May 24, 1943

Dear June:

I have just received a copy of the April issue of Photoplay from my father. In his accompanying letter he said that he had written to you, thanking you for what you said about me. That's fine, But! I have never been able to trust him to handle any matters pertaining to the fair sex to my advantage. Somehow he gets ahead of me whenever I do. So I want to put in my own bid.

The truth is that I want to set things on their proper footing by asking you for a date...

When? Well! Just as soon as I can get there. You mentioned asking some of your friends over. That would be swell for I have some

friends who would like to meet them...

We can guarantee that it will be a real party for we are saving up quite a bit of party time just now...

Things being as they are I won't see you for some time. To help me wait I would like to have a picture of you...

I just finished putting your name on a 500 lb bomb which I intend to deposit in a very tender spot among the dirty little Japs. Just for you...

We all want to hear from you.

Hopefully yours

George Gay

Hullo George:

I am honestly thrilled to hear from you--Your Dad wrote me a swell letter--You must be awfully nice folks because you sound so real in your letters--Before I go any further I want to set you straight on everything--First...You don't think for one minute that I am the only girl in Hollywood or Racine or Kankakee that wouldn't be proud like mad to make dinner for you? or to go dancing with you? or any of your buddies out there in wherever you are? You just wait till you get home and you will see how closely we follow what you are doing--Gosh, you George Gay are a hero just to be corny and truthful, so there..and I not only accept your "bid" but shall brag all over town that you asked me..

...I have a darling, funny little house all my own and when your torpedo Sqdn. [redacted] or anyone else you wish--come home..Boy--We will have a party to end all parties--I promise. Your reasons are foolish you know--You won't ALWAYS be in Whatchamacallit and I will always be here--SO all you have to do is get here after you leave there--and I hope it will be soon. I am hoping along with everyone else at home here that you will all be home soon--Hollywood is not the story-book version by far--the truth is we are very much like your own home town--everybody knows what everybody else is doing--right now it's easy--we are all up to our ears in war work--wego way out to forsaken soldier camps and do shows for the George Gays to be--we love it too--the men are grand audiences. Then when you work the hours we do there is little time for swinging. But if you come home we will find time for some real pre-war fun.

Thanks for giving me billing on the bomb--hope it--well, you know what I hope it does...Give my best love to the boys of Sqdn. [redacted] who censored your letter--tell them I shall add them and you of course, to my special prayers and when they get back to let me know--I hope you all like the pictures

June Havoc





DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Vitamins G, P, P
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Vitamin A
Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get the extra Vitamin "A" experts say you need.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Iron
Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!

Don't Worry

ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Millions of people today know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the richest sources of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink two glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. *All you can profitably use for health, according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.*

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give

you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING



Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food.

So rely on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Vitamin B₁
You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if B₁. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Calcium and Phosphorus
They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
Vitamin D
You get D from sunshine, but year-round most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!



But No!
Don't think vitamins and minerals are *new*. Ovaltine gives you. It is prescribed the world over by doctors for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

“I use
Dura-Gloss”



So you like my finger-nails—lots of people say they're pretty. I use Dura-Gloss on them. I used to go in for fancy nail polishes that cost 50¢ or even a dollar. Then I found how simple it is to get a bottle of Dura-Gloss for 10¢. And the results were more than I had hoped for—I think my finger-nails are more beautiful than ever before. I use Dura-Gloss continuously, and all the Dura-Gloss preparations for the nails.

(Note: Dura-Gloss contains Chrystalline to make it wear longer without "peeling".)



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TAX

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat



Bette Davis Faces Sorrow

Thoughts for this woman, for any woman, facing unhappiness today

THROUGH this page each issue, *Photoplay* has brought you a feature of which it has been very proud—letters from you and wise answers to them from Bette Davis. This month, instead of these letters, *Photoplay* is bringing you some simply spoken and utterly sincere words from editor Helen Gilmore. The following issue, the magazine will publish those letters which did not appear this month.

BY HELEN

GILMORE

F.R.S.

TRAGEDY has come to Bette Davis.

Because of the God-given elasticity of human beings to meet incalculable sorrow and more particularly because of the quality of this woman's spirit, she will come through a finer person, without any words of ours to help her.

But friends cannot stand by and see a friend in trouble without reaching out a hand, without giving voice to the sympathy that fills them. And so we speak, not alone for ourselves and the days and hours of personal companionship we have known with Bette and the splendid man who was her husband, but for those thousands of readers who month after month through the pages of her *Photoplay* feature "What Should I Do?" have turned to her for help and advice.

It is now our turn to be the friend.

As friends, you will want to know what has happened to her. So let us walk with her through those last days of the life of her husband, Arthur Farnsworth.

It was Monday, August twenty-third. Farney, as she called him, had left their River Bottom home in Glendale for the Walt Disney Studios where he was acting as technical adviser on aeronautics for some Government films Disney is

doing. Seemingly he was in the best of health after their vacation in New Hampshire together and Bette promptly

took advantage of the brief respite from costume and make-up tests for "Mr. Skeffington," her next picture for Warner Brothers, by calling her close friend, Margaret Donovan, formerly head of Warners' hairdressing department and now the wife of Perc Westmore. Together they sallied forth into the market place for some household shopping.

Bette had returned and was in the house alone with the servants when a call came from the Walt Disney studios in the latter part of the afternoon. Arthur Farnsworth, the voice said, had been found unconscious on Hollywood Boulevard, evidently suffering from a fall. He had been taken to the receiving hospital.

Through the numbing shock, Bette's mind functioned mechanically. Get their doctor . . . Dr. Moore said at once there was no point in her coming to the receiving hospital; that he would summon her as soon as he had his patient settled in the Hollywood Hospital.

In the endless wait for Dr. Moore's return call, she phoned the studio. This would mix up their schedules. They must know how to plan. So quiet and so desperate was the voice that said, "This is Bette Davis," and then went on with its message, that the studio's instant reply was that they'd do anything, regardless of schedules, to help her.

At the Hollywood Hospital the white figure on the bed was motionless. No flicker of recognition passed across the face as Bette leaned close and spoke low and urgently. Her mind flashed back to the day they had met scarcely five years ago, when a tall handsome man had come forth to greet her at the Lodge in Franconia, New Hampshire. What

strange destiny had welded the course of their two lives into one?

What was it that had attracted her to him first? Perhaps the physical poise, the effect of controlled vitality that pervaded all his movements as you would expect in a man who had spent a lot of time flying planes; perhaps the quiet, dry humor, the mental balance that made him a constantly delightful companion; or his music—he had been a concert violinist and many an evening had been spent as he played and sang to her. Or perhaps it was the great love of the out-of-doors they both shared.

There had been the odd circumstance of her buying the Sugar Hill house which she was to love so much from the man who was one day to be her husband. The house had been a previous investment of Farney's and when she had spoken about buying a place there of her own he had shown it to her. In a gay mood they had swung up the long avenue of butternut trees and when the quaint little New England house came into view, Bette knew she had come home. Thus had it become a special bond between them, the very house that was to take him from her.

SLOWLY, her eyes focused again on the quiet figure. Here was the man who had stood beside her in the colorful living room of Jane Bryan Dart's ranch at Rimrock, Arizona, just three happy New Year's Eves ago during the simple ceremony that made them man and wife.

Then, as now, Bette's mother, lovingly known as "Ruthie," had been close to her side.

There was no room for Bette at the crowded hospital that night unless a sick patient were to be moved in with another patient. This she refused to allow. So she went home to the empty Glendale house and battled out her thoughts and her exhausted nerves alone.

The next day there was little change in Arthur's condition. He was still unconscious. Already they had sent for his people—his mother and brother Dan. There was nothing to do but wait—wait and ask the desperate question—how could it have happened? The police were asking the same question. One sinister angle of the case was that Farnsworth, a pilot himself, was the western representative of the Honeywell company in Minneapolis whose entire plant is devoted to the manufacture of important airplane equipment. Some one might have wanted to get at him. Offsetting this theory, however, was the fact that there was no external evidence of an assault and, what was still more conclusive, the brief case which he carried and which contained important confidential Government papers was untouched.

Wednesday morning Mrs. Westmore called Bette at home. What was she doing? Bette replied she was straightening out Farney's room, getting it ready for his return. Maggie's voice lifted—that meant things were better, didn't it? No, Bette answered wearily, it just meant she'd go out of her mind if she didn't think and act that way.

Later that same day Arthur Farnsworth died. He never regained consciousness sufficiently to explain what had happened to him; he never had the chance to say good-bye to his wife and family.

Science, supported by Bette's good memory, had supplied a solution to the first. For when the autopsy showed he must have suffered a previous fall or blow, she recalled a bad spill he'd had in June at their Butternut Lodge when he slipped and fell the length of the stairs as he was going down in stocking feet to answer the telephone. Thus for two months the injury within his head, seemingly nothing at the time, had been increasing until it struck him down that day on Hollywood Boulevard. For those two months, even while they had their last happy holiday in New York together, he was a man walking between two worlds.

The solution to the second must come from Bette's own philosophy. Thousands of men are leaving the world today without saying good-bye to their families. Perhaps they wouldn't want to say good-bye if they could. Perhaps it isn't really good-bye after all, for certainly no man living has had the necessary experience to tell us that it is. And perhaps in Bette's own cry that came over and over again, "I can't believe it! I simply can't believe it," there is a true sign pointing the way; a sign which says, "Then don't. It's more important not to."

A simple service was held in the flower-banked Church Of The Recessional at Forest Lawn in Glendale for the immediate family and a few close friends. By a strange providence Jane Bryan and her husband were in town on a visit and had been seeing a good deal of the Farnsworths. Thus did Jane, who was Bette's devoted shadow in the days when they were both at the Warner studio, stand by her friend in the saddest moment of her life.

There also were John Garfield who had worked closely with her, not in a picture but in their mutual love, the Hollywood Canteen, Jack Warner, head of her studio, and Paul Mantz,

noted stunt pilot and Farney's close friend.

Bette's uncle, a retired Episcopalian minister, conducted the services, reading in his quiet voice Arthur Farnsworth's favorite Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. . . ." Then Bette started the long journey east to Rutland, Vermont, family home of the Farnsworths, for final services and on to Butternut for interment.

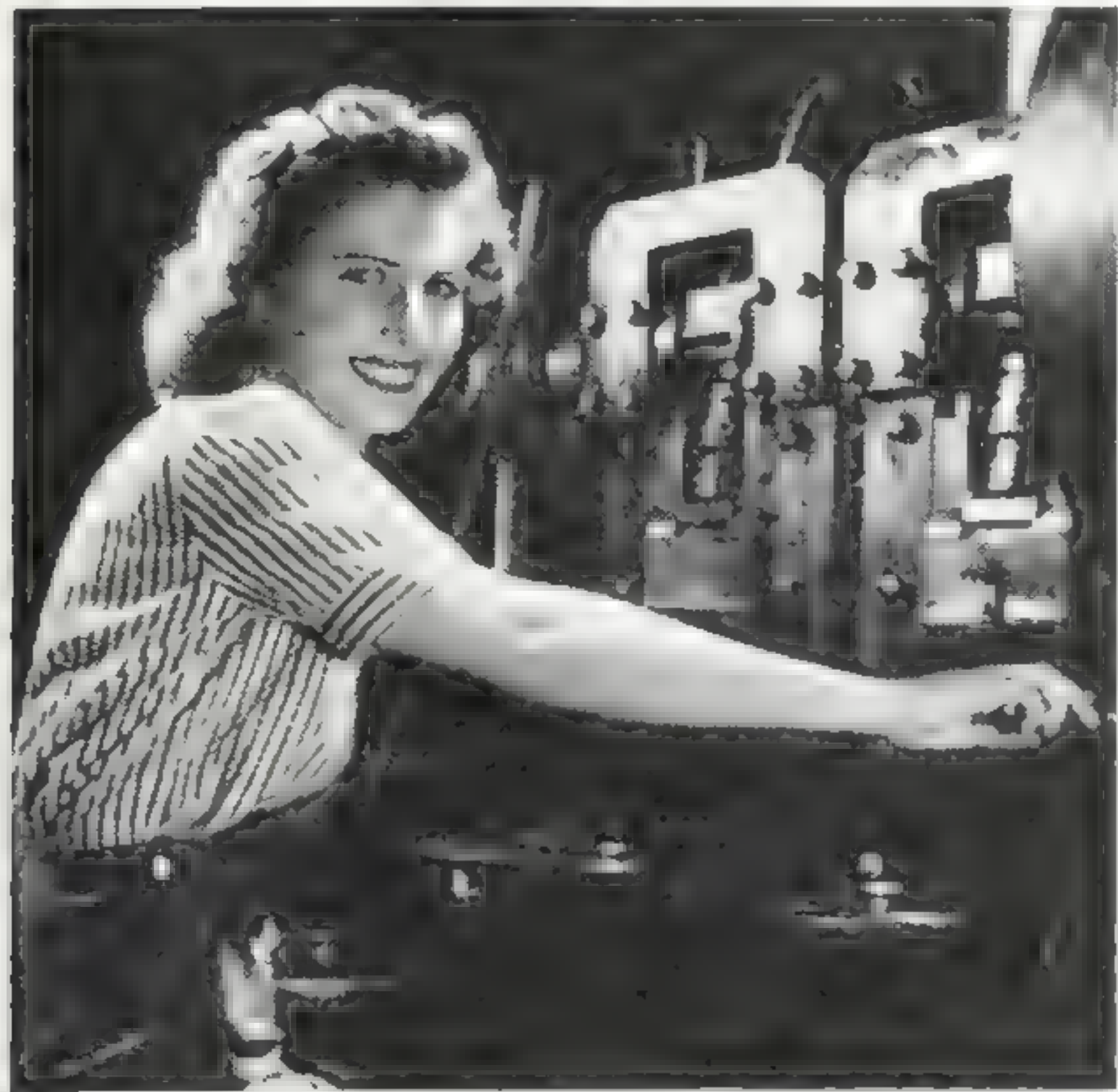
Perhaps in no way could Arthur Farnsworth have done more for his wife than by leading her back at this moment to the country which has always given her spiritual strength. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. . . ." There, from the rugged but not ungentle face of the mountains, flow power and peace. There Bette met again the undemonstrative kindness of the people—her people; felt again the strong, invisible hands that put her back on the road. Once more she set her face to the West and the work she had promised to do.



Sharing the outdoor life they loved so much:
Arthur Farnsworth and his wife Bette Davis

THESE ENGAGED GIRLS ARE ALL WAR WORKERS !

You are needed too!



ANNE NISSEN—handles explosives in a big munitions plant. This was Anne's first job. She has been promoted step by step, and has become a "job-instructor," training other girls.



MARTHA MONTGOMERY—an accredited first-aid-er, is especially interested in wartime care of small children. Proper care for children of working mothers is one of the most vitally important home-front war jobs, and one in which understanding workers are urgently needed.



PHYLIS GRAY—tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, uniforms! She went straight from college into war industry, working for a big Textile Company.



MURIEL LUNGER—is gravely serious about her war job at Bendix where she tests altimeters for planes. Muriel's mother has a war job at Bendix, too—on the assembly line.



ROSEMARIE HEAVEY—is one of the new airline girls affectionately dubbed "hangar helpers." They work in 8-hour shifts—in jobs that only men were filling a year ago.

Any job that frees a man is a war job... find yours today !

SLIM AND PRETTY Anne Nissen, engaged to Larry Van Orden (now in the Army), sums it up like this: "I *couldn't* have Larry do all the fighting, I wanted to do *my* share"... so *she* took the job a man left behind!

What are you doing?

Right now there are hundreds of different war jobs for women and girls—especially necessary home-front jobs that need to be filled because the men who held them are now with our armed forces.

Women and girls must take their places. Many areas need women in all kinds of civilian jobs—in stores,

offices, restaurants, plants, laundries, in transportation, in community services.

Experience is not necessary. Hundreds of thousands of girls and women who never dreamed of working before are stepping into these jobs every day.

There's a war job for you, too!

Look through the Help Wanted section of your paper for needs in your area. Then get advice from your local United States Employment Service. They will gladly help you find the job you are suited to serve in. America at war needs women at work. Apply for your war job now!

Typical of so many gallant American girls and women today...

...these girls have given up personal ambition so as to back up their fighting men. But they are none the less feminine for all their efficiency. Keeping lovely is very much a part of their everyday living—on their jobs, and off!

And Pond's Cold Cream is their favorite way to help keep their faces feeling and looking clean—fresh, smooth and soft.

As Phylis Gray says—"A war job doesn't leave much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh and soft to touch."



Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK — THE SOONER WE'LL WIN

'Follow Me'

(SUIVEZ MOI)



If you lead him by the heart... if you lead in the activities and drives of today... if your crowd happily follows your lead... choose Varva's "Follow Me," the *parfum* that leads—and lasts!.....Extract, \$1 to \$15

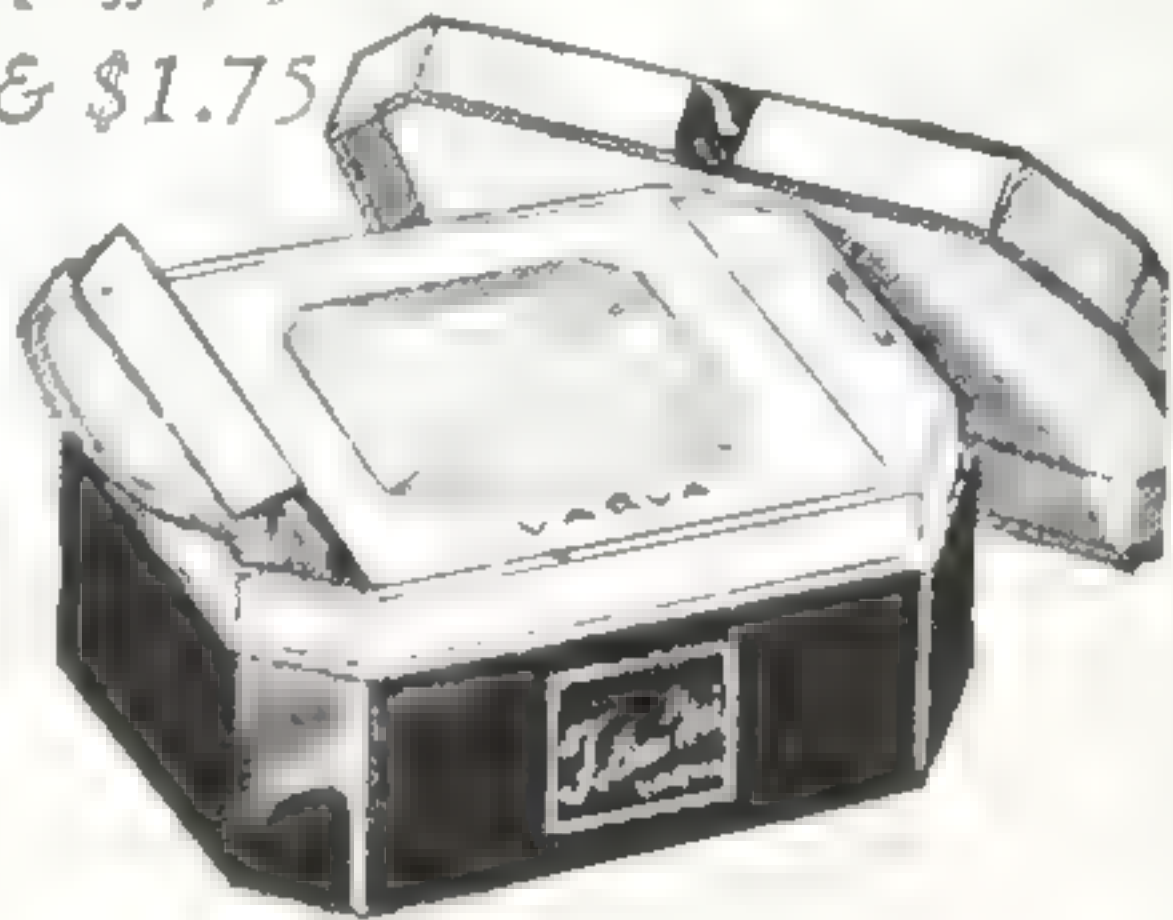
Face Powder, six guest puffs, \$1

Talc, 55¢; Sachet, \$1 & \$1.75

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1

(plus taxes)



Follow Me by
VARVA
THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

19 West 18th Street, New York 11, N. Y.

Lonely Girl

(Continued from page 31) records. Night and day sentries marched in circles around her twenty-four-hour home, gun on shoulder... "Protecting me from either the Jap soldiers—or the American soldiers!" Joan laughed to her mother. "I'm sure I don't know which!"

She was touched by some of the things that happened to her—like the special love song written to her by one soldier and sung to her on an officers' club balcony like a G. I. Romeo and Juliet scene. And the time she went into an enlisted men's club and found a sign saying, "Welcome, Joan!" written in delicate paper flowers that a tough battalion had spent two weeks making by hand. And the time she ran into Clarence Stroud, now an Army pilot—whom she'd last seen eight years before in vaudeville.

THERE was another part of her camp activities—a part which was soon to play a vital role in Joan's life. At every camp she sang to an audience of patients in the recreation hall of the hospital provided by the Red Cross and with gentle "Gray Ladies," as the boys call the Red Cross nurses, visited six or seven wards, going to each bedside and talking to each man.

It was Joe who provided the vital link. Joe was just a sheeted bundle on the nineteenth bed from the door when she first saw him from the threshold of the ward. She worked her way down to him, going from bed to bed, holding each patient's hand, looking at each boy's ever-present snapshot of his sweetheart or his wife, speaking to each one of his home town. And then she was holding Joe's hand—a calloused young hand with short, work-stained nails. Joe's young face went with that hand; and it was topped by a wide white bandage that matched the white wrapping around one leg hoisted in the air on a pulley.

It was Joe's simplicity that got her. Mostly the boys were too engrossed with the aura of being visited by a movie star to talk much about themselves in these short visits. But Joe was different.

Searching for a way of opening the

conversation, Joan commented on the snapshot of a pretty, dark girl in a sweater and skirt on his bedstand. "Is that your girl, Joe? Does she know you're in the hospital?"

"Naw," he said in his Brooklyn voice. "But she won't care when she does know, 'cause she'll know I'll be well again—and I'm on'y in this war for her."

"For her?" said Joan, surprised.

"To protec' her," Joe explained, equally surprised that she didn't know that. "And my mother, too. We guys gotta fight so our women can be safe—but, gosh, you know that without me tellin' you."

"Oh," said Joan, and she sat down. Soon Joe was telling her all his plans—how he'd saved two thousand dollars while he worked as a riveter in a factory before the war and he'd signed over all his savings jointly to his girl and his mother—in case anything happened to him. How he'd reluctantly sold his adored car—"A real zooty car, with three searchlights and white skirts on the back fenders—printed with Ella's name," he finished, sighing. And how he was sending home everything he made except six dollars a month, which was for beers and occasional movies.

"Ella's savin' it all, for our marriage when I git back from overseas," he said then. "She's a swell girl, a good cook and thrifty. We'll have a house then, and lotsa kids." He blushed then, and said, "I hope."

Then suddenly he said reverently, "I gotta thank the Army for alla this, really. You see, I was kinda wild, just a wild kid, until it come along. I joined the Army—and it got me to thinkin'. Fella's gotta have something to hook onto times like these. So first chance I got I asked Ella to marry me and I put those savin's in her name and my mother's, which I'd really been savin' for a bumming trip around the world. Now I'm goin' around the world with Uncle Sam, looks like; and I got an aim in life—Ella, and a home. And I—well, I'm a different guy now and I got the Army to thank for it. I'm thinkin' of staying right in it when we've beat those (Continued on page 74)



Two who like the looks of each other: Marjorie Reynolds and husband Lt. Reynolds

You don't have to wait until after the war



Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz
Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

ALL OVER AMERICA people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires *really* outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don't have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the *kiss* of the hops — all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don't have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!



Invest in Liberty!
BUY WAR BONDS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

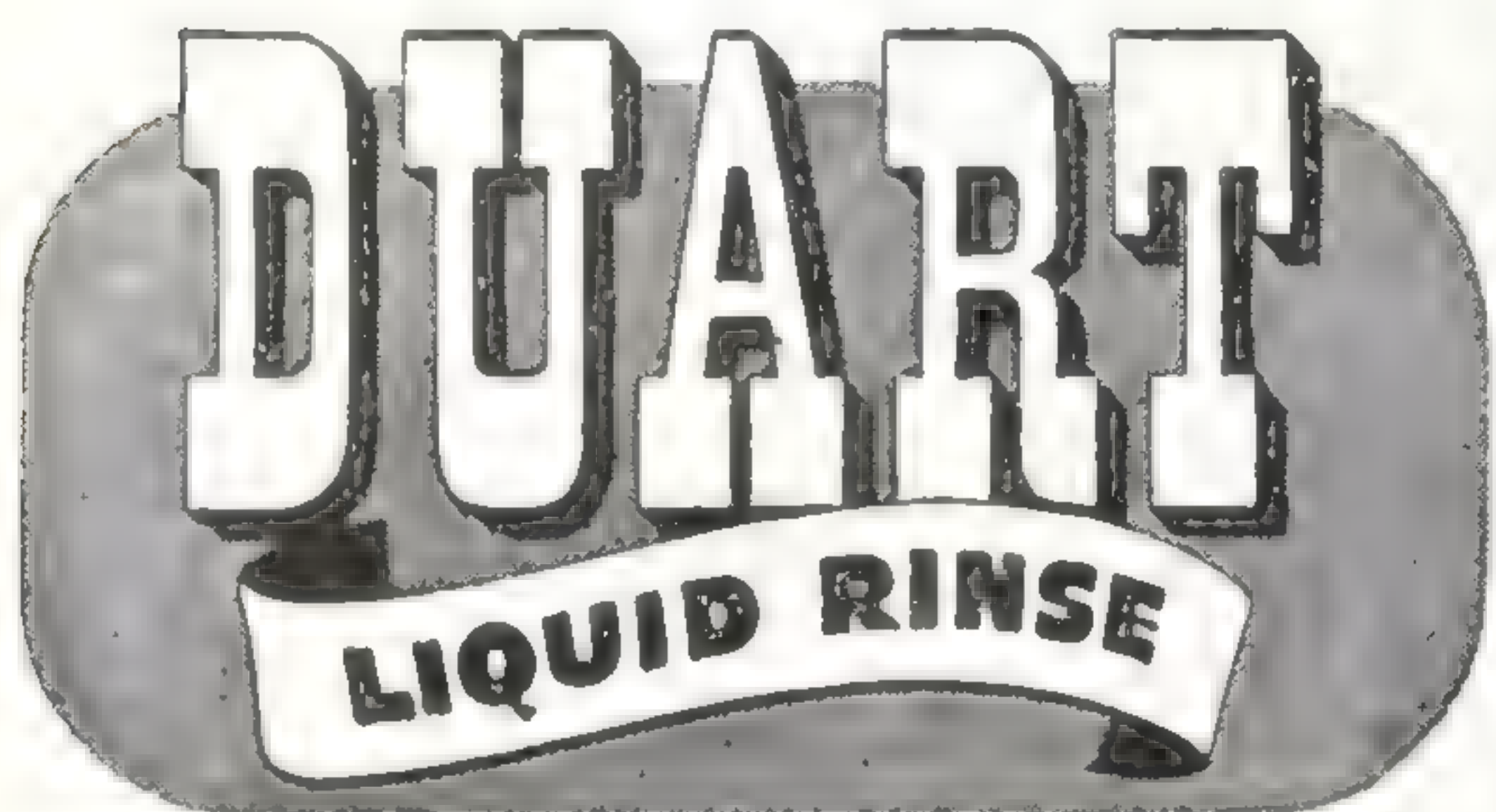
Brewed with **JUST THE *Kiss* OF THE HOPS** — *none of the bitterness*



Every DRAB-HAIRED
girl can be prettier
in 5 minutes!

NEW RINSE actually COLORS HAIR simply, safely!

DUART, creators of the famed Duart Permanent Wave now offer an amazing new rinse... DUART Liquid RINSE... that actually colors hair as easy as that! One of the 12 lovely shades will add new colorful glamour to your hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach. Helps cover stray grays, blend faded ends or streaks. Color stays 'til your next shampoo. Costs no more than other rinses. Ask at your beauty salon for...



DUART MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
SAN FRANCISCO • NEW YORK

(Continued from page 72) Germans and Japs, long's I live. It's give me everything." Then he added, "Believe me, I'm grateful."

And that was about it. Maybe it doesn't sound like much to you—just another soldier's ideas on living. But as Joan walked away from his bedside, she was thinking of Joe and his gratitude—and his clear-cut version of why they were fighting, and planning, and living—for freedom and the right to a home and wife and children. In some strange way it seemed to include her. And Joe was the voice of ten million soldiers—Joe was ten million soldiers. Out of his loneliness and need in the Army he had become a man, with a man's philosophy and aim—and somehow he seemed to have given it to her. Why could not she too keep on plugging until she found the basic things she needed?

THOUGHTFULLY she left the hospital and headed across the parade grounds for her rough boxlike dressing room. A milling crowd of khaki had already gathered outside. "We want Joan!" they were howling. "Where's your autograph, Joanie?" "Kiss the boys good-by, Joan, like a good girl!" They were all kidding, boisterous, noisy—until suddenly the thin sound of music came over their shouts. It was faint and distant, but the boys instantly fell into deathly stillness. Lifting her head, Joan could hear plainly the strains of a Negro spiritual, high and sweet in the throbbing dusk. The backs of the soldiers were turned to her now as they silently watched a near-by road. She looked, too,

with something prickling along her spine. For there, swinging along in march-time with full packs and ammunition, were two thousand Negro soldiers—marching to the docks to board a boat for overseas. And as they marched they sang. The sergeants sang the verses, and two thousand rich, strong voices came in on the choruses—"Swing low, sweet chariot," they sang, "comin' for to carry me home!" Sweet and full came the song to Joan—and long after the two thousand marching black men had passed, with their song growing fainter and fainter in the distance—long after that came the rattle and clank of armored cars, tanks, guns, following them to the docks.

Her first sight of men actually going forth to battle lines... This was it, she thought; this swelling, unbearable lump in her heart that must come forth or she would burst. Now at last she knew what she would do if they would let her. She would sing as those men had sung—not to soldiers in a distant, safe camp where she, too, was safe and distant, but to men riding to battle; shoulder to shoulder with them on the boats carrying them through the enemy-infested seas.

This was Joan, truly come to life!

* * *

And that's the story I've written for you. I hope you'll understand the things I've tried to explain, and I hope most of all you'll understand Joan, who is really happy now, I know. And she owes it all to a million men in uniform—and to one private in particular, named Joe!

THE END

The Man I Love

(Continued from page 53) Three days later we were at a luncheon party and Jean Pierre asked me to leave. He had something to show me. It was my ring. He had designed it and had it made. "We will make the announcement formal," he said.

We talked over our marriage and decided to wait until after the war. Jean Pierre was leaving to join the Free French Army as soon as "The Cross Of Lorraine" was finished. He had tried to go before. He was in New York on his way across when I met him there, but the Government said he should come back and make this one more film. And so it stood. We would be married after the war.

On the tenth of July, Jean Pierre said to me, "Maria, will you marry me on the thirteenth?" It was two days off. I had made no plans. I had no trousseau. But Carroll Righter had said I would be married before the seventeenth and I saw on my chart the thirteenth was a good day. So, five months after our first date, we were married at my small house in Beverly Hills with a few close friends near us.

I am happy. The man I love wears well. Always I have questioned that about a man—does he wear well? Jean Pierre is even-tempered, most possessive and a little jealous—a little, I think. He does not like me to wear any jewelry that he has not given me. He is generous, however, and although I have been married only a few weeks he has given me my ring, my diamond and ruby watch, and my beautiful clip and earrings.

Intuitively he is generous, you see. But intuitively he is selfish—a little. Sometime he will forget to offer me the cigarette first. But then he bends over backwards to correct it. And sometimes he chooses one movie he wants to see and

forgets the one I want to see. But quickly he will say, "Oh, but you want to see the other movie. Very well, I can see my choice some other time." You see, that is very sweet.

Like most Frenchmen, he is attentive to his wife in public. His taste is good but definite. "Please change the dress," he will say. "That one I do not like." Sweetly but surely he says it, so I change. Why not? There are no two ways about it. He means what he says.

"Darling," I'll say, "may I wear this dress just tonight?" "You must be out of your mind. I hate that one," he says. "How could you wear it when I hate it so?" So I don't wear it.

BECAUSE I am like that myself, I do not mind when he goes away by himself. Just to be alone. It shows a man has a soul when he wants to be alone at times. "Darling, I am in Santa Barbara," he may telephone. "I just had to be alone a little while." He is thinking things out. I like it. It is good, I think. He is thinking, too, of his experiences and how he will write them down. I know he plans that.

Jean Pierre is terribly interested in people. What they are thinking, planning, doing. I am not. I never think to question my friends about their lives when they are not near me. I shouldn't want anything bad to happen to them, but I just am not as interested as I should be.

"How young you are," Jean Pierre says, when he notices this. He cannot understand my lack of interest. He has great loyalty to his family and his friends. To his brother who has now gone to join the French Army. To his father who lives in Hollywood. And to his country. I have seen him at movies when the newsreels show Hitler entering (Cont'd on page 76)

They're still fighting—are you still buying? THIRD WAR LOAN DRIVE

"for a skin that's T.N.T.—try my* W.B.N.C."



PAULETTE GODDARD CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Says Paulette Goddard:

"Nothing shatters a man's defenses like a super-smooth complexion. No wonder so many of us in Hollywood trust all to our W.B.N.C. That's film-star fast talk for . . .

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Tonight, try Paulette's W.B.N.C. First, cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then, smooth on more cream. Pat gently—tissue off again. Let a trace remain on your skin all night.

Your complexion is left exquisitely *softer and smoother*; tiny dry-skin lines are less apparent—thanks to 4 special softening, smoothing ingredients. There is also an ingredient that acts constantly to purify the cream in the jar, helping protect against germs from dust—germs which might cause blemishes. No other cream at any price has this fifth ingredient!

Tonight, and every night, take the W.B.N.C. with Woodbury Cold Cream. Every morning, see your lovelier look! . . . and see men pay attention.

Over 1000 women tested Woodbury Cold Cream against highest priced creams. The majority definitely preferred Woodbury. Big jars \$1.25, 75¢. Also 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



WOODBURY
COLD CREAM

the complete beauty cream



THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

(Continued from page 74) Paris. Exactly as if he had been struck on each cheek, he reacts. But he says nothing.

A little superstitious he is. The thirteenth he believes is lucky. That is why he wanted me to marry him on the thirteenth. It brings him good. And sentimental he is, too. It is very nice. The first thing I saw when I came down the stairs to marry him was the small picture of his mother, who is dead, that he had placed on the piano so that she could see us being married.

I like that very much.

HE is tolerant of my astrology, too. It amuses him, I think. Much amuses him. I have said when I am angry and don't love him so much the stone of my engagement ring grows pale. Many times he will take my hand and look at the ring. "Good, it is dark. You love me very much," he says. It amuses me, for I know he does not believe the darkness or paleness of it.

He is shy and modest. I have just found that out. Many times before our marriage I spoke of him before others as being handsome. He always protested and seemed embarrassed. But just last week I said before guests in our home something about Jean Pierre being very handsome. "Maria," he said when they had gone, "don't ever say again I am handsome. We both know it is not true and it embarrasses me."

I looked at him. I saw he believed what he said. His handsomeness he did not know about or believe in. I am amazed but I say I will never mention it again.

When he was a little boy he was a very bad little boy. His father says he always was up to something, burning down the house or some mischief. At fifteen he changed completely. He laughs about that other boy now—the little bad one. Today he has much self-control. He is master over himself. That is good. He is affectionate, too, like a small child who craves affection. He misses, I think, his mother.

But, oh, what awful ties he wears. In everything else his taste is good. "All right, you go buy the ties," he tells me when I and his friends laugh. "I'll wear them." But, somehow, always it is a red one he goes back to. His room, his desk, his papers, his clothes he is always neat

about. Everything is arranged in its place. But he has never been on time for anything in his life. Always he is late.

"Look," a friend said recently, "this dinner is for you and Jean Pierre. In order that he will be on time I shall say to be here an hour earlier. Then when he comes an hour late, he will be exactly on time."

But, because it was given in our honor he suddenly decided we must be on time. Nothing would do, we must be there when the hostess said.

Of course, no one had arrived yet. The hostess wasn't even dressed. She never dreamed he would get there for another hour.

"You see," he said, "it never pays to be on time. What have I always said? No one, not even the hostess is here."

Now it is worse than ever.

HE thinks he must keep exercising because for some reason, don't ask me why, he thinks he is fat. He is almost too thin. Yet he must exercise. He must swim, he must play tennis to get slim. I don't know what this is about him.

Acting is the profession he respects, I know, because of the work, the study, the detail he puts into it. Sitting at his desk he goes over his role, studying it from every angle, planning it out. That is why he is a good actor. That is why he became one of France's great actors.

The astrologer said, "When you marry, Maria, it will be a 75-25 proposition with the man on the 75 side. He will not be anyone you can push around." That is true. He is not. I cannot have always my own way, and that is good, for what could be duller than getting one's own way all the time? Jean Pierre is master.

Always when he is not working he is listening to the news on the radio, hour after hour—to the news. I know why. I know where his heart is. They will not get him to stay here for any more pictures. His heart is over there where men are fighting and dying for France. So when he says he must go and fight with the Free French I know he must go and I tell him to go.

It will be soon, I know, and I shall wait for him to come back to me—this man I love.

THE END



Maria Montez, in a Persian headgear that looked as if she had stepped out of her latest picture, "Ali Baba," came to Photoplay's party with new husband Jean Pierre Aumont

Keep a high, bright polish on your Disposition!

Keep a smooth brow turned to the world! These are no days for jitters and jumpy nerves.

Watch the girls who shine now. Wearing brave smiles and bright colors. Lending helping hands and smart young heads to the business of winning the war. On the job *every minute* of every month, too!

They have a hundred little secrets to help them stay busy and beautiful. And one is Modess! So heavenly soft, so wonderfully safe—but, well, read for yourself why these three lasses like Modess best:



"I've got a day nursery in my home! So many mothers in my neighborhood are working in war plants, I thought I'd help out. But believe me, I'd be a wreck some days if it weren't for Modess' marvelous downy comfort! It's so much *softer*—it really keeps me going!"

3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test. That's because it's made with a special soft spun filler—very different from layer-type napkins. But it costs no more!

Smile while you Hurry! Switch to



Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56.

MODESS JUNIOR is for those requiring a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.



"I'm following in Grandpa's footsteps! He was a ship-builder right here in Maine. Pretty strenuous work for a girl, I guess. But I'm crazy about it—and never miss a minute since I switched to Modess! Gives me such swell extra protection, I don't worry about accidents. Take it from me—Modess is really *safer*!"

MODESS gives you a triple, full-length safety shield at the back of every napkin . . . assures *full-way* protection, not just part-way, as some pads do.



"I've got to sell like sixty—since our store's undermanned with salesclerks and overcrowded with customers. So with 90,000,000 eyes on me (or so it seems anyhow) I'm plenty glad Modess fits so smoothly. That soft pad just shapes perfectly to your body!"

MODESS fits as though designed for you—and you alone! The softspun filler molds itself neatly to your own body lines. No telltale outlines, either, for Modess has sheerest gauze where some napkins have hard tab ends.

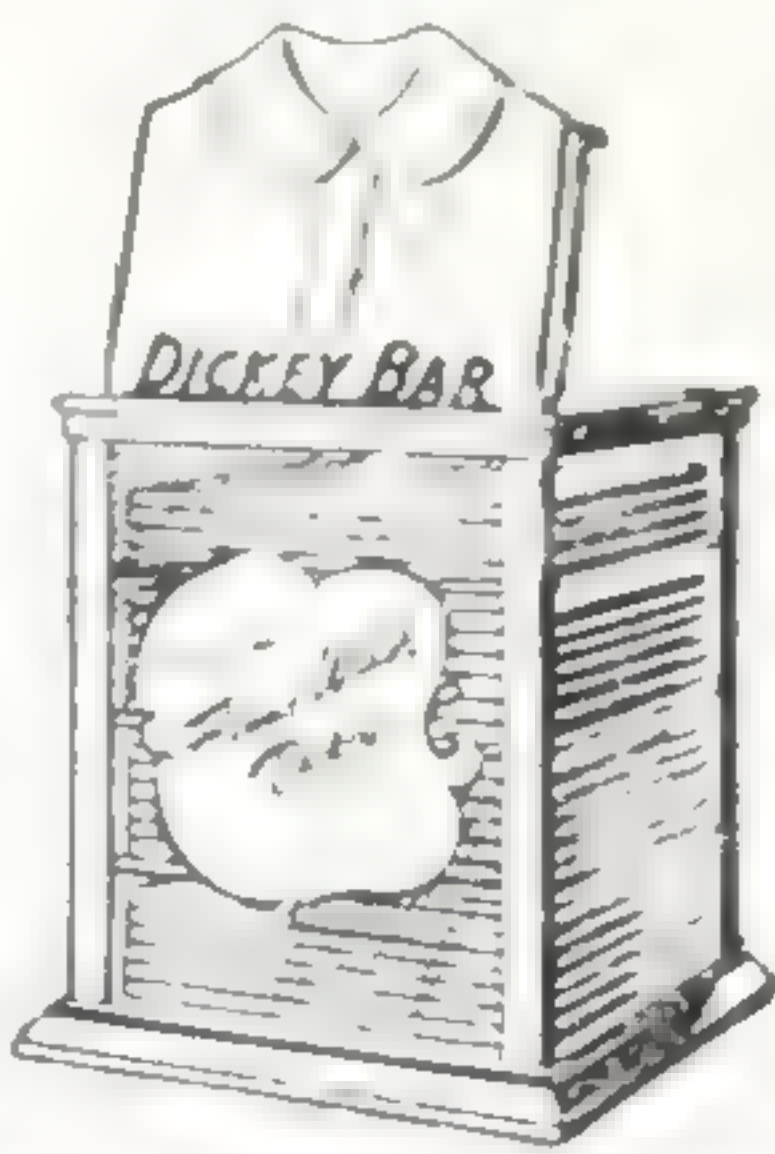
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4 popular styles \$1.25 each



To pretty up your sweater and dress necklines choose the Peter Pan collar . . . for jackets and uniforms the Convertible is most flattering.

The Classic comes in white rayon shark-skin, and pink, blue and maize rayon. Lace Edge in white only. Whipstitch and Pipeline in white, with red, green or blue trim. Full length back and front. They launder quick and iron slick.



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Collar Styles: ☐ Peter Pan ☐ Convertible

☐ Classic ☐ Pipeline
☐ Whipstitch ☐ Lace Edge

Size (Small, Med., Large).....

Whipstitch or Pipeline Trim:

☐ Red ☐ Green ☐ Blue

Name

Address..... McN

Fabulous Frank Sinatra

(Continued from page 28) So they turned it on for Frankie by picking him up on three Marine shoulders and carrying him in.

I NOTICED that as he and Harry James were playing "All Or Nothing At All" they were clowning through it like a couple of young colts. "What was so funny about that?" I finally asked Frankie when we snatched our first quiet moment of the evening.

He laughed: "'All Or Nothing At All,' is the song that gave Harry and me our walking papers out of the old Victor Hugo cafe and, incidentally, out of Hollywood a few years ago, Louella. It was just four years ago this month that we were thrown out—right in the middle of that song. They didn't even let us get through it.

"The manager came up and waved his hands for us to stop. He said Harry's trumpet playing was too loud for the joint. He said my singing was just plain lousy. He said the two of us couldn't draw flies as an attraction—and I guess he was right. The room was as empty as a barn.

"It's a funny thing about that song," Frankie went on. "The recording we made of it four years ago is now in one of the top spots among the best-sellers. Most people think it is a new one we've done. But it is the same old way we made it four years ago when we got thrown out for our trouble!"

SINCE that night at the Canteen I've seen a lot of Frankie and I've heard a lot of discussion about him. Some of the Hollywooders who do not think he is as good as Crosby wonder how he got where he is. They'll tell you that he isn't particularly good-looking and that he is just plain lucky—a happy accident evolving out of "war hysteria" and shattered feminine nerves. When Frankie personally is concerned, they diagnose his boyish manner as naïveté.

If you are asking me, I don't think that Sinatra is naïve. I think from the beginning he has known where he was going and how he was going to get there. He practically told me as much the day I dropped by the Garden of Allah to see him. It was the first day he had had off the picture and he was taking it easy. For Frankie that means that he had slept an hour longer than usual, had given out only six or seven interviews and played only a couple of sets of badminton.

He was wearing one of those coats of his—a not-too-subdued sports coat—and I suppose the Best Dressed Brigade would say it was too long for correctness. His hair was not slickly in place because it never is. But outside of that he was spick and span. Frankie sets great store by his wardrobe. We talked about everything including:

His favorite dish: Spaghetti. He will get

up in the middle of the night to eat it and has been known to polish off a dish for breakfast.

His favorite melody: "Night And Day"—just because.

The way he sleeps: Lightly—and on his face.

The way he feels about emoting before the camera: It doesn't bother him. Nobody expects him to be Charles Boyer. And everybody—Michele Morgan and Jack Haley and the rest of the cast—is treating him fine.

His favorite human being: Nancy, his wife.

AND then, of course—we got around to how it all happened.

I think I learned a lot about Frankie that afternoon. He not only talks easily about himself, he talks with complete honesty.

He wasn't boastful, he was merely stating a fact when he said: "I guess everybody is surprised about me—except me. I've always had an enormous amount of self-confidence, Louella. Perhaps I never dared to hope it would be this much—but I have always believed I could get there.

"When I was a kid, living in Hoboken everybody thought I was cocky, including my parents. My folks are of Italian descent, you know, though born in this country.

"My mother used to say, 'That Frankie—he's as fresh as paint!'

"I was, too. I thought I could do anything I set my mind to. I guess I still think so," he laughed, suddenly. "I've just recently started playing badminton and I'm already looking for a tournament to get into here in Hollywood. When George Evans, my pal and press agent, told some of the experts that I wanted to play with them, they asked, 'Is Sinatra that good?' George said: 'No—but he thinks he is!'

"When I was a kid I liked to sing—not enough to study and seriously apply myself, you understand—and to this day I can't read a note. But when I got to high school and found they had the best glee club in town I made up my mind to get in it, and I did.

"Call it self-confidence, call it cockiness—call it anything, but it has always been true of me that when I get an idea by the coattails I can't let go. I choke it to death."

"Why not call it perseverance, Frankie?" I asked.

"Most people who know me well would say it is too polite a term," he grinned widely, "and that includes the person who knows me best—Nancy."

You don't talk to Frankie very long without hearing about Nancy, his first and only sweetheart. They have been married since 1939. They have one daughter and another child is expected in the late winter. It is one (Continued on page 80)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL—

the star of that picture

PAULETTE GODDARD

on our December Cover

with an "all-out" story on her by the noted Sidney Skolsky

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Jean Parker
in "MINESWEEPER"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



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Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
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YOU'LL discover how perfect a face powder can be when you try this famous powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*. You'll like the color harmony shade for your type...it will accent your natural beauty, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. You'll like the superfine texture because it creates such a beautiful satin-smooth make-up. And, you'll like the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder today...one dollar.

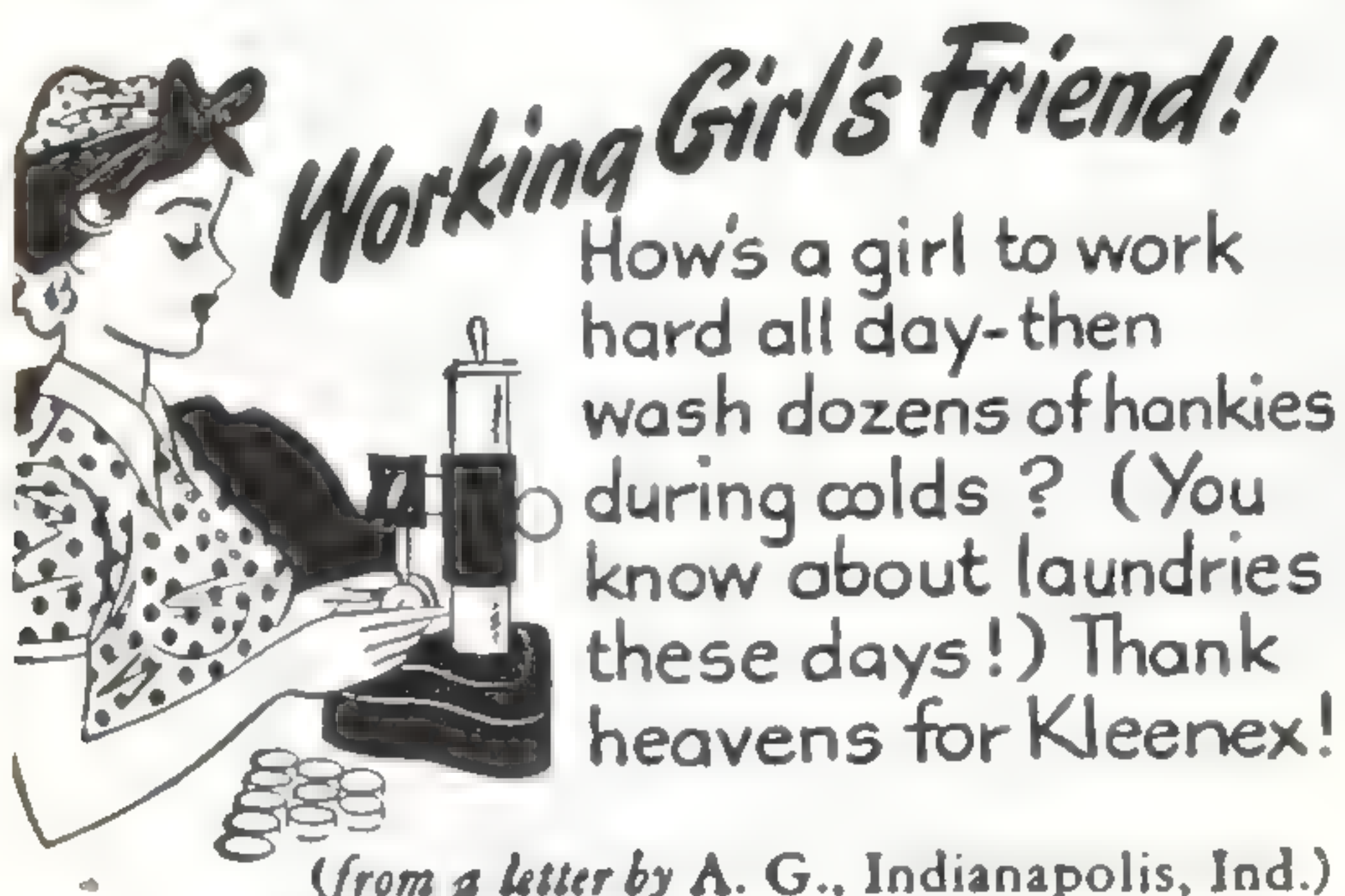
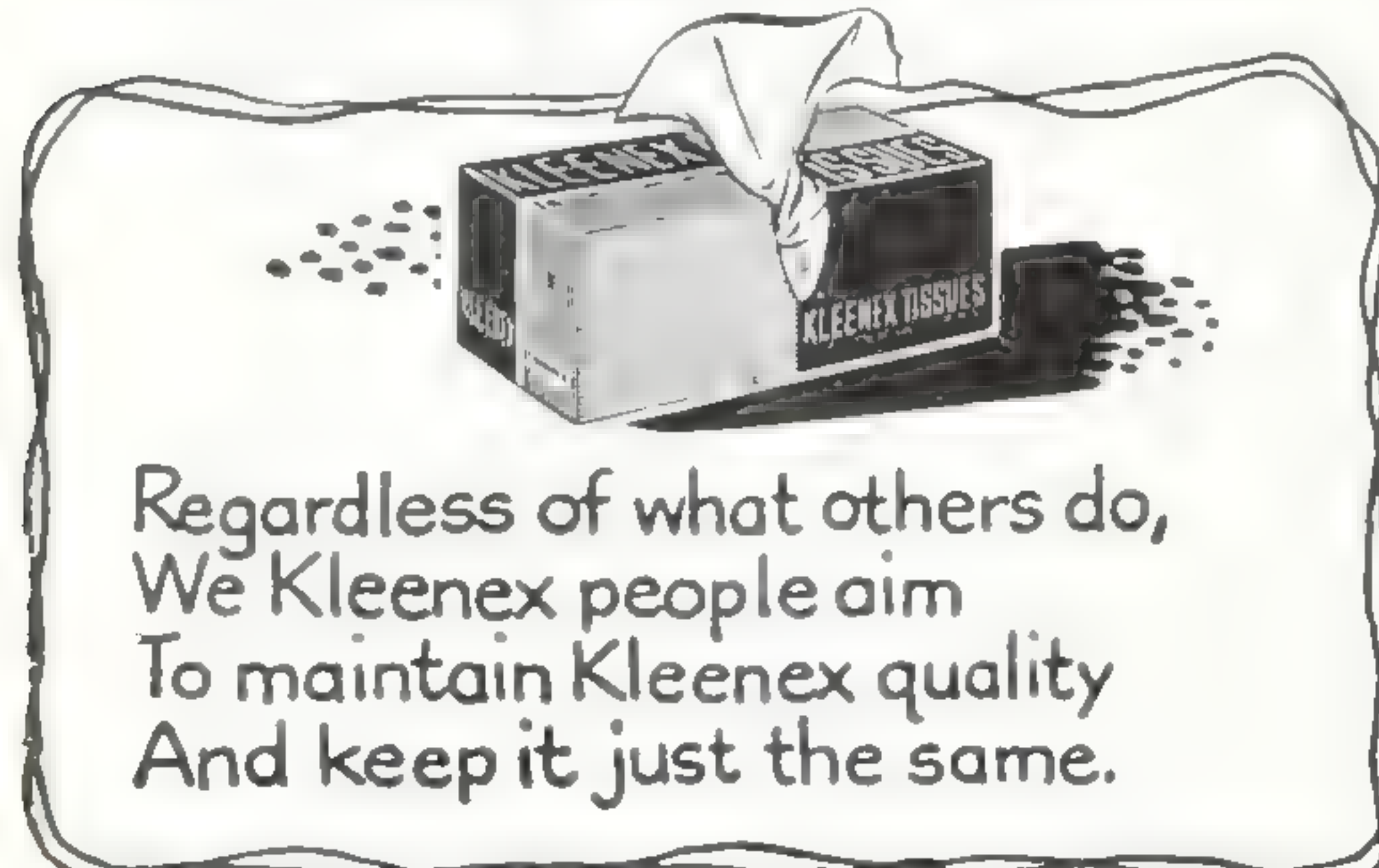


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...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**

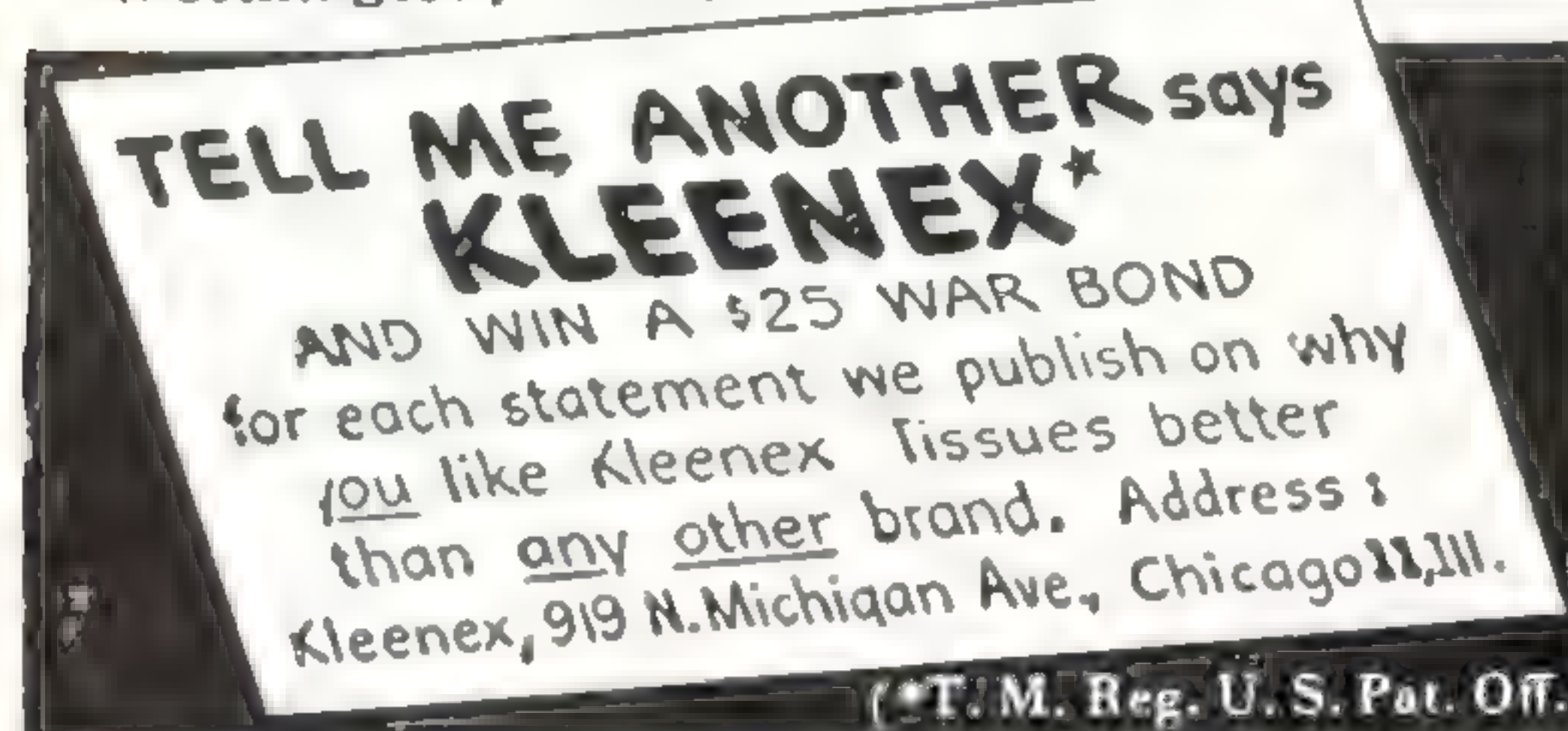
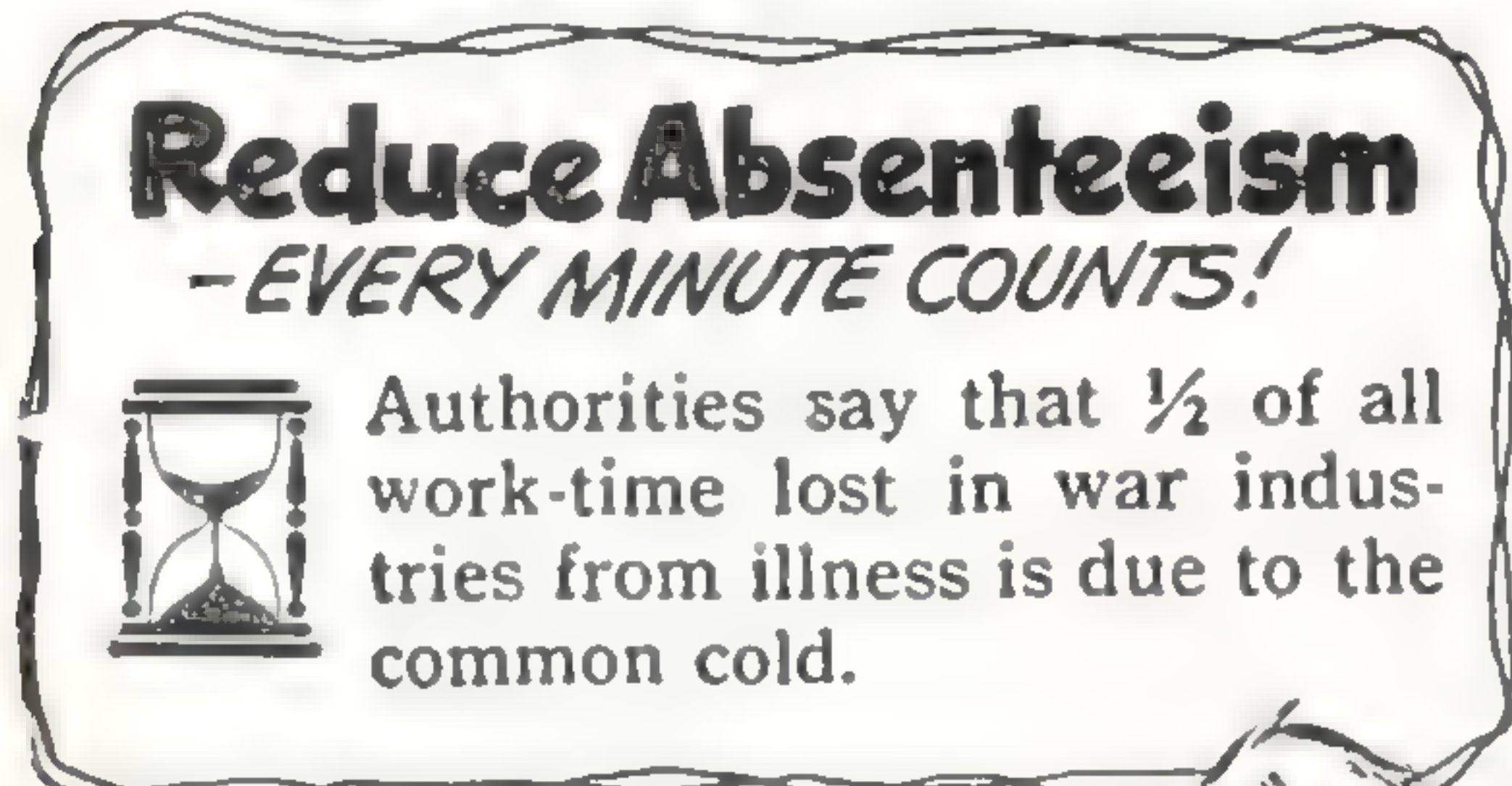




I shut my mouth on a KLEENEX Tissue to give my lipstick that neat, natural look. These days it's a crime to stain a towel! (from a letter by D. B., Detroit, Mich.)



(from a letter by A. G., Indianapolis, Ind.)



(Continued from page 78) of the little ironies of his career that with the world of femmes at his feet, the one girl Frankie has met and fallen in love with wouldn't marry him for three years because she thought he was a pain in the neck!

"We met at a beach resort, Long Branch, New Jersey," Frankie explained. "Our families were down there for the summer. The Barbados, like my family, were of Italian descent, born in America. Nancy was about sixteen and I was seventeen. "Nancy couldn't see me for dust—most of it kicked up by her other beaux."

NANCY gave Frankie an awful run-around. She would put her hands over her ears when he would show up strumming a ukulele and singing all the songs Bing Crosby was making popular that year. She would say, "Let Crosby do it. You listen."

Well, Frankie listened. But he wasn't entirely willing to leave it all up to Crosby. In fact, Bing's success had given birth to a big idea with Frankie—and you know about Frankie and the way big ideas affect him.

He started "choking the idea to death" by getting himself a job, practically gratis, on the radio in New York. They gave him seventy cents and carfare—and a great spot on the air! "I did my stuff at the stroke of midnight," Frankie remembers. "While everybody else was in the night clubs listening to the stars, Sinatra was crooning privately into the ears of the New York taxi drivers, lulling them to sleep."

There was a brief interlude with a Major Bowes unit before Frankie landed a job at \$25 per week at a place called the Rustic Cabin in Jersey. In addition to singing for his supper, Frankie was also encouraged to usher the paying customers to their tables.

Maybe it was because for the first time in his life Frankie was a little blue and discouraged that Nancy finally gave in and married him. It was the first time she caught him in a modest mood and it turned the trick.

It would just be taking up good space

to recount what came after that. There was that stint with Harry James (also unknown at the time) on the Coast, followed by another job at the Palladium which was a little more successful. Then came his solid sending with Tommy Dorsey—who still chunks out thirty-three and a third percent of Frankie—and then the Paramount stampede in New York.

What happened there, or *why*, is still being discussed by psychiatrists. They say Frankie became the "love object" of girls swept by war hysteria. Other experts say he appeals to the maternal in woman. All that is definitely known is that when Sinatra sang the ushers were equipped with smelling salts to revive the slick chicks who swooned in the aisles because he "will never know how much I love him."

NOW he is right back to the scene of his first "flop." But what a difference. He wouldn't be human if he didn't feel it—not much, but a little. So many people wanting to meet him—asking him everywhere. The same people who had never got around to showing up when he was playing at the old Victor Hugo.

But don't think for a moment that there is any bitterness in Frankie even if he does spend most of his time with pals of his entourage who accompanied him from New York.

He doesn't know a great many people in Hollywood—yet. His closest friends are Harry James and Betty Grable and he likes Lana Turner and Steve Crane. He also feels an everlasting gratitude to his friend Morris Stoloff, the symphony conductor, for the graciousness of his speech to the men in the orchestra before Frankie sang in the Bowl. Stoloff said:

"You men know *your* kind of music and play it as though you loved it. Now," he went on, "tonight I want you to play the kind of music Mr. Sinatra sings and loves with the same feeling." And they did. "I'll never forget that," Frankie says. "Never!"

As Frankie says—"They sent it solid"—and so did he!

THE END



At the CBS Command Performance: Command Performers Alice Faye, Frank Sinatra, Ginger Rogers giving off some special glamour

"California" Coming Up

(Continued from page 54) was at war, a guarantee he'd have time out to explore the world when he chose to and, well—you think up something. Lon got it.

"Hmmm," Lesser grinned to himself. He rather favored little Lon, somehow.

THE studio took him to New York for a month to film the actual Canteen scenes. The hotel clerk saw him coming. He saw him going too, when Lonnie didn't get the room he should have. But Lonnie was nice about it, remember. They just didn't understand little (he insists he's five feet six inches) Lon, that's all.

He was invited to Katherine Cornell's home to rehearse the "Romeo And Juliet" scene for the picture. She kissed him. It wasn't in the script. She just kissed him. She couldn't resist him. She didn't even try. That's what gets us.

Lonnie says the spoon that reposed in his mouth when he was born was solid gold. Grandpa Hocking had a million and Mother had at least half that much. The 1929 crash sent the spoon flying into oblivion. Grandpa and Grandma Hocking and his mother, who had been divorced, set right out to work. Lon was five or six at the time. Grandma did extra work in pictures, Grandpa got a night watchman's job at Universal Studios, Lon's mother secured a job as a waitress and they all moved into a small Los Angeles apartment. As he grew older Lon peddled magazines about the neighborhood. Later he traveled down to the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles and joined the kiddies' shows.

When Lon, or Bud as he was known to everyone, was thirteen, his mother, then working as a doctor's receptionist, had a nervous breakdown. It was now up to Lon to shoulder the burden himself. He placed an ad in the Children's Casting Directory Book, which brought a fair amount of extra work. He joined the Maxwell Choristers, a boys' choir, and his very first screen job found him, little Lon, quavering out a frightened tenor, a member of the choir in the picture "Romeo And Juliet" with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. Little did he dream he, too, would be Romeoing opposite Cornell just a few years later. Little did Cornell dream it either, for that matter.

It was the day of the Mickey Rooney-Freddie Bartholomew pictures, such as "The Spirit Of Culver," "Lord Jeff" and others and Lon had no trouble getting extra work. Casting directors took a liking to him and when the role of an office boy or elevator operator arose, there was Lon running about or going up and down as the role demanded.

Twice every week he regularly visited the offices of radio agents asking for jobs. They were indifferent. But six months of Lon's persistent striving finally broke the ice and gradually he worked into some pretty good radio spots. All the time he was attending Le Conte Junior High School and getting good grades, too.

From Le Conte he went over to Mar Ken, a Hollywood professional school, and graduated as valedictorian and (be impressed now) was voted the most popular boy in the whole place. Despite this staggering honor, he went right on working and saving enough money to go to college. He chose Chapman College, in the center of Los Angeles, a little college that boasted fine courses and excellent professors.

That year, his first at Chapman College, was his happiest. Not even the events

War Bonds
speak louder than words!



Be kind to your "Pin-up" girl

This isn't a treatise on the care and feeding of infants. It's just a suggestion for keeping *your* baby's clothes cleaner and sweeter—with less work.

Try washing her first garments with Fels-Naptha Soap. You won't have to rub your knuckles raw to remove stains. There won't be any tell-tale, acidic odor. This grand mild soap, combined with active naptha, makes every garment snowy white and fragrantly clean.



Fels-Naptha Soap is economical, too. There's extra washing energy in every ounce. And it's every woman's patriotic duty, now, to make soap last just as long as possible.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



HE'S HAD 4 SHIPS SUNK UNDER HIM...YET

He sails again Tonight

FOUR times torpedoes have sunk his ships. He has seen his shipmates die . . . has felt the icy waters of the North Atlantic close around him . . . has known the despair of little men alone on a frail raft in the vast ocean. Yet—he sails again.

He and hundreds of thousands like him in every branch of our armed forces—your son and mine, the redhead who lived down the street—are going back for more, facing death again and yet again!

We've got to dig down again—deeper—buy *more* War Bonds to keep him fighting. We can't fail him now when the battle spreads, intensifies—and victory is more than a hope and a prayer.

Think what more *you* can do *without*—big things and little luxuries—to buy more Bonds! . . . Remember back to when you were a kid and saved every penny to buy a bicycle or an air rifle or a big present for Mother. Recapture that childish fervor now—when the stake is our sons' lives and the survival of everything we hold dear.

Right now figure out how you can save more money for more War Bonds. It can be done, it **MUST** be done by everyone! And—later—those dollars you've flung into the fight will come back to you, with interest. They'll bring you the things you've gone without now, possessions you've longed for, security, the rewards of Victory in a world at peace.

Keep on Buying War Bonds

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

The Distributors of Kotex Sanitary Napkins and Kleenex Tissues

that followed brought the happiness of that one college year. He says so. He stresses it over and over.

The following year Chapman College had moved to the small town of Whittier and Lon went along. In November his agent telephoned him to come into town. He had two interviews. One at Republic and one to see Sol Lesser for "Stage Door Canteen," and both were for the role of a young American soldier. Republic turned him down first. Didn't look like a young soldier, they said.

Director Frank Borzage thought he looked so much like an American soldier named *California*, he signed him for the "Stage Door" part. And Uncle Sam thinks Lon, who is now twenty, looks so much like a young American soldier he, too, has signed Lon for a role in the Big Show that will put the boy in uniform. Unless a picture deferment comes along or he fails his physical, Lon at this moment is among the boys in some training camp. Now, if they'd only let that one dictate the terms of peace, we'd come out owning the world. Ask Sol Lesser. He'll tell you.

LON claims he's never yet been in love or kissed a girl and meant it. He says this despite the fact his studio insists Lon and Marjorie Riordan, the girl he kisses in the story, are in love.

He admits that when it came to that kissing scene he pulled a fast one by begging cameraman Harry Weld to pretend something had gone wrong with the camera so it could be done over again. Cute kid, eh?

His first crush was on pretty Mary Lee when both were attending Mar Ken. Later, when Mary sang with Ted Weem's orchestra over in Catalina, Lon would sit glued to the radio while Mary sang, just for him, "Billie Boy" and "Ain'tcha Coming Out Tonight?" Goose pimples prowled over Lonnie like butterflies over a clover field. And then Mary went on to Republic to become Gene Autry's leading lady and somehow the romance drifted into friendship.

Poetry writing hit him head on in his early teens. Tomes on sea and skies and hopes and dreams covered reams of pages. He hopes one day to have the pages printed and published.

His boyhood was a normal, happy one, despite the fact sound stages took the place of football fields. Remember, to Hollywood kids, sound stages are plain everyday working places.

Once, when he was eight, he and two Japanese pals, Esaw and Tetzal, ran away from home. Rather, they walked, and for miles at that. When he and the Nips, also eight, got home at midnight, his mother was frantic. For that he got his pants' seat paddled.

Once, in the year 1935, he blew his breath hard in his dog's face. She resented it like fury and up and bit him on the lip. Again, in 1938, came the big blow and, snip, she bit the other lip. The scars,

Are you afraid?

Then don't miss
the December Photoplay
in which

BARBARA STANWYCK

boldly speaks out about

Fear!

small and almost inconspicuous, remain.

At the time of point rationing he remained the number one eater-upper of everything in sight. His family can do nothing about it. They've given up trying. Breakfast, with all sorts of foods, must end up with dessert, usually cold chocolate with chocolate cookies. At two o'clock sandwiches and ice tea are in order. And this after a hearty lunch. At bedtime a plate of open-faced sandwiches, spread with peanut butter and jelly and ham and things, follows a hearty dinner. Hamburger steak is his favorite dish.

Sailing is his favorite sport. He dreams of the day he can own a boat and sail to the South Seas or some far-off port where he can lie on the sand and dream and write poetry. Dancing he loathes. Probably because he's usually shorter than his partner, only he doesn't say so. Staying up all night to meet a close friend, who works on the swing shift, is Lon's idea of a wow of a good time. They usually go to a show and emerge in the dawn's early light to eat a perfectly disgracefully high breakfast.

THE picture "A Star Is Born" served as an inspiration to him to become a star himself. And now that he will be a star, he intends, after the war, crusading for bit players who have so much to offer and never quite get over that borderline between oblivion and recognition. Lonnie will be the committee of one wearing the badge of the welcoming hand.

There's a nasty streak in Lonnie about ladders that is a worry to his friends. He'll walk a mile to walk under a ladder just to show it he isn't afraid of it. He tells us that he'll actually squeeze himself between a ladder and some wall he's never seen before just to prove no ladder living can put the finger on him.

His grandfather Hocking is now a gate-man at RKO Studios. Grandma and Mother remain at home.

His smile is slightly on the bias. It adds to the wistful charm that completely took the author James Hilton by storm.

"I shall do a story for Lon McCallister, be sure of that," declares Mr. Hilton. We hope so and when he does we hope, too, he captures the real Lon. The steel beneath the dimpled exterior.

"The only thing I hate about going to New York for the opening of 'Stage Door Canteen,'" he told us, "is leaving Mother behind. They (the studio) didn't mention her going and I can't afford it myself."

Three days later we were over at the studio. "Too bad Lon McCallister's mother couldn't go to New York with him," we said.

"Oh, she went," we were told. "Oh, sure. Lon wanted her, you know."

The boys of the Phi Alpha Chi fraternity will never forget the night Lon was initiated into their midst. He had to reveal to them in the course of their initiation his most romantic moment.

"It was on a hayride," Lon began. "It was the natal day of my girl."

"Yes, yes, go on," the boys urged, all ears.

"So," continued Lon, "I leaned over and said, 'May I please kiss you on your birthday?'"

That was enough. Phi Alpha Chi rolled on the floor in a body.

Lon says he can't imagine what was so funny. He's kidding. Matter of fact, that's what Mr. Lon does most of the time—and ends up by having everyone love him for it.

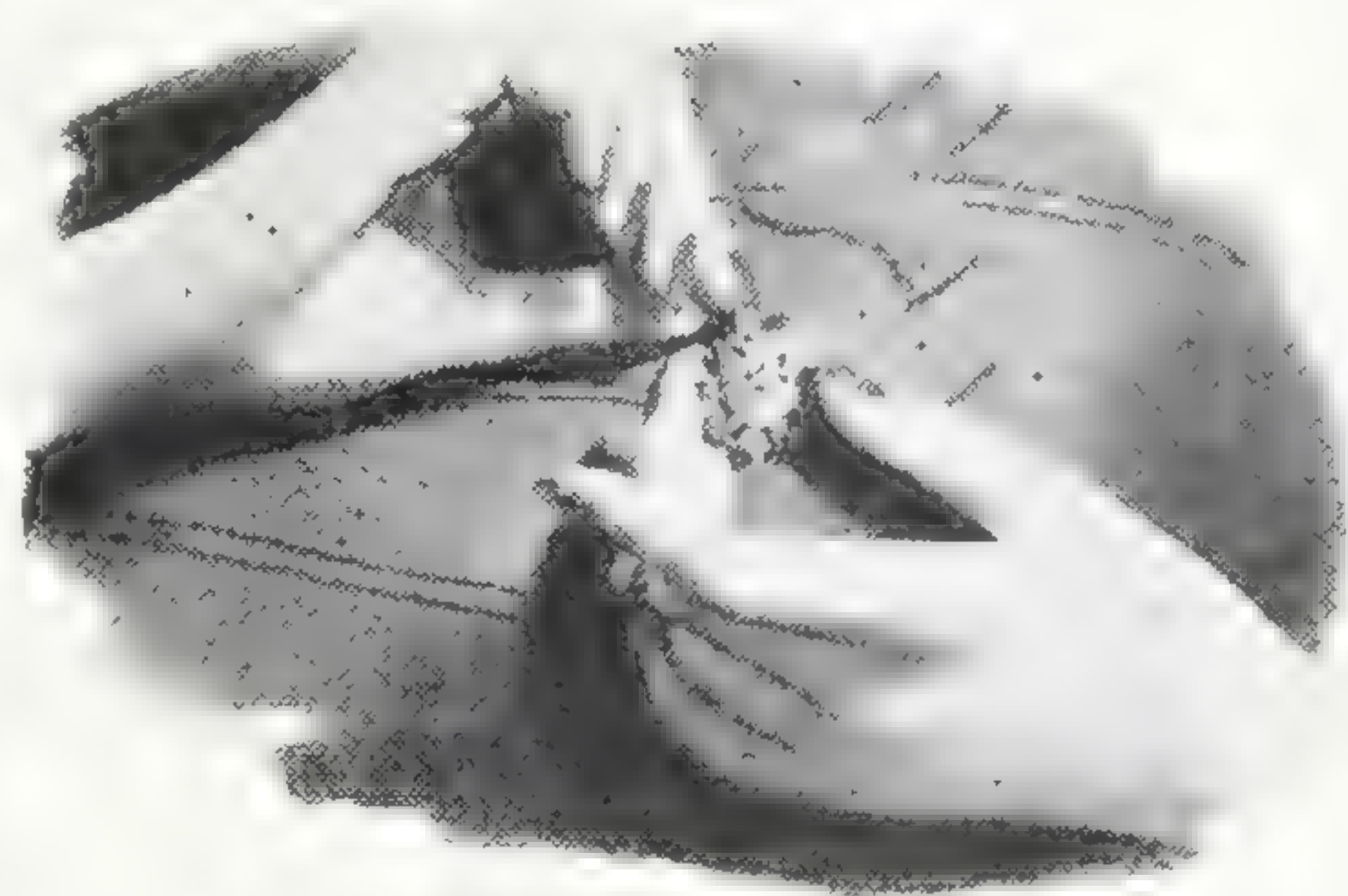
THE END

\$4.00 will buy a steel helmet—
Buy U. S. War Bonds

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL IN WALTER WANGER'S "WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED,"
WITH ALAN CURTIS, UNIVERSAL STAR



“His heart's in your Hands,”
says Martha O'Driscoll



“... be sure your hands are feminine, soft.” He may turn from you if your hands are coarse and rough. A foolish risk! Your hands soon have a seductive rose-leaf softness, a beguiling young look, when you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Like professional hand care—so specialized. Yet so easy. Jergens Lotion leaves no sticky feeling.



“Like most Stars, I use this hand care,” says Martha. Hollywood Stars, you'll find, use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 over any other hand care. Not surprising. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are so marvelous for skin-smoothing and softening that many doctors prescribe them. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. See lovely results from the first application. Only—be sure and use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION for soft, adorable Hands

Salute to Hollywood Canteen

(Continued from page 39) this with all respect to charities—the Hollywood Canteen is *not* a charity. No huge publicity drive was organized to set it going. None was needed. The Hollywood Canteen is the result of what Hollywood decided it *could* do, and *ought* to do, and *wanted* to do, for the practical benefit of servicemen in Hollywood; so it did it, without fuss, but with a good deal of efficiency. Bette Davis, inspired by what she saw at New York's Stage Door Canteen, became the moving spirit and John Garfield, of kindred sympathies, was her first lieutenant.

The studio craft unions were appealed to and got to work immediately—carpenters, electricians and painters worked an almost overnight miracle on the rather bleak barnlike structure that had once been a night club. Every entertainer was eager to entertain. Stars who felt they couldn't entertain were willing to dance or help with the catering. Private firms offered food. The girl secretaries at the studios said they would keep a typewriter always on tap for the boys. (Incidentally, there is no liquor on tap, but nobody minds that—indeed the boys themselves are glad of it. They know it would spoil things.) Musicians and dance bands (no differentiation implied) formed in line to offer their talents. And a host of people connected with the film and radio industry got to work in a host of ways—with the result that, to the visitor today, the place looks as if it runs itself. But that, of course (as everyone who has ever tried to organize anything knows), is the final

tribute to hard work and efficiency.

It's invidious to mention names when so many deserve (and wouldn't wish for) mention, but I can't help quoting Mrs. John Ford, whose husband, the famous film-director, is in the Navy. (He "shot" the Battle of Midway.) She told me very quietly, apropos of having a husband in the Navy: "The Canteen has done more for me than I can ever do for the Canteen."

THERE'S one aspect of the Canteen that can't be mentioned (however invidious it is) without names. Just as servicemen of all the Allied nations are welcomed, so the welcomers are a sort of League of Nations in themselves. Among the most frequent visitors and most tireless of all Canteen workers are Bette Davis (New Englander), Marlene Dietrich (once German), Hedy Lamarr (once Austrian), the Basil Rathbones (British), Ingrid Bergman (Swedish), Charles Boyer (French) and Maria Montez (a Good Neighbor). And since I *am* mentioning names after all, there's Kay Kyser, who brings his band regularly every week and has done as much as any single person to make the place a success.

You could, of course, reckon up how many millions of dollars' worth of time and entertainment all these Hollywood movie and radio folk have given, but the calculation would be absurd because nobody at the Canteen reckons things in dollars—the standard is *service*, and there's a sense in which everyone at the Canteen, both hosts and guests, is a

"service" man or a "service" woman.

The Canteen celebrates its first birthday this month and though nobody wishes it many happy returns of the day (indeed, the sooner it becomes unnecessary the better everyone will be pleased), it can nevertheless look back on a year of fine effort and good example. Through these portals have passed a million men already—to say nothing of the most beautiful girls in the world. But the men say plenty about them. Which brings me back to Mrs. Ford's remark—that the Canteen did more for her than she could ever do for the Canteen. I wouldn't be surprised if this applied to Hollywood in general. "We might get cynical about ourselves sometimes," an actress told me (not for quotation) "if we didn't realize that people all over the world have made us symbols in their hearts of things they want to preserve—beauty, romance, fun, betterment. God knows we are poor symbols—unworthy of the pedestal we find ourselves on, but to find ourselves on it makes us very proud, and being proud should help to make us very humble. When a soldier going overseas tells me he is honored to meet me, I feel like crying and telling him not to be a fool, but then I realize he wouldn't want me to cry and he'd think I was being rude if I told him he was a fool, so I laugh and we dance and he goes away (I hope) thinking that beneath all the glamour Hollywood's heart is in the right place—which it actually is, only some of us never realized it till now."

The End

Canteen Anecdotes

from

a Canteen Hostess

Kay Proctor

THE real story of the Canteen is the story of human values and the significant part it has played in the lives of many men and a few women.

No one who was there ever will forget one night. Two Navy nurses had telephoned John Garfield, vice-president of the Canteen, for permission to bring a special guest—a wounded Marine who had just returned from Guadalcanal. It was an important case, they said. John wondered about the special request, since the Canteen always is open to all servicemen. When he greeted them he understood; the gallant 21-year-old Marine was blind!

Rather than embarrass him by inevitable bumping on the crowded main floor, John escorted the man and the nurses to the guest room which overlooks the stage and dance floor. The boy sat like stone while below him a jive band caterwauled and thousands of jumping feet beat out the rhythm of the dance; not a word passed his lips, not an expression crossed his bitter young face. The silence in the small room was tense, painful.

Suddenly the floor show began. Betty Hutton screamed the nonsensical words of "Murder, He Says" and Eddie Cantor cracked joke after joke. Quietly the boy, sitting alone in the eternal darkness which had marked Paid In Full on his debt to America, began to chuckle. Then, before long, he was rocking with the same full-bellied laughter that rose in waves from the crowd below.

Bette Davis had been standing by the blind boy's side. Overcome with emotion, she began to sob softly.

"Shh!" one of the nurses warned her in a whisper. "Thank God for this place! That's the first laugh from that boy's lips since we left Guadalcanal!"

A man's sanity restored at the cost of a few "dishpan" hands!

On another night I was patrolling my "beat" (spotting timid strays, keeping supplies of food moving from kitchen to snack bar, answering questions, etc.) when I noticed a tall, gangly soldier standing aloof in an obscure corner. There was a hungry look in his eyes as he watched the whirling dancers and one foot tentatively kept time with the music's tempo. There also was a campaign ribbon with a battle star over his heart.

"With so many pretty partners available, why aren't you out on that floor?" I chided him kiadingly. A strange expression crossed his face.

"I don't know if I could," he said slowly. "I'd sure like to but—"

Hesitatingly he explained. He had lost both legs in a South Seas battle which had cost his twin brother's life. He had learned to walk on his new artificial limbs, but dancing—he hadn't had the nerve to try it yet. He wanted to try but was afraid he might embarrass a young partner. Supposing he got out on the floor and made a mess of things? I could see how it was, couldn't I?

"Sure," I said lightly, "but I tell you: I'm no great shakes as a dancer myself, so how about the two of us giving it a whirl? Right out in the middle where it's so crowded no one will notice us anyway."

He stammered a moment and finally said okay. As it turned out, he managed exceptionally well and no one could have guessed his difficulty. When the dance ended I introduced him to Deanna Durbin and off they whirled when the next dance began. He sought me out later, all smiles and confidence.

"Gosh!" he said. "If I can dance with Deanna Durbin I can dance with the world!"

A man's courage regained at the cost of a few tired feet!



Then there was the young sailor who was so touchingly afraid civilians might not understand his strange and passionate devotion to Pal, the puppy he carried in his arms.

"If my dog can't come in, then I don't want to come in either," he said almost belligerently to the Canteen doorman. Assured the dog was welcome, he entered and spent the entire evening with the small animal cradled in his arms.

"Maybe you think I'm nuts," he said, "but Pal and me, we've been through things together and we're going to stick together."

Pal's mother, it seemed, had shipped with her young master to the Solomons and there had given birth to Pal and six other puppies. Three days later she was killed in an air raid. The sailor had nursed the whimpering, frightened litter through their first precarious weeks of life and before returning to the United States had given six of the pups to shipmates, keeping Pal for himself.

"That's why it's Pal and me together, from here in," he insisted, "sink or swim. By the way, thanks for the milk, and the milk for Pal, too." (Continued on page 87)

...shucks! you don't know the half of it!

Gosh...I was mad the first day our grocer told Mother he didn't have any Karo Syrup for me. I just couldn't understand it.

Every year the farmers grow billions of bushels of good American corn. So what's the matter with the Karo people? If they got corn, big factories and plenty of glass bottles, why can't I get Karo? That's what I was askin'.

Well, you know what I found out?

The big Karo plants are still trying to keep up with demand. But the Army and Navy and millions of American folks at home keep calling for more and more Karo. The Karo people tell me that they can't step up Karo production any further without tamperin' with quality...and they *just won't do that*. They say they gotta keep faith with doctors, mothers, us babies...and everybody.

Now, we little folks don't eat *much* Karo, but we *must* have it to help us grow big and strong. So the Karo people are askin' the grocers of America to "have a heart"...and always reserve a supply of Karo 'specially for us babies. And the grocers are doin' it...ain't that swell?

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.



© C. P. R. Co.

Karo Is Rich In Dextrose
... Food-Energy Sugar



IMPORTANT TO DOCTORS

(To Mothers, Too):

Mothers who cannot buy Karo for their babies are invited to write us (post card) giving name and address of favorite grocer. We will take steps promptly to supply these grocers with Karo for babies.

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO



JOAN
FONTAINE

How You can have her American Beauty Skin-Tone



Joan Fontaine advises—

"If your skin is like mine—neither blonde-fair nor brunette-dark, then be careful to choose face powder that gives a fresh, warm glow. Otherwise your skin may look *dull*." Wear *Woodbury Windsor Rose*. This lovely shade of Woodbury Powder is expertly blended to give your skin the exciting, luscious, alive American Beauty look.



Who wouldn't love you?

Big moments for you when you wear your Woodbury shade! Hollywood film directors helped select them—that's why Woodbury shades are so glamorizing. They're made by the Color Control process—that's why they give that clearer, younger, *so-smooth* look. Get your shade *today*. Boxes, \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

Make Dreams come True Wear Your Woodbury Shade

Joan Fontaine's shade, *Windsor Rose*—gives an American Beauty skin-tone.

Hedy Lamarr's shade, new *Rachel*—gives a stunning Ivory skin-tone.

Veronica Lake's shade, new *Natural*—gives an exquisite Cameo skin-tone.

Lana Turner's shade, new *Champagne Rachel*—gives a dazzling Honey skin-tone.

Dorothy Lamour's shade, *Brunette*—gives a luscious Tropic skin-tone.



NEW!

Matched Make-up

Now with your \$1 box of Woodbury Powder you also get matching shades of Woodbury lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost! A glamorizing set—\$1.

WOODBURY Color-Controlled **POWDER**

(Continued from page 84) A man given understanding at the cost of a personal pleasure sacrificed!



The highlight stories of the year, however, were not all tales of heartbreak and tragedy. The Canteen is not a dreary place; gay fun and lighthearted laughter is its keynote and most of the stories were in keeping. There was the young sailor, for instance, who was dancing with Anne Shirley who faithfully captains a group of equally faithful star hostesses each week. The man complained of a touch of a sore throat.

"Have you tried gargling with salt water?" asked solicitous Anne.

"Tried salt water?" the sailor answered. "Lady, I've been torpedoed three times!"



Hedy Lamarr escorted a young Marine on crutches to a table in a cosy corner and sat chatting with him for some time. On leaving him Hedy impulsively threw her arms around him and delivered a big kiss on his cheek. Just as a blush reddened his cheeks a fire extinguisher broke from its mooring on the wall above him and, in crashing, thoroughly doused him from head to foot!

"Lucky for me," he said, laughing with the others. "I sure was on fire!"



Everyone howled, too, the night a soldier and sailor were overheard arguing the merits of Marlene Dietrich's legs. Marlene was on the stage singing at the time and the subject of the argument was in clear sight.

"But how do you know she's got two of the most beautiful legs in the world?" the sailor debated.

The soldier looked his scorn. "Heck, man," he said, "I counted 'em!"



One Sunday afternoon everyone was surprised to see a soldier sitting at a table calmly slicing into the expensive felt of a lady's hat with a kitchen paring knife. During an earlier conversation his hostess partner had mentioned being dissatisfied with her new bonnet, the "creation" of a famous milliner. After she had modeled the hat for the soldier he agreed the lines were not right and offered to fix it for her. The result was amazing; by paring down the crown the hat was transformed into something at once chic and attractive.

"Good heavens!" the astonished and delighted hostess said. "Were you a milliner before you got in the Army?"

The soldier grinned. "No, ma'm," he answered. "I used to be a plumber down on Tenth Avenue."



Nearly as baffled was Linda Darnell the day she received a certain letter. "Dear Miss Darnell," it read, "I hope you remember me. I'm the one you danced with last Friday at the Canteen. Medium height, red hair, 19, and Army uniform."

By actual count Linda had danced with 209 Army uniforms that Friday night.



So often did the unexpected happen that it came to be the rule. There was the night, for instance, when one of the



— a Kiss he'll dream of if your Face is Smooth as Satin

New Beauty Care
takes firm steps against
Dry-Skin Lines



HELP SMOOTH AWAY THE CROW'S-FEET

First cleanse your whole face with Jergens Face Cream; apply an overnight film of fresh cream. Then tap a fingertipful of Jergens Face Cream around each eye—but very lightly. The skin around the eyes suffers sadly from dry-skin lines.

Smooth-skin care as complete as a "treatment" every day—with one simple new cream. It's Jergens Face Cream—made by the skin scientists who make your favorite Jergens Lotion.

Think of this cream as though it were 4 creams; use Jergens Face Cream:

- (1) For regular cleansing;
- (2) For softening your skin;
- (3) As a make-up base and foundation cream;
- (4) As a Night Cream that helps mightily against distressing Dry Skin.

Truly—Jergens Face Cream is a "One-Cream Beauty Treatment." 10¢ to \$1.25 a jar. You must try Jergens Face Cream.

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

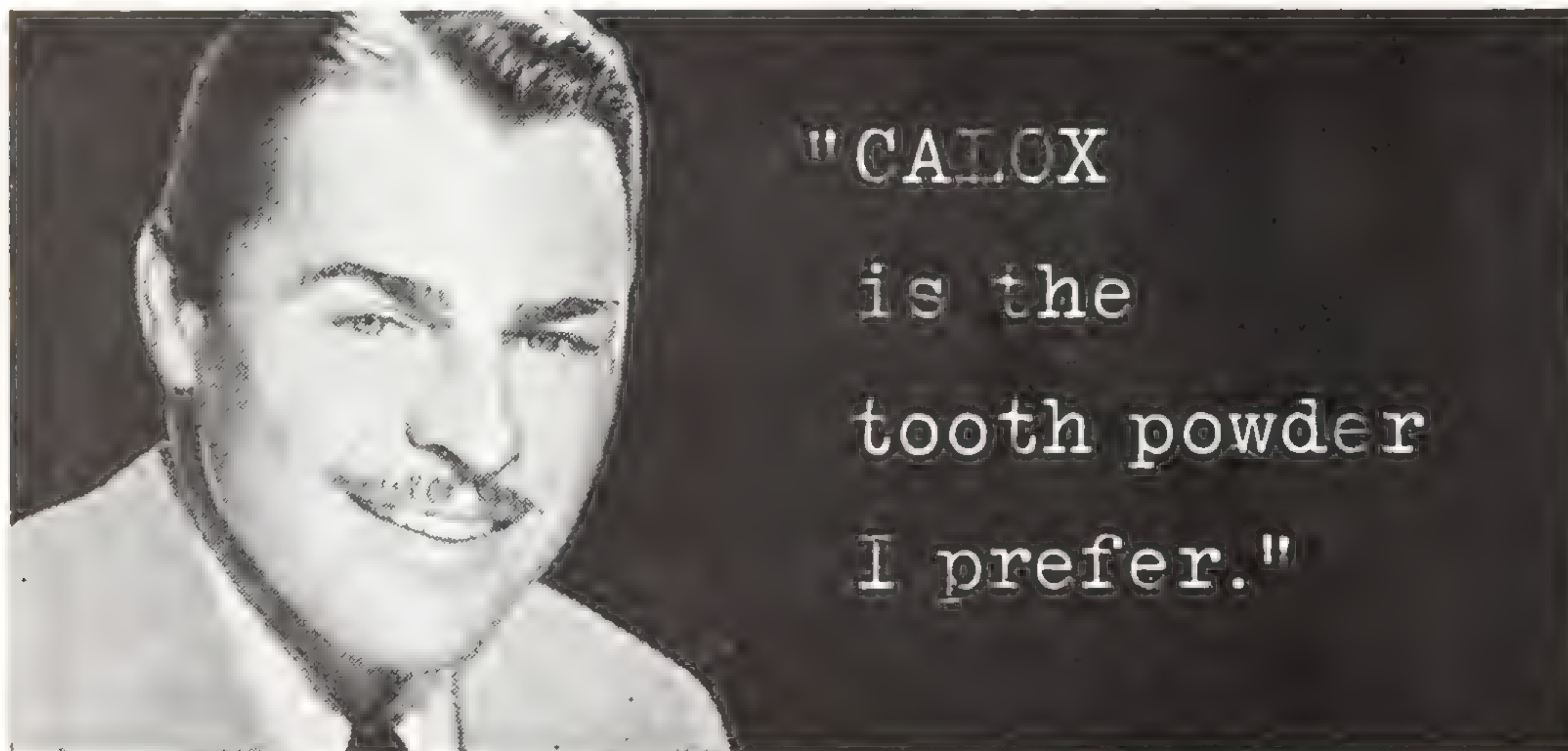
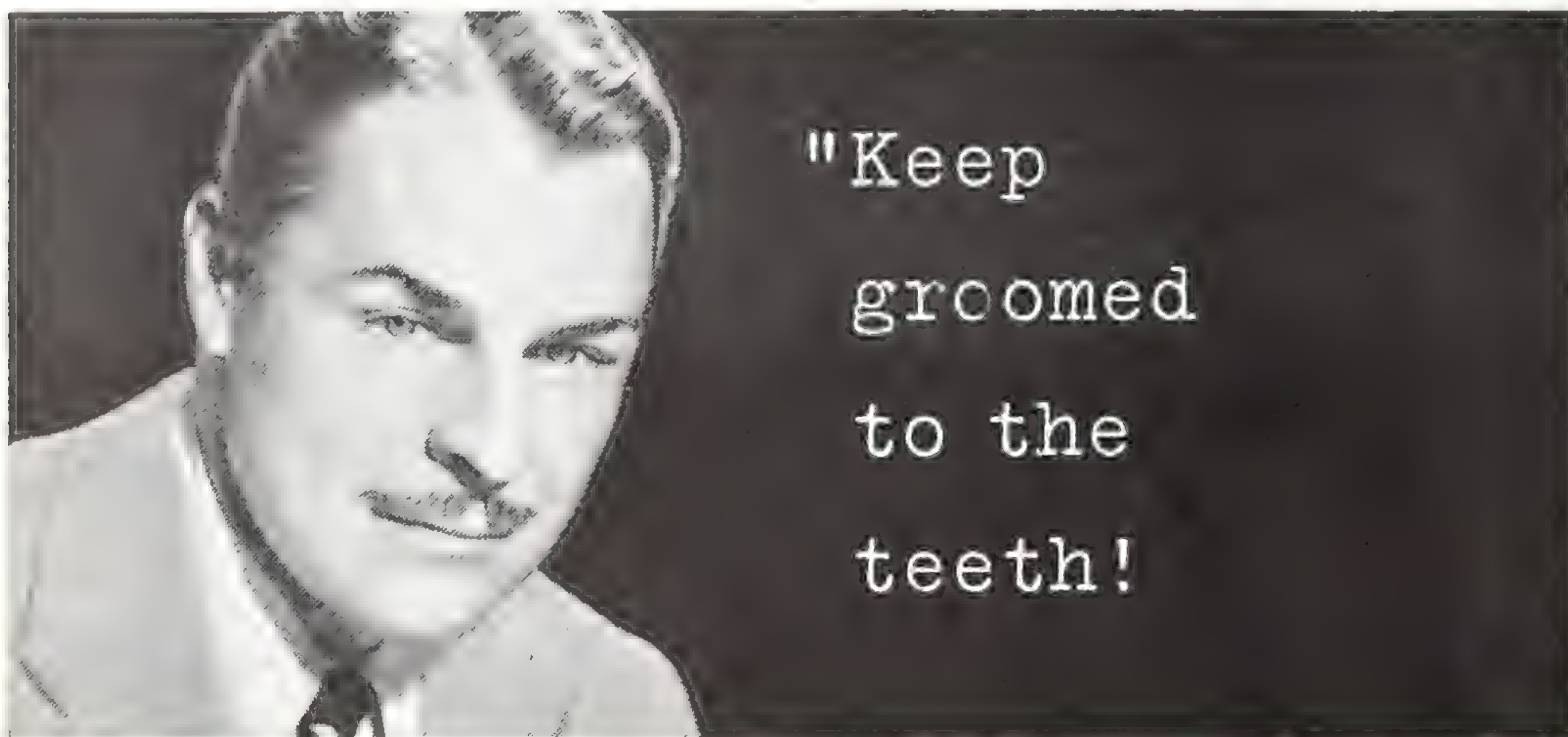
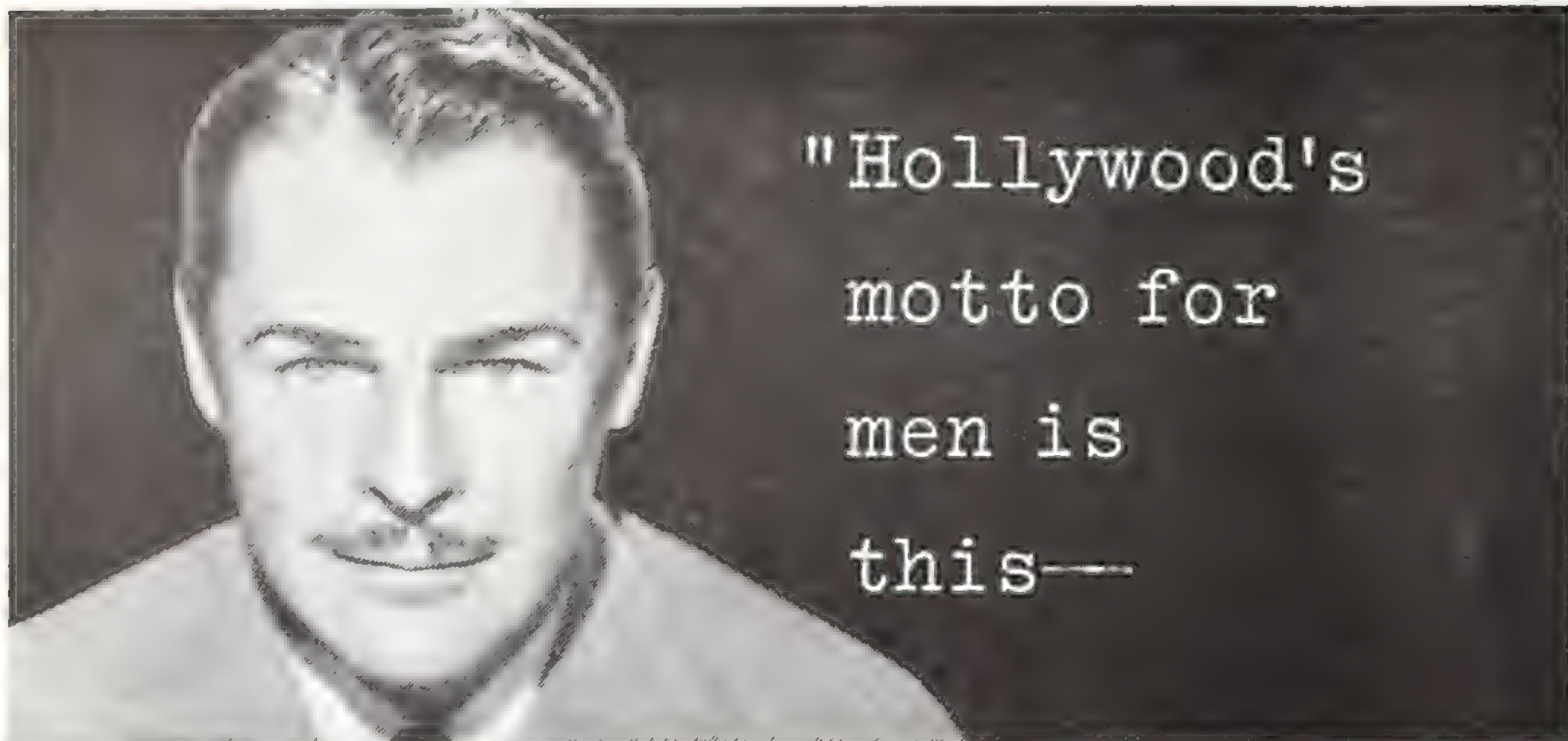
Jergens Face Cream

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION



BRIAN DONLEVY speaking:

In "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" a Paramount Picture:



A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

girls serving coffee and sandwiches back of the snack bar let out a scream and fainted dead away; suddenly she had looked up from her routine tasks and into the eyes of her husband. Her last word from him had been a letter from the Aleutians!

Or the night Charles Laughton had been called to the stage to take a bow. "I'm sorry, gentlemen," he said. "I'm no singer or comedian so I can't entertain you, much as I would like to." As he started to walk away a soldier yelled, "Give us Gettysburg!" The lone demand swelled to a chorus and there was absolute silence as Laughton quietly delivered the stirring Lincoln address. When he finished there was thunderous applause and not a few rough and tough young fighting men unashamedly wiped tears from their cheeks. Usually it had been nonsense and jokes, gay songs, or hot music—anything which drove away thoughts of war—which brought the biggest "hand" from the serviceman audience. Yet that serious moment had caught them as nothing else had done.



Barbara Stanwyck long will remember another night. She looked up from a tray of sandwiches to see a soldier staring at her. "Pardon me," he finally said, "but your face looks kinda familiar."

"Are you kidding?" Barbara quipped. "Don't tell me you think we've met somewhere before." The soldier continued staring. "Yes, ma'am," he finally said. "I think we have." Suddenly he let out a yell "Hey, Rube!" and plunked a nickel down in front of Barbara. It was Barbara's turn to stare. Then she, too, let out a yell.

"Malty, you old son of a gun!" she laughed. "How did you expect me to recognize you in that GI haircut!"

The soldier was Pvt. Harry Righter who used to jerk sodas in Brooklyn when Barbara, then Ruby Stevens, was a bundle wrapper at a nearby store. Because times were tough he always let Ruby have thick malted milks for a nickel.



Romance made its bid during the year too. Several love affairs between hostesses and soldier guests blossomed into marriage, and of course there was the romance of Hedy Lamarr and John Loder which had its inception in the Canteen kitchen on Christmas night. Most forthright of the Canteen swains, however, was Seaman Harry McConkill who invariably spent his leaves from the base at San Pedro dancing at the Canteen.

Invariably, too, Harry brought with him a fresh corsage of gardenias which he checked with his beanie at the front door. Then when he had decided on his favorite for the night he would retrieve his flowers from the hatcheck girl and gallantly present them to his No. 1 dancing partner. Quite a rivalry developed for Harry and his corsages, but he played it smart; the same girl never received the flowers twice!



There had to be costs for the Canteen's first year of life. There was the inevitable headache of bills to be met, money to be coaxed from donors, occasional minor injuries like the bruised foot which kept Joan Leslie from her dancing chores in "The Sky's The Limit" with Fred Astaire, dishpan hands and broken nails from scrubbing tables, burning feet from long hours of jitterbugging or serv-

ing food and the nerve-racking job of running two impromptu shows with volunteer talent every night. There were the heartaches—and they were the worst—of watching the “old” look in the young eyes of men returned from battle; of sensing their “lost” feeling and too frequently being unable to help, however great your desire; and witnessing the jaunty efforts of the maimed ones to readjust to a new and uncertain life. Such things made you sick down deep with your own inadequacy and the cruelty and stupidity of the war which brought the Canteen into existence.



Just as inevitably there were the compensations which more than balanced the debit column.

There were the sometimes brusque and frequently shy and haltingly expressed thanks of the servicemen, their touching gratitude and the heartwarming looks in their eyes at finding unexpected friendliness, hospitality and understanding. There were the letters in a constant stream, many of them marked with the censor's stamp and foreign cancellation, like the one which said “. . . it was my first Christmas away from home and it didn't seem much like Christmas to me and my buddy . . . when we left the Hollywood Canteen that night both of us had a new grip on life and you gave it to us.” Or like the letter from a Filipino soldier, back from the thickest corner of action in the Pacific, which said, “There is more true democracy with all its perfections at the Hollywood Canteen than any other place I have seen.”

There were the simply spoken tributes like the one paid by a young Marine with a flock of ribbons and battle stars on his blouse. “You know,” he said diffidently, “things are plenty tough out there and the guys are in there pitching. But one of the things that helps them pitch is the knowledge there are folks and places like this backing us up in the fight.”

The End



Firsthand view of the man who has firsthand information on the Hollywood Canteen: Author James Hilton Canteening with a serviceman

Beautiful Ilona Massey

recent star of the
famous Ziegfeld Follies
says:

“Of course I use Arrid, and I don't see how any person of refinement can fail to use it.

“The way I look at it is this — if you can protect your clothes from under-arm perspiration, and also protect yourself from offensiveness both at the same time just by using a little Arrid once a day, it's the only sensible thing to do. I really think Arrid's a wonderful product and I am delighted to endorse it.”

Ilona Massey

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



Even if you could keep baby in a safe, he would not be protected against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can give skin vital extra protection against germs by using Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.

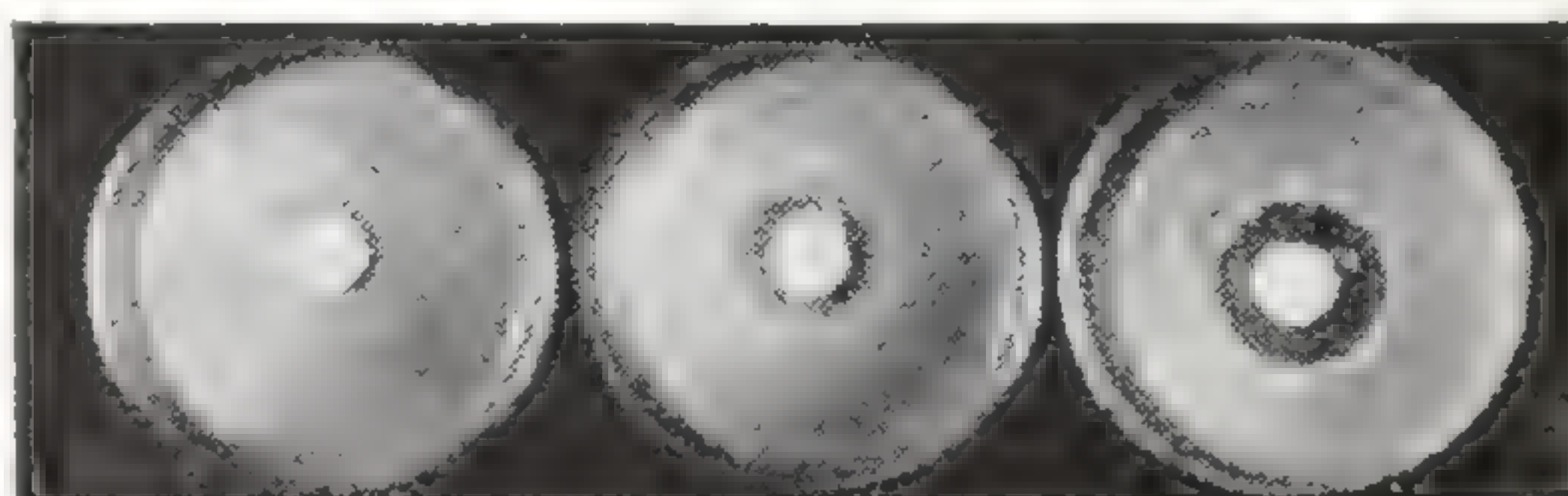
Baby's normal motions (shown by speed camera), even when held by father, create constant friction and danger of chafing. New protection is provided by improved Mennen baby powder, pounded to amazing fineness by special "hammerizing" process.

STARTLING DIFFERENCES IN BABY POWDERS!

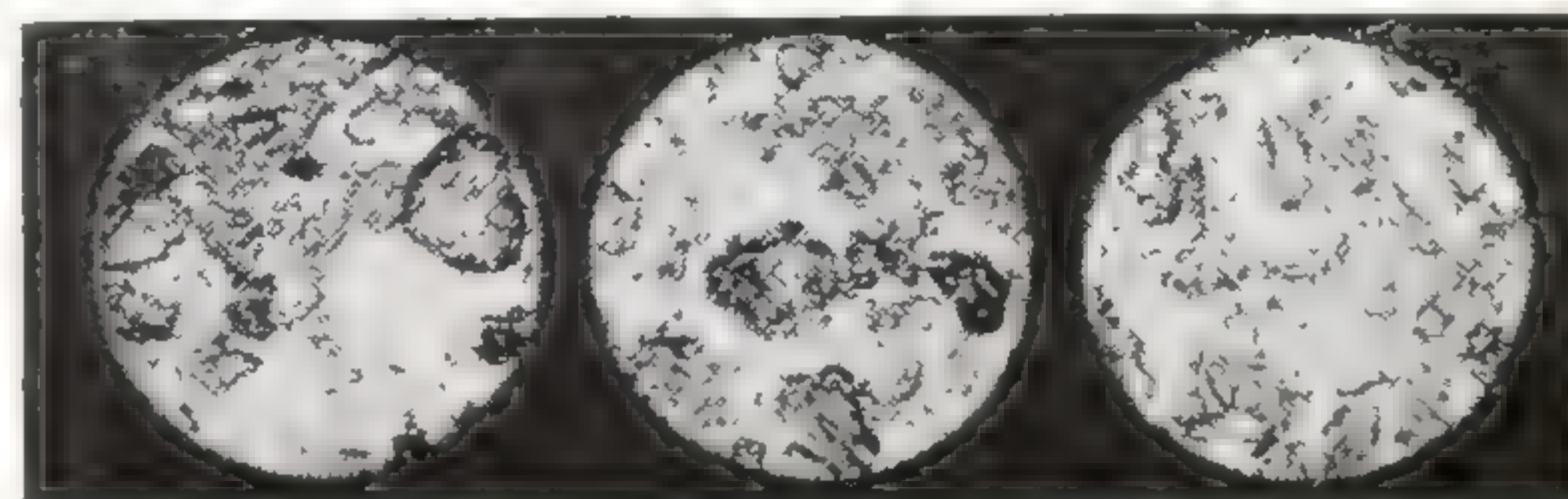


3 out of 4 Doctors stated in survey that they prefer baby powder to be antiseptic.

EVERY MOTHER wants the best for her baby ... but many do not realize that today there are startling differences between various baby powders! Laboratory tests prove that Mennen baby powder is more antiseptic than others—hence protects baby's skin better against diaper rash, prickly heat and other skin troubles in which germs play a part. Tests also show that improved Mennen powder is smoother than others, thus guards skin better against painful chafing. (See photos at right.) Delicate new scent of Mennen powder keeps babies lovelier. You owe it to your baby to use the best powder on his skin—improved Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. Best for baby, also best for you. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*



Greater smoothness of "hammerized" Mennen Baby Powder is proved above. Photos taken thru microscope compare leading baby powders. Mennen (extreme right) is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture, guards skin better against chafing. Use Mennen powder in diapers, and all over body.



Antiseptic superiority of Mennen Baby Powder is shown above in test by U. S. Gov't method. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving; but in dark band around center of Mennen plate (right), germ growth has been prevented.



Gary Wraps It Up

(Continued from page 34) out of it by now, Gary? Worked out anything—any simple reason or code or faith about it all?"

He got red then, clear up to his forehead.

"Like we said," he remarked gently, "you aren't much for talking about those things. But I know one thing. A man can't live anybody else's life for him. He has got to live his own. He can keep pretty busy doing that, without trying to tell other folks how to do it. Just an ordinary man can spend about twenty-four hours a day minding his own business—if he minds it right up to the best he can do. Sometimes his business won't look very big to him, maybe, but I would bet you quite a little that if everybody right now started minding his own business the very best he knew how, doing every single thing that was required of him as well as he could and with all he had, this world would be a mighty wonderful place. Maybe helping the other fellow out is part of his business. Often is, I guess." He hesitated.

"I'm not anything of a philosopher. I am just trying to say that each and every one of us has to start right where he is and do what's at hand to do. Big or little. Pretty soon something bigger comes along. Pretty soon you know enough to help others. Pretty soon others see you have a pretty good system for taking care of your business and they come to you. Folks aren't apt to listen much to a man who can't handle his own affairs, are they? But then that isn't philosophy—that's just common sense."

You can call it either name you want to—maybe they're synonymous, anyway. The End

Who Rules these Hollywood Roosts?

(Continued from page 45) wait quietly, like an obedient child.

Claudette, telling how her father first and then her brother were always served the choicest slices of meat on the family platter, admits she had moments when she resented the supremacy the Colbert men enjoyed. Today, however, her attitude towards her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, is similar to the attitude her mother and grandmother showed her father and brother.

The house she built in Holmby Hills, prior to her marriage, was torn apart to provide a proper dressing room and bath for the Doctor with Claudette's upstairs sitting room, the pride of her life, sacrificed to the remodeling process. Let the Doctor complain that a lamp in bedroom or living room is inadequate and a new lamp is ordered the next day.

ALL of this does not mean Joel Pressman isn't indulgent of Claudette too. He is, but in a dominant, masculine way. He beams with a proud possessive air when Claudette looks handsomer than usual in an Irene suit or a Travis Banton dinner dress. He's quick to cancel engagements if her schedule is heavy. Never, however, in his own eyes or Claudette's eyes or the eyes of their friends is he the husband of a movie star. He's Joel Pressman—physician, scientist and, at this writing, Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Air Force, who puts his little "Frog," as he fondly calls Miss C, straight on all manner of things—to her Gallic delight.

It's a matter of individual opinion who rules a roost sometimes.

Take that well-known actor who gets off

the beam about once a year. Invariably his binges are emotional, too—likely enough with the girl he's been making love to before the camera. Obviously this actor has a way with him. In spite of his history the girls never seem to realize that immediately his binge is over he will return home and forget they exist. Once a girl followed him to New York in her attempt to hold him. He told her his wife had found a package of letters and that he must not see her any more lest he ruin her career. Intrinsically he's a sweet guy. Among other things he undoubtedly was trying to save her pride. "I'll risk my career . . ." she told him ardently. Still he shook his head. "I've got to get home," he insisted. "Why? Why?" she screamed. "Because I've got to fix the roof," he said simply. And he meant just that!

All Fearless can say is that if this is the roost this chap's wife wants—and plainly it is—she really rules it in her own passive, patient way.

ANOTHER evidence of the power of the meek, if that's what you'd call it, was the delightful device Joan Fontaine employed to redecorate—to her taste—the Aherne house in Beverly Hills. Joan never would act "bossy." One wouldn't quite dare with Brian. Being a Britisher, Brian believes it's his right to rule his domain. Having been a bachelor for years, Brian is accustomed to doing what he wants in his own way and his own time.

It was all a lark, a gay and wonderful lark, when Joan did over the living room. A few weeks before Christmas, when secrets are in season, the double living-room doors were closed tight. When Brian asked questions he was told he couldn't know the answers or he would spoil it all. When at last the doors were thrown open for a pre-Christmas party the walls, gray blue, were festooned with laurel. Pale candles burned in wall sconces. A soft rug covered the floor. There was a cherry red sofa, pale yellow and gray chairs, crystal lamps, silver boxes and trays for cigarettes, great bowls of flowers. The guests, familiar with the original dark masculine room, were enthusiastic. They said Joan had worked magic. Brian himself could not have been unmindful how much lovelier that room was. Besides, what can a bridegroom do when his pretty wife, who defers to him about the least trifle, confronts him with such proof of her devotion to him and their home?

THERE are other girls in Hollywood—half a dozen or more—who disclaim all feminine, Victorian tactics—and rule imperiously. Like that velvet-eyed star who acts more like her husband's schoolteacher than his wife. Let the poor fellow fail to notice that some girl at a dinner party who is within his reach is about to light a cigarette and he'll feel his wife's French heels against his leg to remind him to bring forth his lighter gallantly. Once his wife missed kicking him. Which is—if you must know—how Fearless knows.

This husband does all right for himself financially, even though his starry wife makes twice as much; but he wears shirts, ties, pajamas, socks, sweaters, slacks and suits of her choosing. The bedroom they share is a bower of pale pink organdy, baby blue chintz and ruffled lampshades. It makes no concession to the fact that a man lives there too. They go only where she wants to go. They see only those she wants to see. If some visiting celebrity is present at a party they attend and she snares him, her husband is expected to

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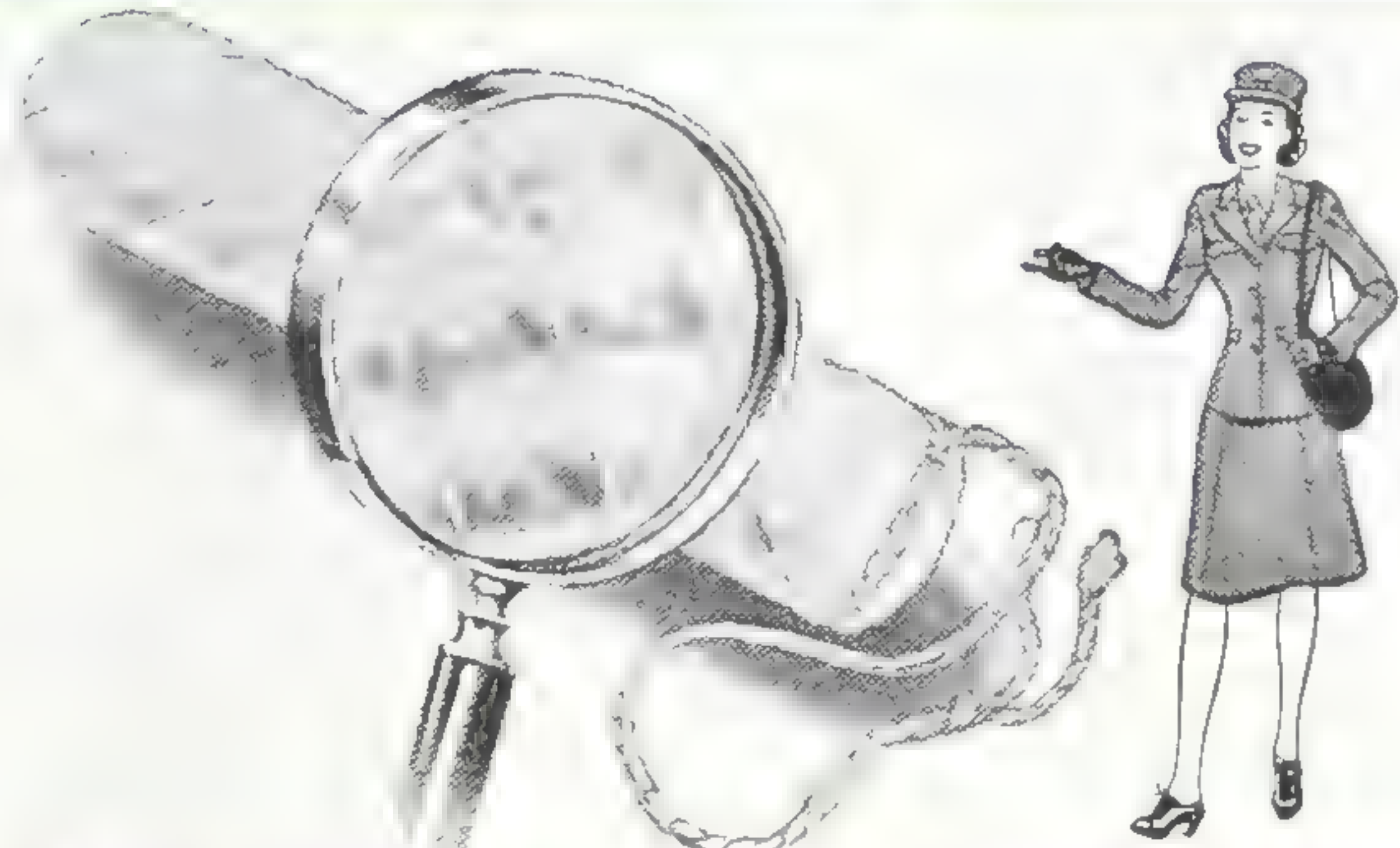
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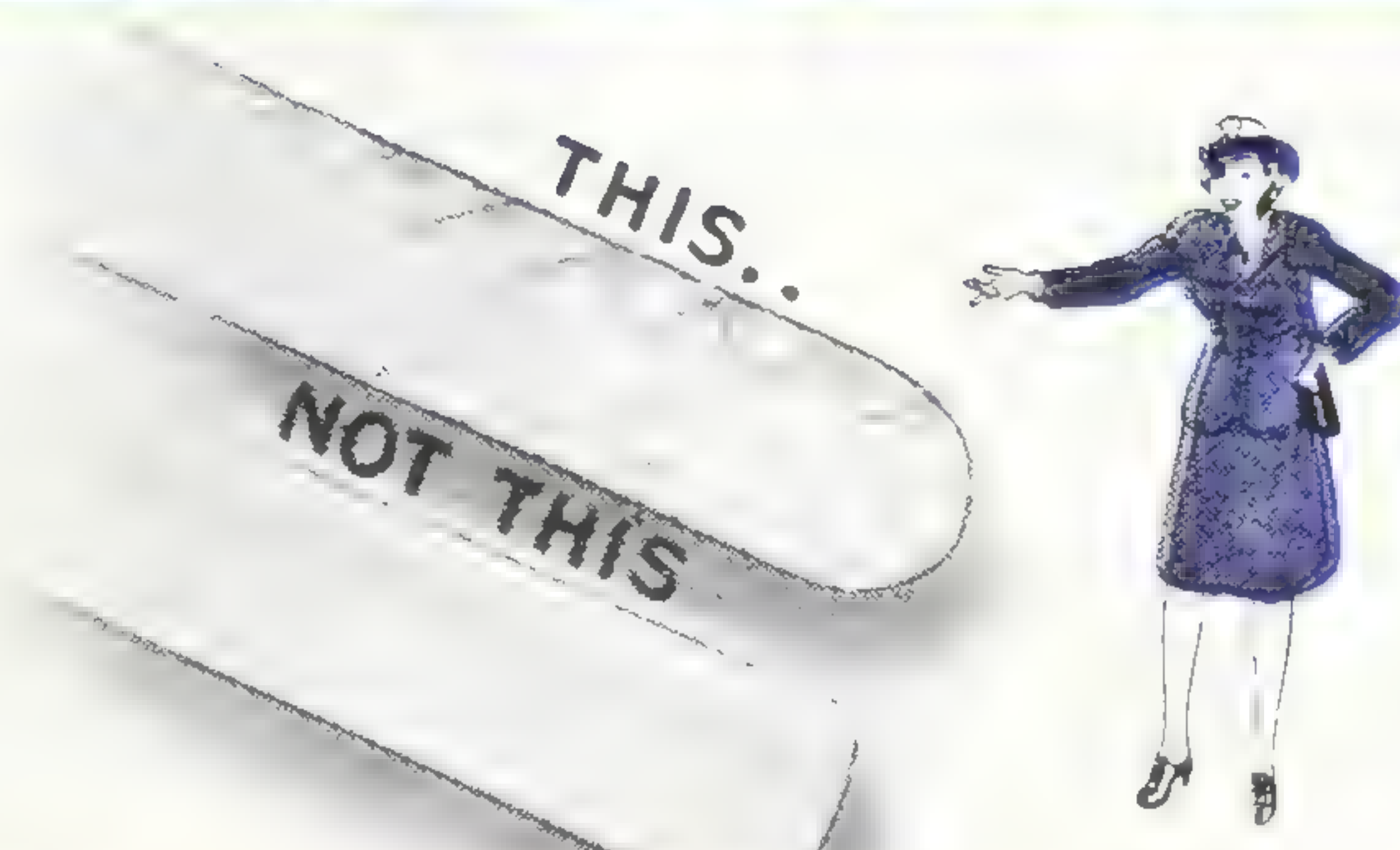
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A Song That Thrills the Stars

CAN CHEER YOUR HOME, TOO



PAULETTE GODDARD, Co-starring in Paramount's "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL," enjoys a few moments of relaxation with her pet canary.

More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby *sensation*! Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits anew with his enchanting song.

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countenance any attention she gives the visitor and later to prove an appreciative audience while she explains how attractive the celebrity found her. On the other hand, if this husband even so much as looks at another woman, she's hysterical and furious in turn. Consequently he has come to give her friends and any girl he meets at any party they attend together no more attention than civility demands. However, he's human, very human. He's found a little girl who plays bits in pictures—his wife's pictures, sometimes—who is very pretty and with whom he is one hundred percent the Big Man that every man has to be once in a while. Inevitably, of course, the star will hear of her husband's philandering, whereupon there probably will be a divorce—with all those who don't know the real score insisting the husband is wholly to blame.

JUDY GARLAND, also married to a gentleman considerably older than herself in years and experience, didn't fare so well as Joan. When Judy married Dave Rose, her mother, who previously had supervised the domestic and financial details of her existence, stepped aside. It was the only thing to do. Judy was bubbling over with her grownup, matronly estate; and it seemed reasonable Dave, being so much older, would keep a general eye on her and the household. Dave, however, was as wrapped up in his music as Judy was in her acting. Neither wished to rule or to be ruled. So the servants ruled. They had seen Judy in "The Wizard Of Oz." Convinced, therefore, that she was a little girl playing at being grownup they insisted upon calling her "Judy." They told her, in effect, to run along and sing her pretty songs and they would look after everything. They did, but not to Judy's or Dave's taste or comfort.

Several times Judy determined to make changes. But always at such times her staff would come to her rescue and she would be too grateful to let them go. Like the night Judy, who never kept an engagement book, came home from the studio tired and went straight to bed. She was having a light supper on a tray when a bewildered maid tapped on her door to announce dinner guests had just arrived. Judy, who had forgotten this engagement



Well-favored favorites:
Ronald Reagan and wife Jane
Wyman in a dress-up act

completely, sent a frantic S.O.S. to her cook and dressed in a hurry.

Inevitably a roost ruled by servants is not a roost in which either husband or wife can relax or work out professional or personal problems. Judy and Dave, as you know, did not live happily forever after.

THERE'S no doubt who will run the Ann Sothern-Bob Sterling marriage. Bob! Annie, soft and fluffy and feminine, wouldn't wish to. Bob, on the contrary, cannot abide to be told what to do or how to do it. It was because he found himself being ordered about (it didn't matter that it was all done very elegantly and graciously) by Mrs. Tierney that he skipped out of Gene's life. But completely!

In the Lamour-Howard marriage it's definitely what "The Captain" wants. For "The Captain" Doty gave up her big pompadour which she adored because she thought it made her look like a movie star and she never thought she did before. She's given away all her big hats and she wears only light make-up. Big hats and heavy make-up "The Captain" cannot abide.

He has still to give Dorothy his first bit of advice regarding her career and it's unlikely he will do this until the war is over. Because he's going to suggest she quit; something he doesn't feel he has any right to suggest now, when he doesn't know where he'll be bound by tomorrow.

IT'S no surprise, we're sure, to learn Alan Ladd wears the pants in his family. He runs everything, even Sue Carol's clothes. He goes shopping with her, discourages her from buying the black and navy-blue numbers she used to favor, chooses, instead, the vivid colors he loves—recently a lemon-yellow suit and a bright red coat. People he doesn't relish never are asked to dinner. And more than once when Sue has had ideas about a steak she has found herself eating Chinese food. However, she's had Alan across the little table from her. And, as any philosopher will tell you, you can't have everything!

It's quite the same with the Gene Kellys. Ask Betsy anything and you'll discover she has to ask Gene first. Gene makes their engagements. Gene helps her select her clothes or shops alone for her. Gene decides what should be done about the baby. But he takes care of the baby too. No wonder Betsy, beaming, says he's one in a million!

The score in the Bogart roost, like everything else in that household, changes constantly. One minute Humphrey has the edge. The next minute Mayo's the winner.

Mayo loves ballets. Humphrey loathes them, thinks it utter nonsense for men and women to run around on their toes. Humphrey's boat-crazy. Mayo thinks boats are so much bilge. Consequently, any time Humphrey prevails upon Mayo to go sailing, he knows, sure as shooting, the next week will find him squirming miserably in one of the completely adequate chairs at the ballet or—just as bad, if you ask Humphrey—the Hollywood Bowl.

Fortunately they have some things in common. They both love people, provided they don't have to promise to be at Mr. and Mrs. Whosthis at eight two weeks from Wednesday, provided Humphrey doesn't have to get out of his beloved moccasins, provided a lot of other things. Consequently they welcome the friends who appear suddenly upon their threshold and to make them welcome have dubbed their home "Liberty Hall."

\$375.00 will buy two depth bombs—
Buy U. S. War Bonds



A recent portrait of
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
by Maria de Kammerer

LEADING A *Double* LIFE?

Discover Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Most of you are "racing the clock" these days... somehow finding time for new wartime duties in addition to your regular activities. That is the big reason, I'm sure, why so many women have welcomed our new LONG-LASTING Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

For here are lipsticks that, once on, *stay on*! An exclusive SATIN-FINISH brings your lips a satin-y smoothness that defies both time and weather. Neither too moist nor too dry—but just right—your Tangee Lipstick will actually seem to smooth itself on to your lips... holding its true and glowing color for hours and hours.

If you have been longing for just such a lipstick, I urge you to ask for "Tangee." And, for best results, wear your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick together with the matching rouge and Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

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TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH



Lipsticks



"I FELT 'OLD AS A WITCH'
WHEN I LOOKED AT MY
POOR HANDS!"

"What price patriotism! My poor hands! I make bullets, and were my hands *shot*! You know the old saying about a woman's age showing in her hands. I felt like an old witch. All I needed was the broomstick."



"They were so red and rough-looking, they made me feel ready for an old ladies' home. My beau used to compare them to gardenias . . . soft, white, velvety. They're a fine pair of 'wall-flower' hands now."



"I began to think that my hands would never, never look 'young' again. Soft, white, smooth, romantic. What was a girl to do? Well, this was one girl who just didn't know. And you can't hold hands with your beau—with gloves on."



"A nurse friend of mine gave me a tip. Pacquins. She said that it was originally formulated for doctors and nurses whose hands are in water—and harsh antiseptics—30 to 40 times a day. *Now* look at my hands. Soft, smooth, lovely again!"

DO YOUR HANDS MAKE YOU LOOK OLDER THAN YOU ARE?



Then try **Pacquins**
HAND CREAM

● Pacquins was originally designed for doctors and nurses who scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. Are you failing to keep your hands smooth, white, lovely? See if they don't smooth out faster, feel smoother longer with Pacquins! Not greasy; won't rub off on clothes.

Pacquins HAND CREAM
At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

Who rules the Bogart ménage? It's a draw!

In the Stanwyck-Taylor household there was a long stretch when it was utterly impossible to decide who ruled. Those were the months Bob was so unhappy.

Before Pearl Harbor when Bob and his cronies were discussing the draft setup Bob made it clear, repeatedly, that once this country went to war he meant to enlist. "After all," he said, over and over, "I'm a pilot. I won't need much training."

But when war came Bob didn't enlist. It wasn't because he had lost his nerve; it was because, long before, he had lost his heart—to Barbara. He watched her white and drawn. He remembered, suddenly and keenly, the unhappiness she had known all her life really until they fell in love and married. On top of this he listened to a dozen friends tell him it would be sheer heroics if he enlisted, that he was infinitely more valuable to Uncle Sam working in movies which were indispensable to civilian and camp morale, paying thousands of dollars in taxes, subscribing thousands more to War Bonds. He wondered what he should do and, torn, did nothing.

Barbara was never a villainess who tried to keep her husband from serving his country. She was only a wife who loved her husband and didn't want to lose him. A wife who repeated the arguments she heard others advance as to why Bob shouldn't enlist in a frantic effort to convince herself as well as Bob.

Now and then she said, "If only it didn't mean flying . . ." She's terrified of airplanes. When Bob was learning to fly she went through agony. Every time he went to the field she wondered if that was the day he would make his first solo flight and, wondering, died a little death.

In the end, however, she loved him too much to endure his unhappiness any longer. "I think," she said one day, in effect, "it may be easier when you finally do enlist and the uncertainty is over."

That was all Bob needed. That made all the arguments friends and business associates had advanced as to why he definitely should not enlist sheer poppycock.

Who ruled the Stanwyck-Taylor household during that unhappy uncertain time? You decide! Was it Bob or Barbara? Or was it neither of these, but an intangible force that exists between a man and a wife when they love each other enough?

The End

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—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Up Cupid's Alley: Ava Gardner's quick trip to Reno to divorce Mickey Rooney in a hurry has the town a-twitter. Will she or will she not marry millionaire Howard Hughes when the Reno divorce is granted? Many a lass has had the same bee in her bonnet only to find Mr. Hughes slippery as an eel as far as the matrimonial noose is concerned, or are we mixing our metaphors? Anyway, Miss Gardner was unwilling to wait until next May for the final decree and Mr. Hughes *has* been attentive, so—

In the meantime Mickey, the Rooney, has not been mooning around by himself. Not Mickey. When Madeleine Le Beau and Sally Yarnell, Twentieth Century-Fox cuties, aren't the girls of the evening, it's that lovely Cover Girl Helen Muller. Rumor has it Mickey is as serious about Helen as Ava is about Howard Hughes. Do you suppose—well, we'll see.

John Wayne says he isn't going to marry that little Mexican charmer he had placed under contract to Republic Studios for the simple reason he isn't divorced. Cal's hunch is John doesn't want to be divorced, either. He's too crazy about those four kids of his.

Donald O'Connor, Universal's boy riot, is so enamoured of little Gwen Carter he's placed a ring on her finger. But eighteen and seventeen are awfully young to be serious.

Whispers About Town: Pvt. Jackie Briggs of the Marines, a grand, good guy, just couldn't take the ribbing that followed his bleached hair. It's back to natural now! 'Tis whispered Ginger Rogers, his pretty wife, wanted it golden like her own. And you know how it is when a man's in love, fellows . . .

Hedy Lamarr, who stated she and bridegroom John Loder wanted babies and right away, is inquiring into feeding formulas among her baby-owning friends. Could that mean—or is it wishful thinking?

For the first time in her career Hedy is posing for "pin-up" leg art for the service boys. Hedy's legs have been reshaped and reduced by massage and, with a bit of retouching, look almost Grableish . . .

Hollywood is still puzzling that legal change of names by Stirling Hayden and his wife Madeleine Carroll. Stirling had the courts change his name to Hamilton. But why? Whom do they think they're fooling at this point, for gosh sakes! . . .

Jane Russell, disgusted with her short screen career under contractual obligation to Mr. Howard Hughes, who refused to lend her to another company or producer, is said to be working for eighteen dollars a week down in Georgia, near a camp where her husband, Pvt. Bob Waterfield, is training. "The Outlaw" was Jane's only picture.



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NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR





The Ameches: Don, Honore, and two of the brood

OUT in the valley from Hollywood live Hollywood's candidates for the typical average American family—the Ameches. Bedlam, with six boys, four belonging to Don and Honore Ameche and two to the small boys' nurse, is the password to the inner sanctum of the Ameche group. There are few families like it in all Hollywood—or, for that matter, in all America. And, as if four small hoodlums of their own, ranging from

pranks. If necessary, Don's own father need only fix him with an accusing and memory stirring eye to bring back Daddy's sense of values.

It came time for the birthday celebration of the two younger boys whose birthdays fell on the same day with only a year between. It was decided the ice cream should be made by the older boys while the party was in process. The apricots were gathered from the Ameche orchard by the lads,

THE AMAZING AMECHES

ten years down to three, weren't enough, Don and Honore are arranging for the adoption of two baby girls. The tiny girls, from six to eight weeks old, will be named Connie and Bonnie to synchronize with the names of the boys—Lonnie, Tommie, Donnie and Ronnie.

It's the attitude of Don and Honore toward their children that renders the Ameches an amazing lot. They expect and accept as the inalienable right of every boy a certain amount of uproar, mischief, quarrels, hoodwinkery and

the ice cracked and all went well until the question arose of whose turn it became to turn the handle of the freezer. So heated grew the argument the hosts and guests repaired to the orchard, snatched from the ground the juicy ripe plums and apricots, and wham—the battle was on.

It became necessary for Honore to clean the fruit salad from the faces of everyone present before hosts could be distinguished from guests.

Each boy, except the one too young, has his chore around the place and is expected to fulfill his job promptly and expertly. Lonnie and Tommie milk the two cows and carry the brimming pails to the house. Donnie gathers the eggs.

The wit of the Ameche boys is famous. The goodfellowship between them and their parents is a thing to marvel over. And all because two people understand the minds and hearts of little boys. Needless to say, the boys are even more excited about the little sisters that are to be theirs than Don and Honore.

And as Hollywood says, what lucky little girls are these who will find a home in the hearts of the amazing Ameches.

New "Brunette" powder
styled for more glamour—
smoother finish... lovelier "glow"!

Give your Brunette complexion new heart-stirring appeal with Pond's softly radiant Dreamflower "Brunette." It's a truly inspired blend! Subtle beige to match your skin—make it look fine-textured and smooth. Then the sweetest suspicion of wild rose to brighten your coloring—play up the sparkle of your eyes and the scarlet of your lips!

"The rosy-beige softness of Pond's Dreamflower 'Brunette' is just right for my complexion," says MRS. VICTOR DU PONT III, beautiful member of Wilmington's leading family. "It blends in perfectly, never looks powdery—and gives just the smooth, fresh look that I want."

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Goes on divinely—stays put! 5 superb shades. Cute little green-and-cream plastic case; only 10¢!

Or go ultra-feminine with "Lips" new BIG swivel case—for 49¢!



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RACHEL—soft ivory
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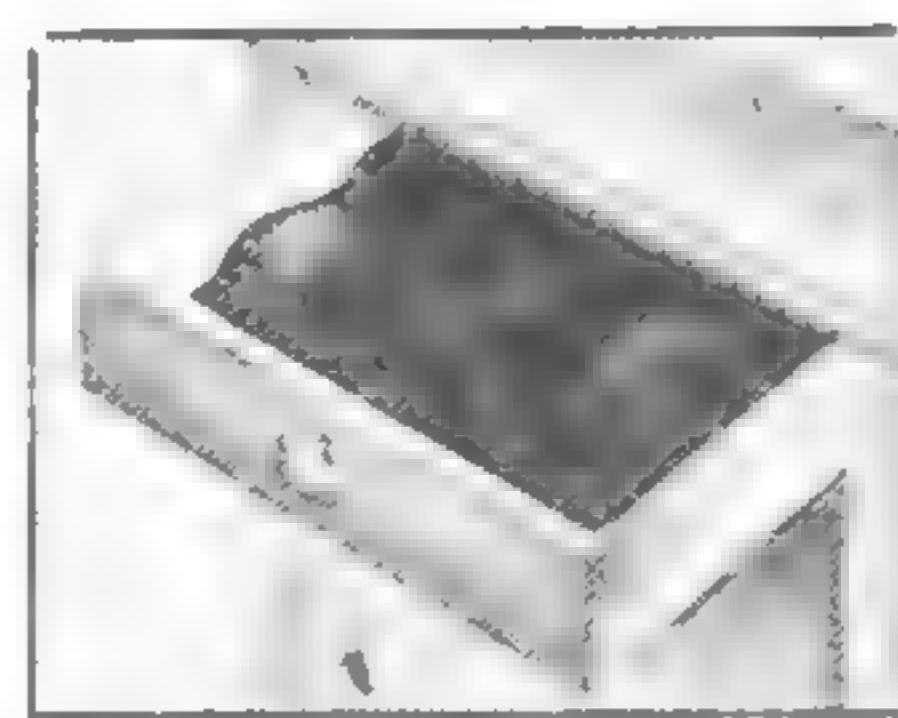
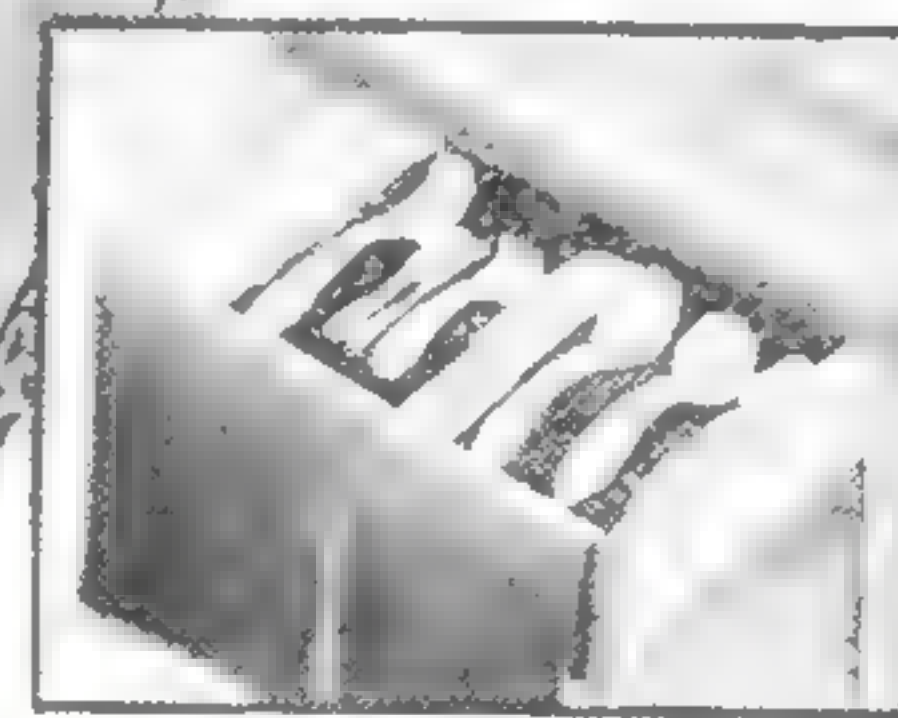
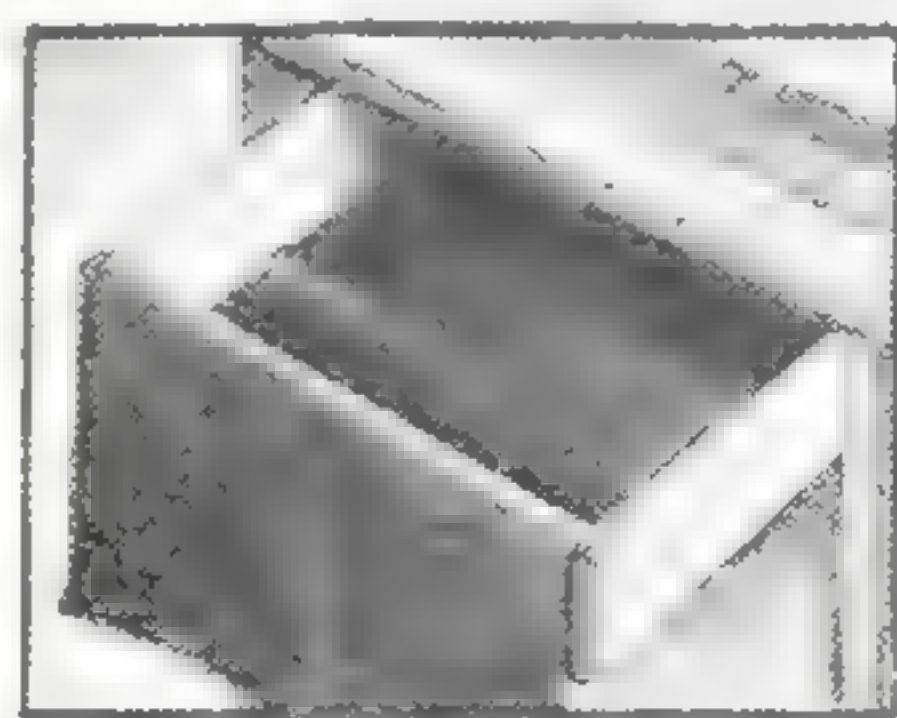
Pacific Pamilla Cloth contains a silver compound which absorbs the tarnishing elements in the air. The cloth will tarnish, but the silverware in its folds remains bright.

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Wrap, 20 x 31 inches, large enough to protect 100 pieces of flatware, about \$1

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- (1) Lay half of Pamilla Cloth on bottom of drawer
- (2) Place silver on cloth, nesting forks and spoons
- (3) Fold remaining Pamilla Cloth over silver and tuck in around sides



Backdoor Debutantes

(Continued from page 60) like to try a personal kiss some time."

He said he was of a very jealous nature his mother being South American. "You keep away from those movie people," he said, "they're all alike."

All alike! There was no use even discussing the matter with anyone whose ignorance was so deeply abysmal.

They had to catch a midnight bus back to Huanera and it wasn't until after they left that Barb confessed that she had told Sparks we were going to work at Bogie's and given him the address.

"Barbara," I said, "there are times when I think that you could qualify as stand-in for a half-wit."

"What's the matter? Aren't we entitled to get letters even if we are the help?"

"Barb," I said sternly, "snap out of it. We are here on an assignment. We can't let the thirty-two readers of Fan Dust down."

WELL of all the nerve! There's been a knocking at our wall and I didn't pay any attention to it until Muggsie knocked at the door and said my typewriter was keeping her awake. It's only eleven o'clock, but I suppose I'll have to quit.

Better get to sleep anyway. I imagine gardeners are supposed to get up early. I'll set the alarm for half past eight.

Tuesday Night
Chez Bogart

He isn't home yet. Muggs says they're coming tomorrow.

While Barb was dusting his study today she read his mail. It's absolutely ridiculous, the fools some girls make of them-

selves over movie stars. She also read Variety and the Hollywood Reporter and his press book. She came across the following clipping which she smuggled out for me to copy for Fan Dust:

"There is a considerable amount of speculation around town about the cast of the new Government-sponsored recruiting film, 'Uncle Sam's Nephew.'

"All the major studios are contributing their stars and their services with the generosity characteristic of the profession.

"So far, it looks like a tie between Greer Garson and Rosalind Russell for the femme lead and Gary Cooper and Humphrey Bogart are running close for the role of Ulysses S. Adams.

"Since the first announcement a week ago thousands of letters and telegrams have been received from the public."

Formerly Barb and I would have put our weight on the side of Gary Cooper but now we realize that Bogie is just cut out for the role and we wrote to all the companies and told them so.

When we got down this morning at nine all the servants had finished breakfast and we had to make our own coffee. We snapped pictures of each other with the coffee pot, etc. The caption on mine for Fan Dust will be:

Bogie's Kitchen Is Liberty Hall Where His friends Help Themselves.

SPENT the morning fooling around the garden as I had to look busy. Pulled up a lot of weeds until I noticed they had scallions at the roots, then I put most of them back. Got a rake and loosened the soil where I noticed it was bunched up in

mounds and made it nice and even. There were a lot of empty seed packages stuck all around which didn't look very neat, so I collected them and threw them away.

There is a rose garden and the Victory Garden is surrounded on one side by a high white wall which goes up in steps. On the other side is a small swimming pool with chairs and tables around. The house is lovely, sort of Spanish Inquisition outside, and English countryside inside. There are a number of romantic porches covered with a vine called Bougainvillea. I wonder if it was named after Bogie. The living room is done in flowered chintz and it is very gay. The furniture is also comfortable. Barb says it is Pre-Raphaelite period. She has a cousin who is an interior decorator, so she knows about those things.

We rearranged all the furniture in Bogie's office to surprise him. It was awfully messy with old fishing rods, etc, so we cleaned it up and gave all the old bent hooks to the salvage.

The food is wonderful and we have enormous appetites from honest toil. The servants are all very democratic except the cook who remarked about these college girls taking the jobs out of the mouths of honest working people. So we washed the dishes and took her picture and now she's our friend for life.

This afternoon when no one was around Barb took pictures of me in Bogie's bed. We locked the door and I put on one of Mayo's lace bed jackets. She focused the lens so that the other half of the bed was cut off. It'll be a swell one for the magazine captioned: *Victory Gardening Makes Strange Bedfellows.*

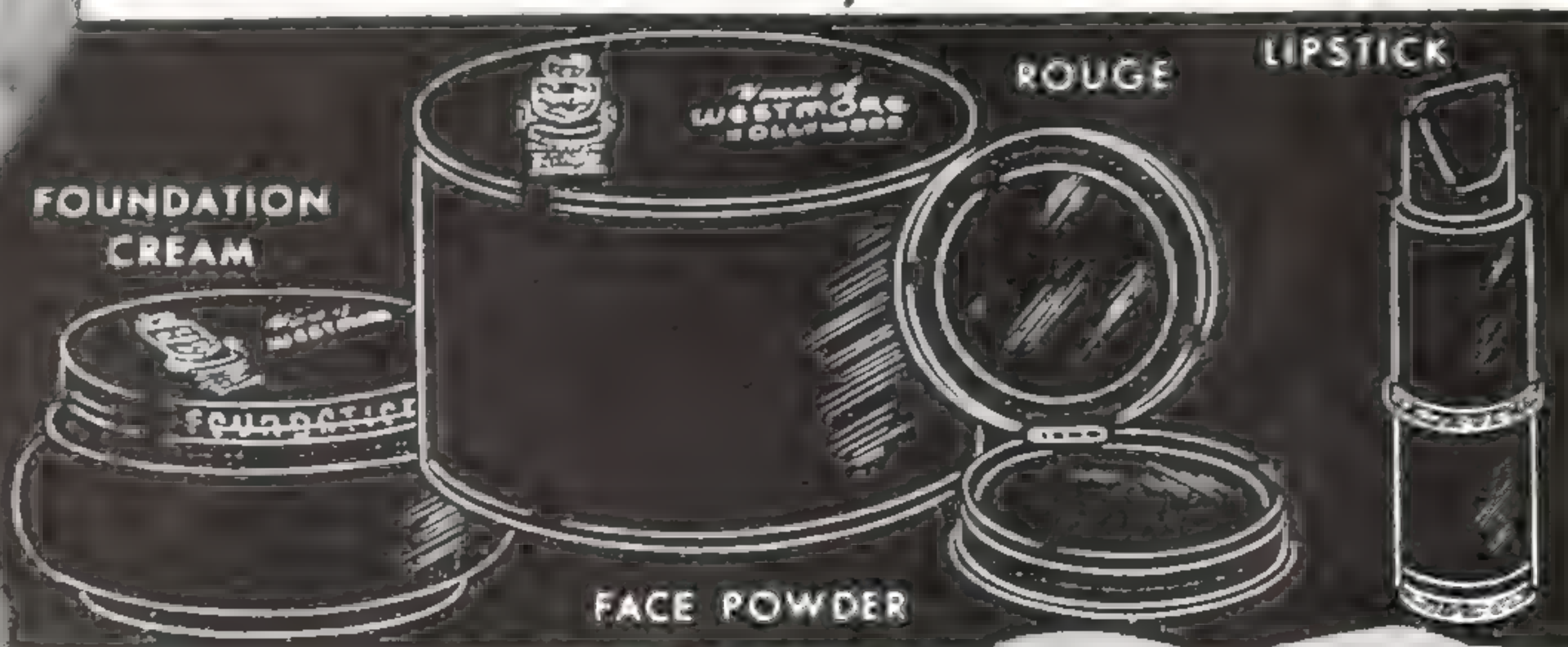
I wonder how one acknowledges an in-



For Beauty

**YOU CANNOT
BEAT THESE**

Betty Grable appearing in "Sweet Rosy O'Grady"
a 20th Century-Fox Picture



Originally created by the Westmores for a select group of Hollywood stars, House of Westmore Cosmetics are now available to you at good toilet goods counters everywhere.

Particularly outstanding is Westmore foundation cream. It will never give you an artificial masked look. It does not cause dry skin. Made with lanolin, it will help keep your skin smooth and soft. It effectively hides minor skin faults and will give you a fresh, glamorous look without constant re-powdering.

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A DASHING, ADORABLE NEW STAR

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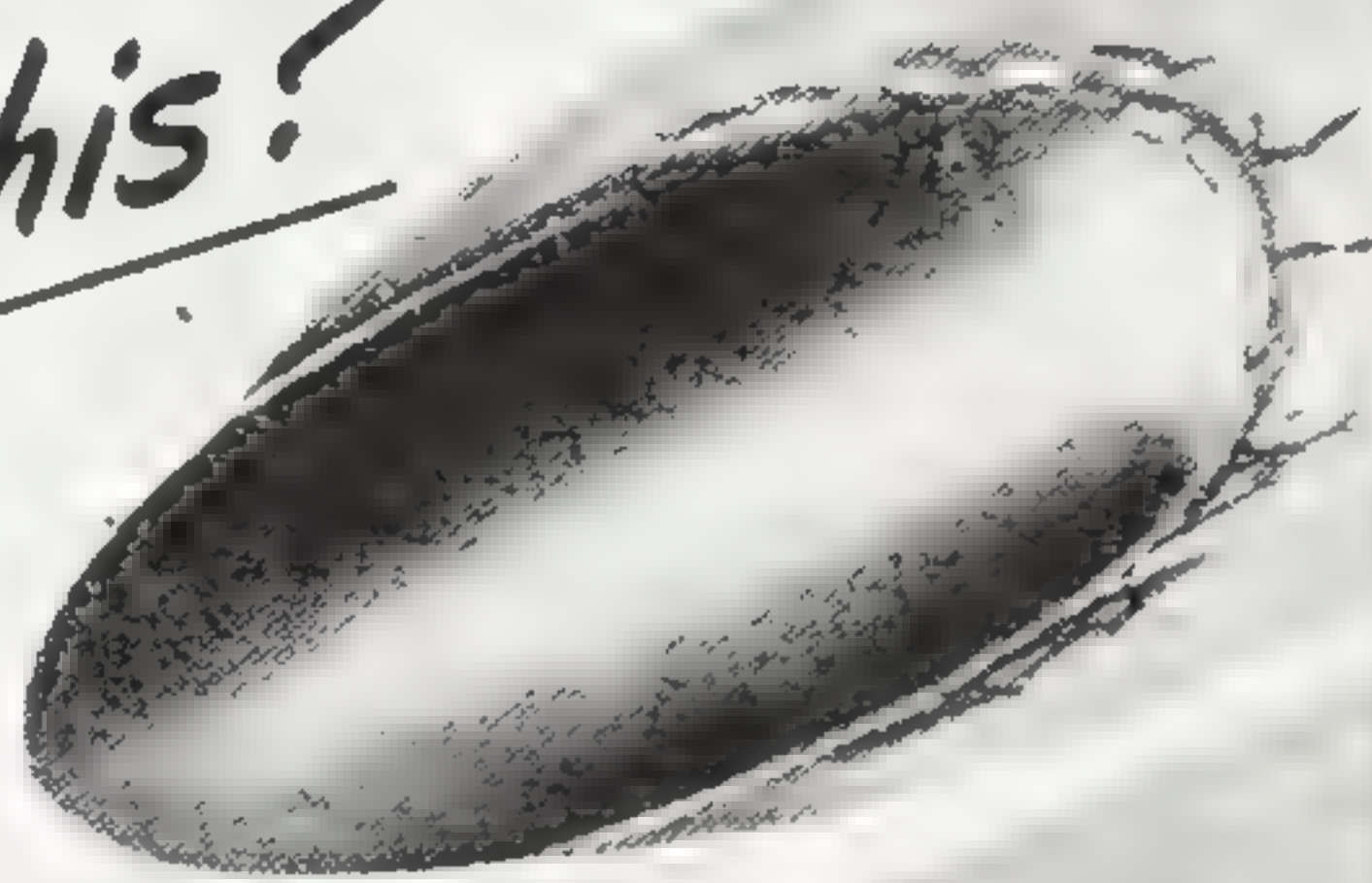
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roduction to one's employer. Everybody knows it's wrong to say, "Pleased to meet you." You hold out your hand, smiling, and say, "How do you do?"

Barb says in the Sixteenth Century milkmaids always curtsied to the Squire and his Lordship chucked them under the chin and said, "How now, fayre maid, would'st dally?" She's going to curtsy.

Wednesday Night
Chez Bogie

He's home.
We've met.

But how different from what I had anticipated! They arrived about eight this a.m. and we got a good look at them through the blinds as they got out of the car. He's divine and she's blonde and much better looking than we had hoped.

I put on my shorts and halter. Barb said flowers in my hair looked silly, but I disagreed. Also doused myself with perfume. When we came out they had both gone. She drove him to the studio and then went to do some Red Cross work. Muggsie told us they go everywhere together.

AFTER breakfast I cut a beautiful bouquet of roses and Barb and I snapped each other with them. Then I arranged them in vases in the living room. Unfortunately Barb broke one vase, but I don't think it will matter as there were two exactly alike. Muggsie says she hopes I didn't cut any of the prize roses that Mrs. B. was taking to the flower show tomorrow. I hope I didn't either.

Barb fooled around with a dust cloth and I started down to the garden to look for real weeds when I saw a tall man crouching down in the scallion patch and I felt instinctively I was in for it.

"Good morning," I said sweetly. "Lovely day. The atmosphere is very lucid."

He looked up and I nearly collapsed. It was no less than Fred MacMurray! He stood up and looked at me with his lovely gray eyes.

"What are you?" he asked. Of course he meant "who."

"I'm the gardener," I said simply.

"What in the heck have you been doing to these spring onions? And for Pete's sake, I spent four hours hilling up those leeks. What's the idea?"

"It was time to transplant them," I said. "Anyway I put most of them back. A good rain will do the crops no harm. I think the wind is from the east." I wet my finger and held it up.

"Sure," he said, "it's fixin' for to rain along about five months from now, by heck. Suppose you get into some gardening clothes and give me a hand."

"These are gardening clothes," I said.

He looked at me from head to foot with admiration or was it?

"Well, run up to the garage and bring me the bag of fertilizer and a dibble. We'll see what we can do."

I hadn't the faintest idea what a dibble was so I tore to the library and looked it up in the dictionary and it said, "a garden implement used for transplanting." I found several things in the garage and as I knew a hoe and a rake and a spade, I brought the others, also the big white bag that said fertilizer.

When I got back he was busy and hardly noticed me.

"As I hill them up, you spread a handful of fertilizer on each mound," he said.

I did, following him and standing as close as possible.

\$150

in War Bonds buys a parachute!

"Where did you learn gardening," he asked, "in a correspondence school?"

"I'm working my way through college," I said, putting a note of pathos into my voice, "and I have to support my little brothers and sisters."

"All right," he said, "we'll get this fixed up and I won't say anything to Mr. Bogart."

He was kneeling right at my feet and I was hoping he wouldn't hear the thundering of my heart. But suddenly I heard something. It was like music to my ears. It was the click of a camera. For once, Barbara was on the job. I thought I saw a movement in one of the bushes, so I assumed various affectionate attitudes behind his back, and Barbara got some of them.

"Some more," he said louder than necessary. "Put a big handful of that fertilizer on each."

I started guiltily, realizing I had been thinking more about Barb's camera than Fred's fertilizer, and dropped the bag. Unfortunately I spilled it over his nice sport trousers and, worse luck, I heard the camera click at that moment, in the bushes.

Of all moments Barb had picked that one to immortalize.

Fred used some pretty strong language and at that moment one of the scotties came snooping around and smelled Barb and started barking so she stood up and Fred did a double take.

"I'm the maid," she said. "I was just gathering some vegetables for the soup."

By that time he had recovered himself. "I thought you were an undercover girl," he said. Then he held out his hand. "Maybe you'd better let me have a look at that roll of films before they're printed."

Barb, like a sap, handed him the camera and he took out the roll and handed it back to her. I remembered the pictures of me in Bogie's bed were in that roll.

"Mr. MacMurray," I said, "you can't confiscate personal property without a warrant. Remember, we're at war."

"On the other hand," he said, "this is a War Zone. You're not allowed to take pictures without a government permit."

I was so upset I never even heard the footsteps behind me, but Barb let out one of her grade A shrieks, "Look-ee!"

I turned and there was Bogie in a heavenly blue slack suit, his white teeth flashing.

"Hi-ya, Fred," he said, eyeing Mr. M.'s trousers. "The gentleman farmer, impeccable from the waist up." He grinned. "By the way, thanks for keeping an eye on the Bogarts' next winter's food supply while we were away . . . Say, who're your friends?"

"I'm your new maid," said Barb, curtsying.

"And what do you do in the second act?" asked Bogie.

"I'm the gardener," I said, holding out my hand. He had taken it before I realized it, and then I said, "Pardon my fertilizer," and he made a face and turned to Fred. "And what were you up to?"

Fred's hand went to his pocket where the roll of films was. The moment was tense. I looked at Fred in desperate appeal. He hesitated.

If you want to keep on laughing, keep on checking up on the hilarious adventures of Jane and Barb at the Bogarts. What happens next is something—even Jane and Barb would admit that!

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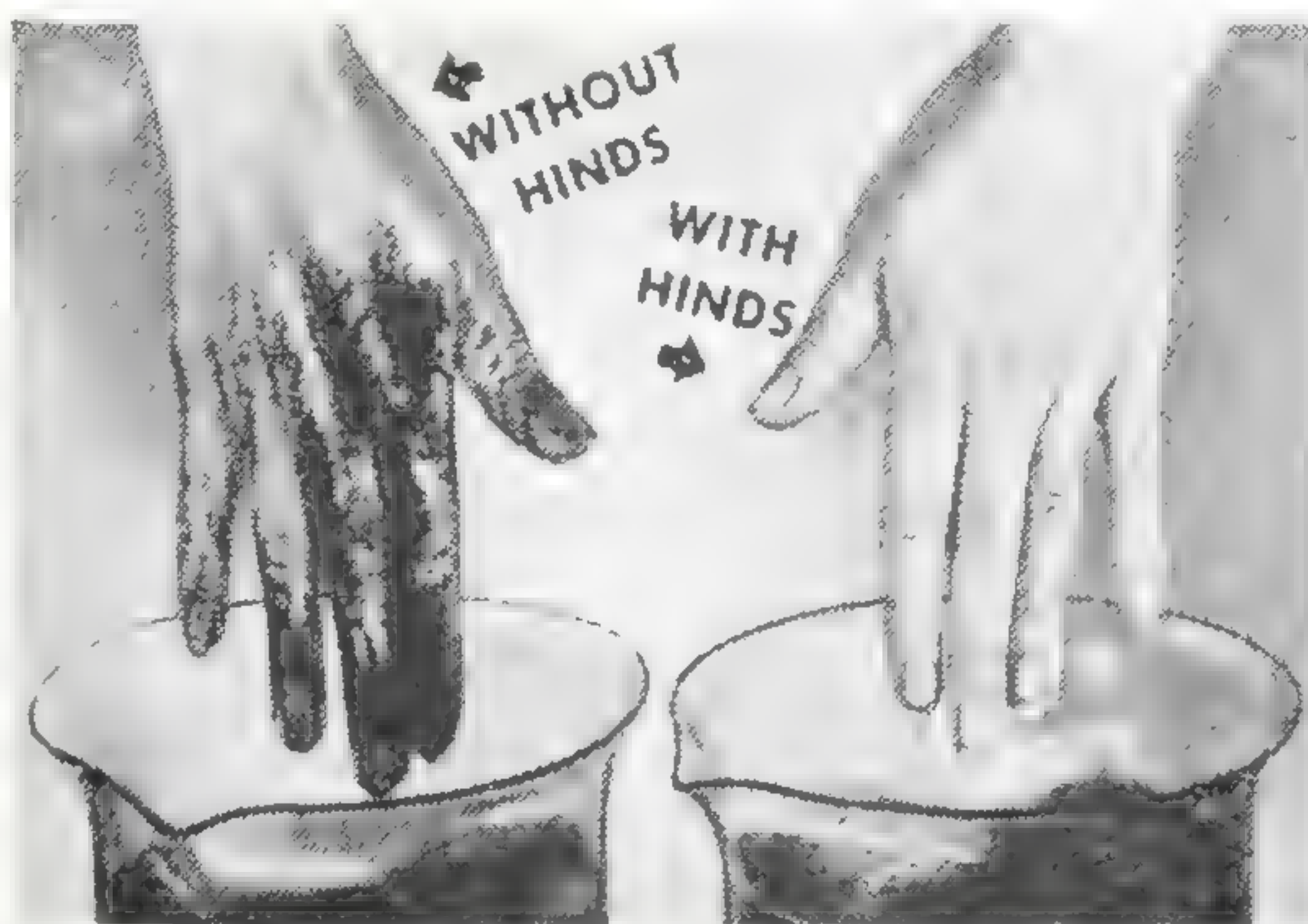
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PHOTO BELOW shows results of test. Hand at left did not use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime still clings to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right

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hollywood horoscope

BY MATILDA TROTTER



Katharine Hepburn: Excitement galore for Kate. The unpredictable Uranus in her seventh house of marriage and the public has set in motion new currents of romance which may lead to a sudden and unlooked-for marriage.

The mysterious Neptune in close conjunction to Venus in her house of hopes and ambitions can bring her the realization of her fondest wish.

Since it takes Neptune one hundred and sixty five years to traverse the Zodiacal wheel, few persons are fortunate enough to experience the full measure of this aspect. Katharine Hepburn is one of the few persons who has the emotional and spiritual development to profit by this inspirational transit and this influence should help her to succeed in overthrowing the obstacles which the adverse rays of her natal Saturn have flung in the path of her emotional life.

Shirley Temple: After an eclipse of several years, Shirley Temple should

come back to win favor.

November 1943 indicates a complete change for Shirley, a change which should spell eventual success.

Young as she is, the stars indicate romance. This could mean a private romance of the big step from baby roles into a teen-age romantic role in a picture, which will successfully bridge the years between childhood and maturity. This hurdle has proved a difficult one in Shirley's case but she seems to take it in November with all the ease of an expert equestrian.

Nelson Eddy: Due to the adverse aspects of transit Saturn, the disciplinarian, the hotheaded Mars and the explosive Uranus in his house of secrets and self-undoing, Nelson Eddy may find himself going through some strange and unaccountable experiences in November and for the rest of the year.

Nelson should guard his health, his nerves and his home. He should make every effort to be affable to those with whom he is working and to get along with his employers and business associates.

The stars which have smiled so benignly upon Nelson for so many years

are not so favorable at present.

Myrna Loy: According to her stars November ushers in a new cycle for Myrna. When Mercury, planet of intellect, contacts her natal Mars in her house of home and the beginning of new ventures, it should bring this popular actress back into public life.

Towards the middle of November when Mercury moves into the house which rules the entertainment world and Venus and Neptune tend to stir up matters in her house governing communication, speech and travel, it looks as though Myrna might take a trip for the purpose of signing an important agreement or fulfilling one.

Jupiter in her own sign will bring her before the public in some fashion and increase her magnetism and drawing power.

To make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person concerned. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because we have been unable to secure exact information concerning the person's birth.

Portrait of an Individualist

(Continued from page 49) dressed as Daniel Boone. He wishes he had never gone to that costume party. Period.

He dreams recurrently that he's a brilliant pianist. He once had a crush on silent picture star Leila Hyams. He's made fourteen round trips across the Atlantic.

He's quite opinionated but can usually back himself up. He sleeps in the uppers of his pajamas. He hates honey.

He thinks he'll give up smoking.

He collects guns, piano recordings and tropical fish. He gets a kick out of inspecting newly built houses, listening to a Brooklynese accent, repairing old clocks.

He's always imagining he's losing his hair.

He doesn't like arguments, wedgies on women, long telephone conversations, even if *you* do the talking.

He despairs over writing letters. He goes for stuffed cabbage. He'd like to do a picture with Irene Dunne.

He invariably requests the orchestra to play, "I'll See You In My Dreams," because "It belongs to a period in my life when I had a wonderful time." He doesn't believe he is obviously sentimental.

He never wears a vest.

His father and mother are Welsh. He speaks Welsh and Spanish and gets along in French and German. He has never kept a scrapbook. He's traded in his motorcycle five times.

He feels self-conscious in a bathing suit on the beach. He rebels against doing the "smart thing," being seen at the "right time" with the "right people." He often makes ice cream at home.

He loathes the laundries in London, the fog and himself—when he talks with his hands.

He's read practically everything, starting at the age of ten with Chekov, Tolstoy and Ibanez. He can't resist filling out coupons and sending away for free samples.

He'll give you a hundred dollars quicker than he'll loan you fifty cents.

He wants to be a director, a bull fighter and to conduct a symphony. He's allergic to broccoli and gardenias.

HE'S inspired planning a trip. He's heart-broken when it doesn't jell. His devotion to his son Danny is paralleled only by his devotion to his wife Mal. He resents anyone who monopolizes a conversation. He's never been able to whistle.

He gets sympathetic pains when he hears about accidents and operations. His favorite color is red. He has to fight the desire to free dogs on leash.

He is an air-raid warden. He feels a great sense of loneliness at the first hush of dawn. He never misses a Ronald Colman movie. He's prone to exaggerate, intentionally so, if it makes a better story.

He can't sit still in the barber's chair for longer than a few minutes at a time.

He lies in one position without moving until he has read a book from cover to cover.

He'll stand in a waiting line for hours, before he'll bring himself to say, "I'm Ray Milland" and expect to curry favor.

He likes a glass of water next to his bed at night, though he seldom drinks it. He has a phobia about wasting electricity and is forever switching off lights. He memorized "Evening Star" on the piano. His favorite vegetable is parsnips.

His ideal Sunday is spent before a roaring fireplace in lounging pajamas, no phone, no doorbell, no shaving, no talking, just

Jack Benny, Fred Allen, the Hour of Charm and of course Danny and Mal.

He has never seen himself in "Her Jungle Love" and "Untamed" and thinks it's just as well. He has no hip pockets in his pants.

He knows he should give up smoking.

He has a photographic mind, can concentrate to the point of distraction. He read the Gettysburg Address for the first time on the way down to the City Hall, didn't miss a question and became an American citizen.

He invariably has to call his agent because he forgets his own unlisted phone number.

He hasn't a single picture of himself around the house. He belongs to the international fraternity known as "The Short Snorters." He simply can't stand feet.

He always has to "get to bed early." He raises chickens the scientific way, Hedy Lamarr is his best customer and the egg money goes into Danny's bank.

He doesn't like garters and he doesn't like sloppy sox. He wears garters. He thinks Ann Sothern has a wonderful nose.

HE was once a Hollywood agent who could crash every studio but the one that now stars him. He carries a boy-scout knife. He's always losing sunglasses.

His closest friends are those who knew him when. His favorite joke on himself is the one about his wife's outbidding him at a crowded auction. He enjoys the first half of the Friday-night fights. He dislikes brown suede shoes.

He almost quit the screen, frightened by his first drunk scene in "The Doctor Takes A Wife," and he couldn't have been more surprised when it proved the turning point

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in his motion-picture career.

He picks out his wife's hats.

He has never been to Honolulu, up in the Statue of Liberty or attended a Holy Roller meeting. He has a radio in his bathroom.

He just *has* to give up smoking.

He gets terribly embarrassed at parties when someone else gets up to sing. He designs jewelry, flies a plane well and has learned to like jello because of his friendship for Jack Benny.

He loves festive occasions like New Year's Eve, which happens to be his wife's birthday. He imagines people dislike him, Claudette Colbert for one—and then she asked to have him in a second picture.

He plays excellent gin rummy, good tennis, fair badminton, bad golf. He keeps a pistol in a drawer by his bed. He thinks he's dull copy.

He made the furniture in Danny's nursery with his own hands and tools. He calls his den "The Pub," because it was fashioned after "The Checkers," his favorite Pub in England.

He quickly changes the subject if you try to compliment a performance. He isn't superstitious but avoids walking under ladders. He never misses "Blondie."

His greatest disappointment in pictures was losing the part Franchot Tone played in "Lives Of A Bengal Lancer."

His biggest thrill was visiting his old school in Neath and finding his water colors still hanging on the walls. He's a deadly mimic. He resents people who paw him and slap his back.

He'd like you to believe he's jealous because everyone makes a great fuss over his beautiful, prematurely gray-haired wife. "Pretty soon they'll start referring to me as Mal Milland's husband!"

HE can develop convenient "headaches" at the most unexpected times, usually if he isn't enjoying himself. He always "knows" he isn't going to enjoy a party. Invariably he's the last one to leave.

He never forgets the lean days and someday hopes to own the apartment house that once kicked him out. He struggles against a scheduled life. He thinks ham in actors should be permanently rationed.

He'll never forgive himself for being away skiing when Danny was born prematurely.

He doesn't mind telling you, "I loused up those scenes today." He refuses to discuss his many free broadcasts for the Government. He actually becomes nostalgically ill just talking about faraway places. He's never tasted peeled eel.

He wishes his emotions were a little closer to the surface. He's always changing the style of his collars. He'd get up in the middle of the night to make an aeroplane for Danny.

He likes to point out the bench on Sunset Boulevard where he used to sit and gaze at the stars driving by. He's pleased at the smell of wet tweed. He despairs at the sound of tiny waves lapping at the shore.

He believes it was luck entirely that brought him his first Paramount job in "Bolero," opposite Carole Lombard. He'll always remember the day because he was scheduled to start working as a gas station attendant for Standard Oil.

He is still astounded at the fact that he, of all people, has become a successful actor.

He's *definitely* giving up smoking.

His most recent and extravagant present to himself was—a gold cigarette case!

THE END

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Susie Cues

(Continued from page 55) afterward. It seems Mervyn LeRoy had seen a test the Peters girl had made for "Sergeant York" and decided she was just the ticket for "Random Harvest."

It was when LeRoy called her to his office and told her of this that she made her classic remark, thereby endearing herself to the greater part of female Hollywood. "Oh golly," she said, "all those gals who spent all that time testing for this . . . the poor kids!"

If she made them like her then, she managed to get their liking plus admiration in the months that followed.

This is how she did it. It's a studied technique, make no mistake about that. It's a thing you can practice, and learn, and use to your benefit.

It's based on appraising the people with whom you have to get along, even if you know from the beginning that they don't like you or that they resent and envy you; and it's getting along with them anyhow, somehow.

Susan did it. She learned how one day at the age of eight, when she was still fighting tooth and nail with her kid brother (aged five) over every square foot of their grandmother's house.

A little neighbor girl had come to visit and, during the innocent afternoon program, had thrown a rock at Susan. Susan retaliated with a recently opened tin can. Without waiting to see whether she had shaved off the offensive little girl's eyebrow as a consequence, Susan ran screaming to her grandmother.

"Go back," commanded the latter firmly, "and make peace with your guest. And remember always, Susan, never carry tales."

"I felt bitter and deflated," Susan remembers. "But then I went back and found my abhorrent little playmate not only unmoved, but holding forth to the others about how I'd played her dirt. I apologized for my part in the deal and suggested that we go on as if nothing had happened."

"I never saw the child again until she turned up at the next desk to mine in Hollywood High. Whereupon we were friends. She remembered the whole incident, apologized to me and lent me her complete notebook on Modern European History."

"When I came into the Hollywood scene, where how you get on with people is so very important, I took Grandma's lesson as a starter and worked out my own make-'em-like-me rules. And they really work!"

RULE number one could have a fancier name, but essentially it's best described thus: "Keep your mouth shut, Susan." Gossip, like the most insidious drug, obscures a girl's perspective, outrages normal sensibilities, suggests the impossible as probable.

"Any woman's a fool to open her mouth, ever, unless she's got something positive and constructive to say," says Susan. "Only a woman who's truly bored with everything, including herself, gossips. A healthy mind is just too tolerant to pry into the personal lives of others."

"As a matter of fact, my boss Louis B. Mayer gave me the best breakdown on the returns you can expect from spying and tattling."

"He said his mother had taken him out into the country once, when he was a little boy, and made him shout 'Darn you!' at the top of his voice. Seems there was an echo in the neighborhood and back came

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the words with the accent on the last word, the way echoes do. 'Darn you!' After that she told him to yell 'Bless you!'—and there it was. 'Bless you!' right back at him. . . ."

Building on this solid foundation, Susan rightly considered that the next step was figuring out how to meet people, both men and women, so that afterwards they'd say, "That Peters is a nice kid. I'd like to help her."

She'd had a little experience in meeting strangers. She had helped her mother manage the Santa Monica apartment house where she still lives. It was a job that called for patience, tact and wit.

"Have you ever noticed," Susan says, "the way most people respond to an introduction? They put out a limp hand as if it were something very valuable and let you shake it."

"So I decided that when anyone was introduced to me I'd think to myself, 'Here's someone brand-new who may be the most exciting personality I've ever met—and act that way. Boy, the response!'"

"But," she goes on, "it isn't just enough to be nice to people. You've got to be nice honestly. If you're hypocritical it will show through and then you've made an enemy."

HER theory applies to young ladies freshly in love, or freshly loved. In her time, Susan has been engaged to a number of young Californians (with her face and that figure, this was inevitable) and in each case, necessarily, the boy of the moment came to her leaving another girl behind him. Although keeping friends was not so important to her then as now, when a career may be at stake, she still had to go on living and letting live in her school—which for a while was a Pasadena convent and after that Hollywood High.

There wasn't much she could do, she thought at first, when a boy who had previously been devoted to her blonde neighbor in Algebra suddenly decided to ask Susan, instead of his regular date, to the Senior dance.

The first time, she simply accepted what Providence sent, without complaint and certainly without giving another thought to the blonde. The next thing she knew, she had the boy and all the other girls had a juicy story, contrived and passed along by the blonde, about how Sue Peters couldn't be trusted for two minutes with your boy friend.

Susan gave this situation some heavy thought. Most young California gals, Sue knew, are essentially worldly and adult young people. They must therefore accept the honest approach.

Wherefore, Susan would do the unexpected next time. Next time, indeed, Susan grinned disarmingly at the young man, remarked that she couldn't keep track of her invitations and suggested he drop her a line about it. With the note in hand, she found out the name of the girl who still claimed him (this time a redhead across the room in Biology 51) and dropped the letter where the redhead would be certain to find it.

"That's more than fair warning," thought Susan, reflecting that if the girl were smart enough to keep the boy for herself, she (Susan) would be no worse off; on the other hand, if the redhead muffed the situation she couldn't blame anyone but herself—at least she couldn't say Susan Peters hadn't given her a chance.

"That was pretty young of me, and I don't know how ethical," Susan says now. "But it worked."

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In essence, those are the rules that have worked consistently for the Peters girl. They represent a minimum outline on which to base your program, so important in these war times, for getting on—first with people, then in the job we women must do.

Stay awake nights thinking of ways to make your friends like you a little better, your critics approve of you a little more.

During the first minutes you know a person who can do you some good, don't think of the axe you are grinding. People who are that important are on the defensive against axe-grinders. Consider only what you can do for him (there's plenty you can do, if you have imagination) and he will be disarmed accordingly.

DON'T covet what another person possesses. If you do, it can't help but show on your face, or in your voice. There's no better way to make a man or woman wary of you.

Remember that you believe in yourself, in what you're doing and in the methods you use to do it. The person who accepts your proffered hand will recognize, as a result, that you have dignity, self-respect and ambition, and he will want to know you better.

Be as attractive as you can, as often as you can. This means learning the trick of wearing well. Make the most of your face and your figure; let what sincerity, graciousness and character you possess show through your habitual party manner. Then relax.

Learn to laugh well—heartily, honestly, without giggling; then use laughter sparingly. Laugh with people, never at them, even if they have made a joke on themselves. People who do that are ordinarily on the defensive and they don't want you to agree with them. Learn the value of a dead-pan. Sometimes its only value is to distinguish you from a roomful of women chortling foolishly at nothing.

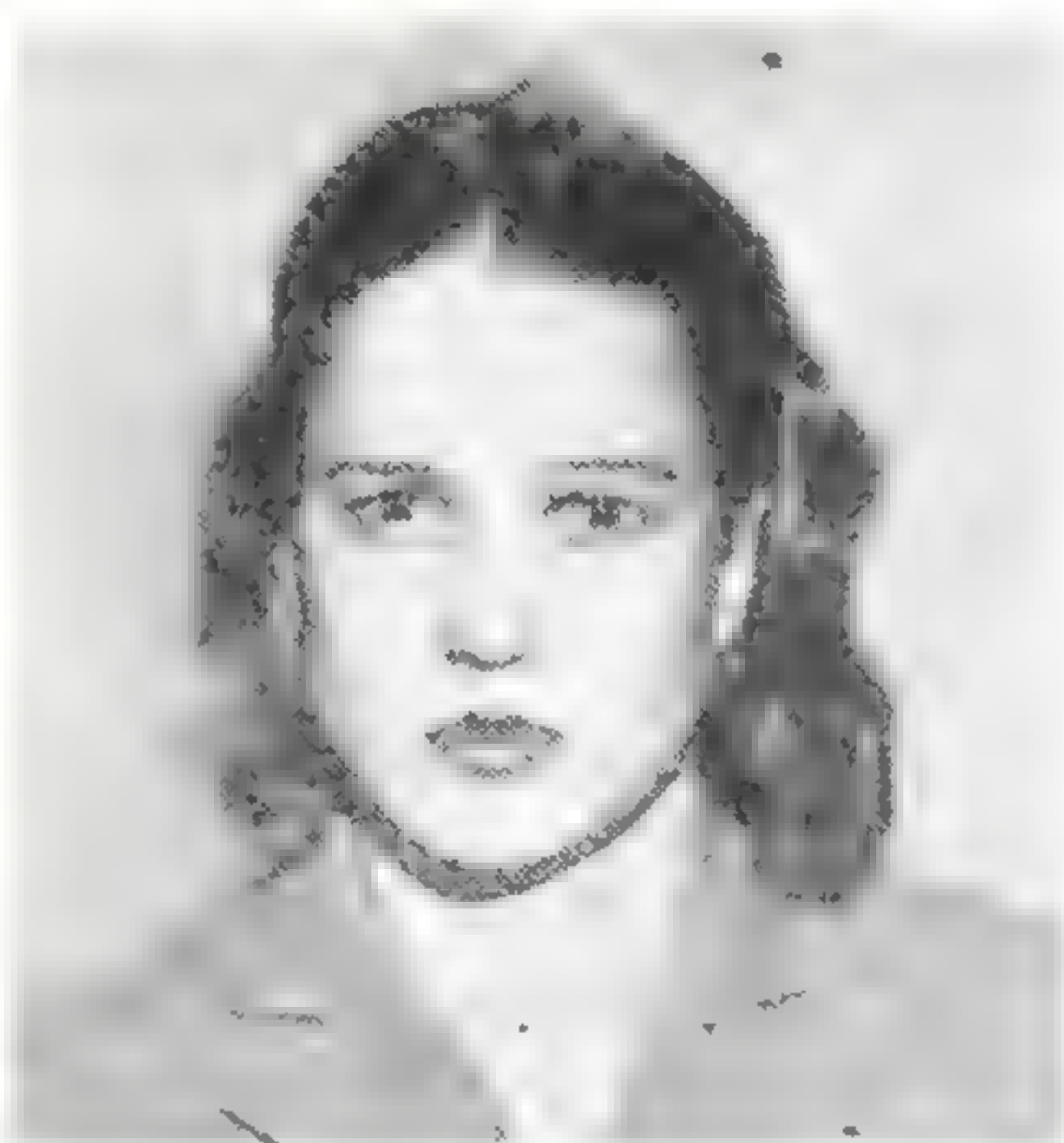
In the last analysis, try consciously always to be a little nicer than the other person. So long as you don't carry this effort to the point of being holier-than-thou or so sweet you look hypocritical, you will always find yourself in the stronger position. You can't lose, and you can't help but win.

THE END

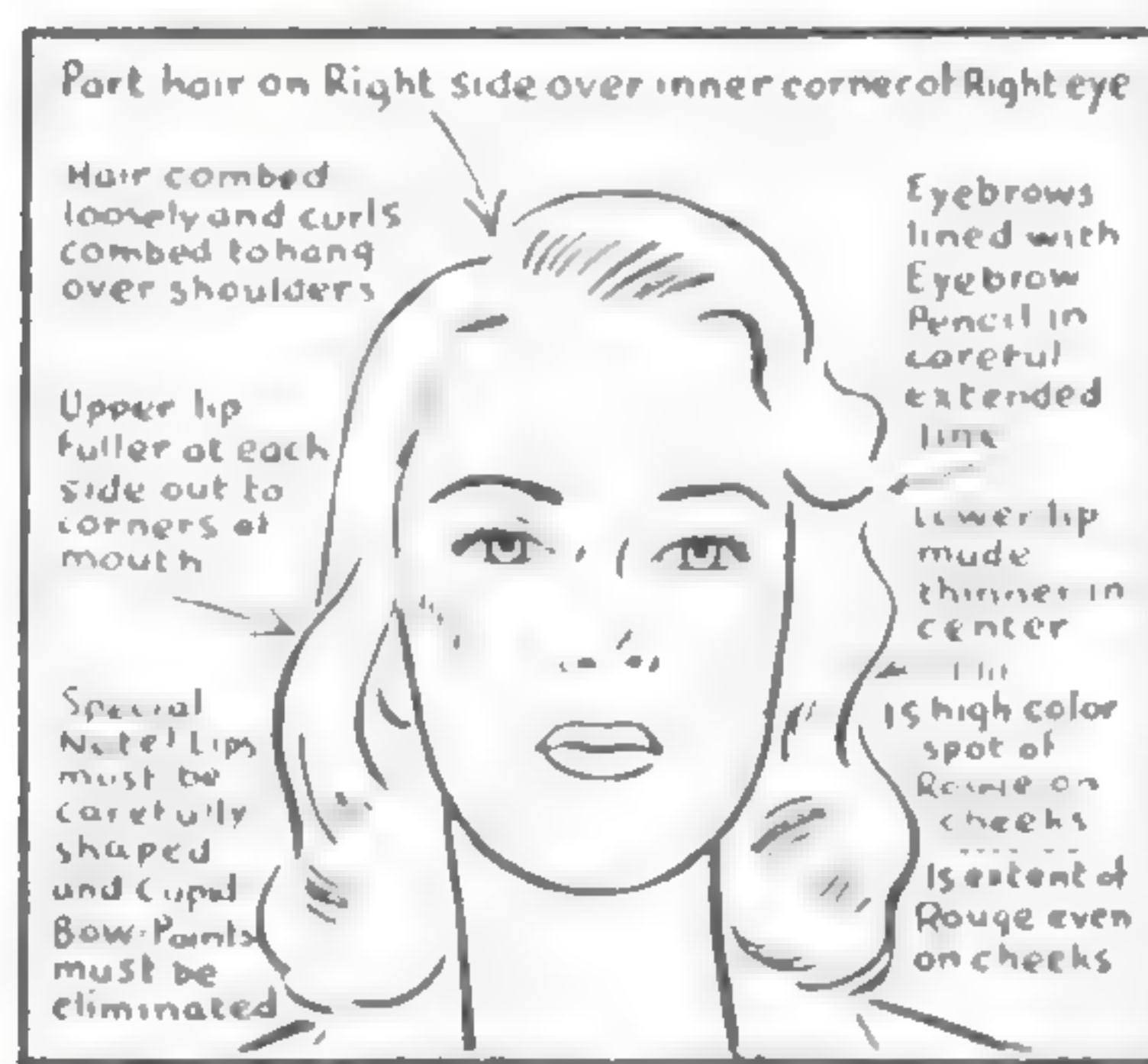


Good-by scene: Bob Taylor makes the rounds of the studios before leaving for the Army

Before . . . SELF-CONSCIOUS

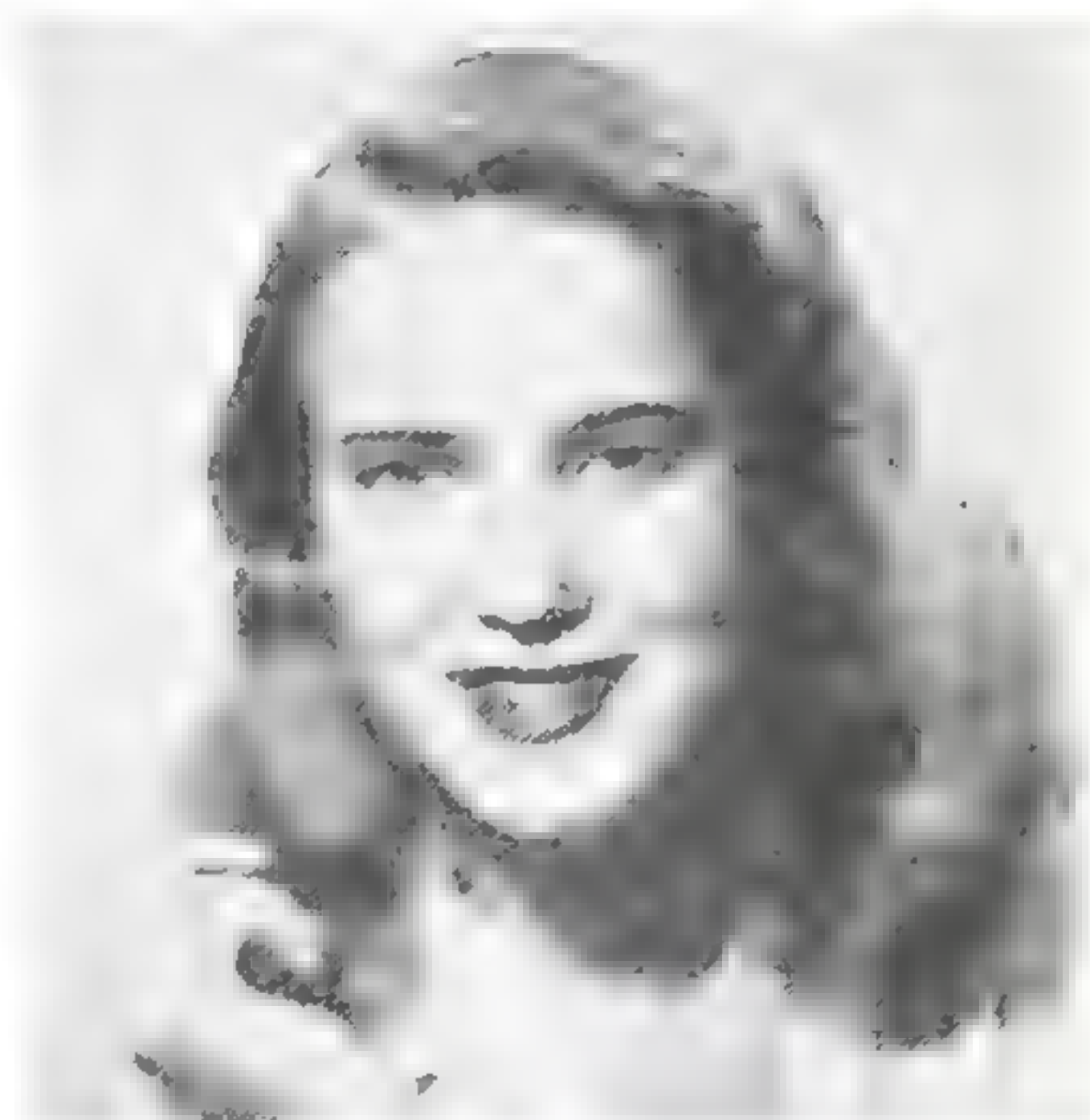


Laine Solg was "just average." Thought herself born shy—that beauty was beyond her reach. Before Powers Training she was SELF-CONSCIOUS.



Her beauty highlights are revealed in the PHOTO-REVISE drawn for her. This is one of the 60 personal "just for you" Powers Home Course features.

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Here's how Laine looks today with her Powers training. She was thrilled to be selected as "Miss United Nations." Now she's SELF-CONFIDENT.

You can become YOU! through this celebrated "POWERS GIRL" training

Like so many otherwise intelligent women Laine Solg failed to take advantage of her individual beauty highlights.

Why do girls think because they lack regular features, beauty is beyond their reach?

Why do women mistakenly practice starvation diets hoping to achieve a lovely figure?

Why do so many women, busy at war work, allow themselves to lose their natural trimness, vitality, charm?

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Write John Robert Powers today. He will send you by return mail all the thrilling details in his illustrated booklet THE POWERS WAY. See for yourself just how you will benefit from "POWERS GIRL" training. YOU WILL BE THRILLED! Send in this coupon NOW.

If you are one of the many discriminating young women who would like to feel better, enjoy a lovely figure, self-assurance, win thrilling compliments—send me this coupon today. I'll speed you full details by return mail.

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When you're tired, jittery, then relax gloriously in the fragrant billowy bubbles of Bathasweet Foam. Yes, and your skin is gloriously, radiantly cleansed in the softened water! Enjoy your bath as you never enjoyed a bath before!



Listen gals!

Send 3¢ stamp with your name and address for trial one-bath packet, to Bathasweet Corp., Suite 31, 1911 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.



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New glamour for you



... with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. A perfectly blended powder-and-base in one, MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP is non-greasy, goes on easily ... camouflages blemishes ... and gives your complexion a velvety smooth, radiantly fresh-looking finish which lasts all day long. Try it and see the new glamour it gives you ... see why more women use MINER'S than any other tinted LIQUID POWDER BASE. Six skin-glorifying shades ... 25c & 50c

MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor" (and save up to 50%)

says alluring **PAT BOYD**
"We must be glamorous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, *really* did the job—Odorono Cream!"

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

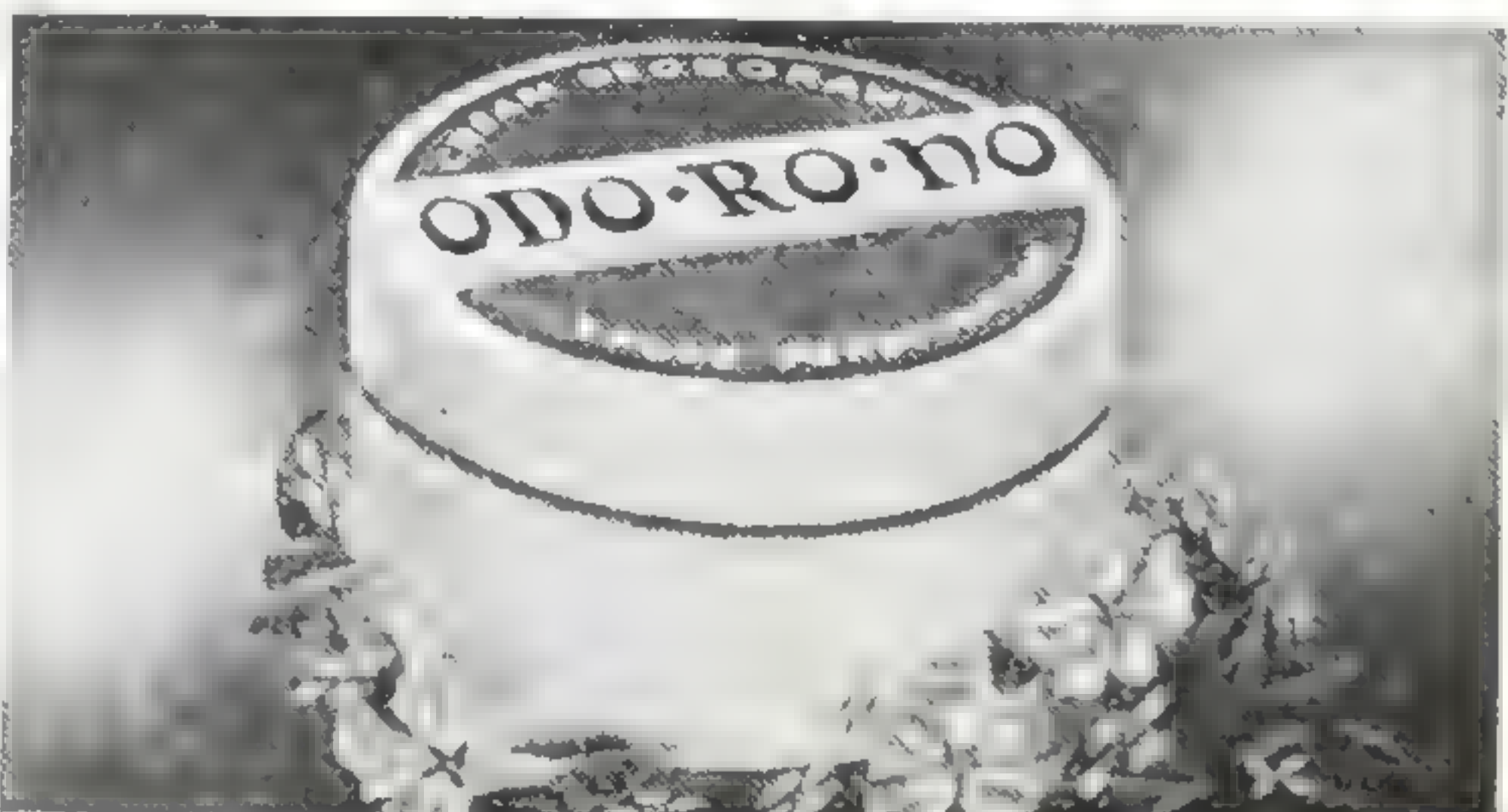
"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Odorono Cream won't rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving!

"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamorous' ... here's my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You'll be delighted, I know."



Winsome Pat Boyd



Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 4)

\$1.00 PRIZE

Against War Pictures

WE elbowed along the fleet-infested streets of San Diego feeling mighty sorry for ourselves. Y'see, we were three thousand miles from home and he (my newly acquired husband) was due to receive his orders to return to hell, via the South Pacific.

Suddenly out of the shadows loomed the words, "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Sailor boys and their sweethearts rushed from far and wide to harness a little joy. In we all thronged. What a gay romantic mood hung over that full house! What's more, that mood lasted until my man embarked. (Well, almost.)

Then back to the old home town went I, with another long face. But that was soon remedied, for "Coney Island" was running rampant all over the local screen. Sure 'nuf, it tided my blues over until his letters started coming through.

And so I boom: Hurray for escapist pictures!!

Mrs. Cleland Reid,
Falls Church, Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE

For War Pictures

I AM speaking from the ranks—ranks of average American college girls. Just before I left school, we had a very heated argument over the type of movie for wartime America. Then, and many times since, I've heard people exclaiming over so many war pictures as being "depressing" and "disheartening." "Give us comedies and romances," they cry!

Surely the average movie-goer isn't dreading an insight into what is actually taking place "over there!"

Personally, when I see a movie concerning war, it leaves me even more patriotic and willing to serve than before. Hollywood, you're serving your country in another way without knowing it! Keep producing those "Victory" pictures!

Anne Slate,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Good Idea!

MY boyfriend is a SeaBee with the U. S. Navy in the Southwest Pacific.

"It wouldn't be so bad killing Japs out here," Al once wrote me, "but going for so many long months without seeing a pretty white girl is too much!"

So I became the star reporter and photographer for his battalion and every month I clip out pictures from Photoplay-Movie Mirror of Hollywood's glamour stars and send them to the boys.

Recently Al wrote, "Golly, not only are your Hollywood glamour gals a treat for our eyes but the fellas here feel as if they know the stars personally. We look at the photos so much! And what's more," he added, "thanks for a swell magazine!"

Mary Rose Krypel,
Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Well, Why?

WHY waste ...

... Robert Preston in those crummy things with Ellen Drew in them? Is De Mille the only one in Hollywood that recognizes real talent?

... perfectly good music on Betty Grable?

... sarongs on Maria Montez? On her they look like gunny sacks.

... Chester Morris in "B's"? He ought to get an Oscar for the patience of Job.

... Dana Andrews in second leads? He is certainly better than Henry Hayseed Fonda, but still he plays second fiddle! I don't get it.

... Deanna Durbin in these "I'm twenty-one now" pictures. We believe her. Anyway, she should sing "Begin The Beguine" more often and leave the classics to the prima donnas.

... time? Universal seems to have hit another jackpot in Donald O'Connor. We want to see more of him! Well? What are you waiting for?

Barbara Barker,
Hollywood, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE One Woman's Thought

MOVIE-GOERS have their favorite players. I have—lots of 'em. Maybe favorites and fans alike will allow me to "speak for myself."

Though we older women stay home, The stay-at-home tasks are our bit.

So we send all our menfolk to service Our job is to keep ourselves fit.

So we join a Red Cross sewing unit. There's plenty to knit and to sew.

Who knows but the sweater you're knitting

Will go to some nice boy you know.

We save our scrap paper and rubber, Scrap iron and aluminum too.

Even fat plays a part in the salvage.

To remake means to see the war through.

God's for us—who shall be against us!

His promise is Right over Wrong.

His Voice on the air, on the ocean, Bidding peace in a triumphant song.

Mrs. L. A. Pitts,
Dorchester, Mass.

(This letter is from a grandmother with a twenty-year-old grandson in service.)

HONORABLE MENTION

WHAT a wise girl—Bonita Granville! While your article "My Wartime Morals" is aimed at the fairer sex, it inspires us fellows in the service, too.

May the fine forms of young womanhood heed the sane advice you give. We soldiers will get along all right and in the end we will have had a so much fonder remembrance of our fair ones who, after the war, we shall come home to claim as our own wives.

Sgt. O. P. Speed
c/o Postmaster
Los Angeles, Cal.

JUST a minute, fella, do you mean to sit there in your right mind and say you really liked Joan Fontaine as Tessa? Pul-leeze, my operation! Just because she had been so good in everything else she has played should not blind you to the fact that she was terribly miscast—and simpered through "The Constant Nymph" like a silly symph!

Teresa Frey,
Bridgeport, Conn.

"**T**HE Constant Nymph" prompts my letter. It's a marvelous story, but Joan's wardrobe distracted my complete spiritual enjoyment. I think some slight change of coiffure and dress could have been effected while Joan was at boarding school "being civilized" without disturbing the

"constant" trend, in one's mind in the least.

This superficial blunder spoiled my complete enjoyment of a truly good story.

Rose Mary Couch,
Louisville, Ky.

OH, Daddy, buy me that! Ever since I saw "Air Force" I've been wondering where he'd been all my life! Who? Why, Jim Brown, of course!

"Some's got it and some ain't; but he's got it!" And he's got me in a super-dither awaiting more fascination as soon as somebody gets smart enough to put him in another picture.

Robertta Ann Perry,
Edwardsville, Ill.

"**T**HE More the Merrier" is right—let's have more like that picture and we'll all be merrier.

It's been so long since I've seen a show that wasn't loaded down with spies that I kept expecting a buck-toothed Jap to appear any moment with Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur. Fortunately, I was spared my usual ordeal of having to figure out how the hero could kill fifty Jap-rats with one hand, for I was actually seeing a comedy.

Mary E. Clymonts,
Webster Groves, Mo.

THE "Blondie" pictures are very funny and I wouldn't miss seeing them for anything, but when is Dagwood going to eat his Bumpstead Special sandwich. He always makes it, but never eats it and besides it makes me kind of hungry.

Mrs. James Docherty,
Montreal, Canada

I was petrified!

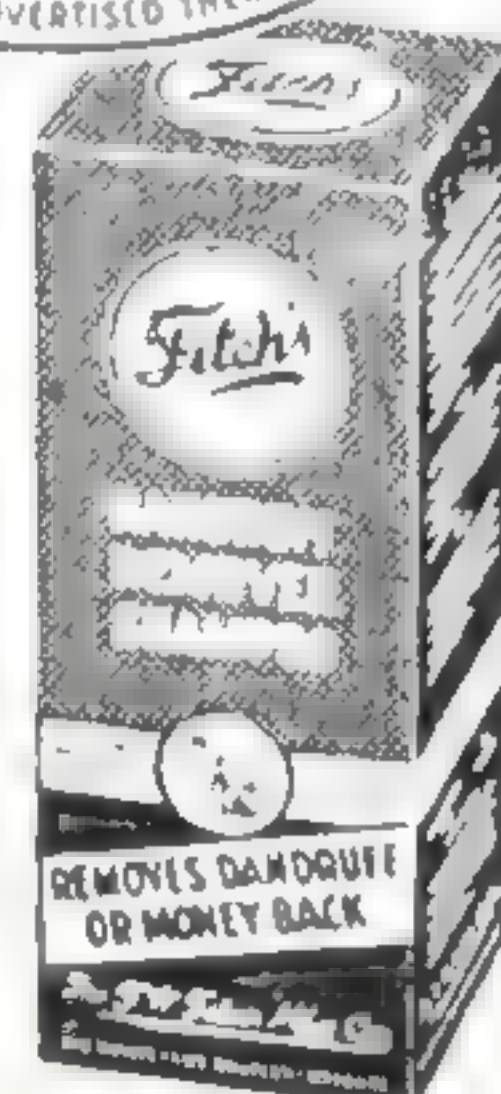
From across the room his eyes flashed a dare I could not accept! My heart responded! But I ran away. He must not see that dandruff kept me from being lovable. That was two months ago, before a beauty operator advised me to use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo each week. I discovered that beauty operators depend on the Fitch guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. They know that Fitch Shampoo reconditions dry, oily and normal hair, because it penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings. If you're worried about dull lifeless hair, and humiliated by dandruff, ask for a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your favorite toilet goods counter, as I did. And I hope you have as good luck as I did—we're being married next month.

LISTEN TO THE FITCH BANDWAGON TWICE WEEKLY!
The new Mid-week Bandwagon features famous Song-writers on the Blue Network, Wednesday nights, 9:00 p.m. EWT—and the popular Sunday night program over NBC at 7:30 p.m. EWT, stars your favorite orchestras.

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MONEY BACK



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1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.
2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.
3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.
4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

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ADOLA, 17 W. 37 ST., N. Y. C.

Frontdoor Debutante

(Continued from page 60) job for Greek War Relief—stayed over to play "Hedda Gabler" in New York, and eventually to outrun Nazimova, Pola Negri, Flora Robson and Blanche Yurka for the *Pilar* role. It was her first exposure to the cinema, so they poised a dozen giant cameras on her, crowded her into the space of two feet with technicians, sound men, photographers, actors, dialogue coaches, script girls, set sweepers and assistant directors, told her not to move more than two inches to the right or left and smiled, saying: "Now, just be natural, Katina."

SHE was born a Constantopoulos in Athens, something like forty or forty-five years ago, to a nice, rich set of parents who pelted her with assorted languages, music, ballet and flowing robes for Sunday picnics at the Parthenon.

From thirteen to twenty-three she went into training for opera, rebelled at the boiled-over brass she was required to sing and announced to Mother Constantopoulos, her next trip to Athens, that she was going to be an actress, instead. Mother C. broke down, pointed dramatically to the door, told her terrible tot to pass through, never to return—and Katina flounced out, not even stopping to change her stockings. That night she moved into the basement in the house of a government official she knew and slept on newspapers for six months. Greek basements, she wants you to know, are nothing but plain, good earth, with the first floor for a ceiling and the plumbing works for decorative fixtures—but she remembered that she was a lady of delicate upbringing and changed the papers every day!

She finally joined a group called the Cottopouli Stock Company, eased into the title role of their production, "The Naked Woman"—a bedroom broadside, with classic Greek undertones—and played the part straight, as the title advertised. Her health, her coloring and her measurements stood out so notably in the frayed Cottopouli lineup that the other women gal-led up on her, made her get dressed and relegated her to maid parts for the next two years. Only relief assignment was a bawdy-lady characterization, where Katina ran across the stage in her underwear shouting "Vive l'republique," with a French accent. No inspired acting—but her classy curvature tickled the customers and stole the show again. And this time the girls didn't fool around. They got her fired.

Next job landed her in the Royal Greek Theater, with Alexis Minotis, a handsome young actor who was trying to breathe twentieth-century ideas into the ancient Greek drama. When Katina showed up, Minotis shelved Euripides for the time being, married the negligee queen and started to make an honest actress of her. Between the two of them, they brought Sophocles and Aeschylus up to date, played

them in the original three-thousand-year-old open-air theaters of Athens and Delphi and multiplied the scant five hundred theater-going regulars of Athens by five hundred—running up the total to a neat quarter million attendees, within ten years.

They performed the classics at the foot of the Acropolis and made them exciting as Hitchcock thrillers, without changing a single line. They rehearsed all day, every day, and after every performance until four o'clock in the morning. They never took a vacation, worked like long-shoremen and ate like sparrows—and Paxinou and Minotis leaped to fame as the Lunt and Fontanne of Greece, sponsored by the King and financed by a government tax on races and lotteries. Paxinou even ran up a musical score for "Oedipus Rex," conducting it herself, when the crushed composer of the original music quit in a huff. Then: "Stop praising yourself, Katina," from modest Minotis, "it was nothing so much." "Maybe it wasn't genius," counters a chastened Paxinou, "but it was hard work, wasn't it?"

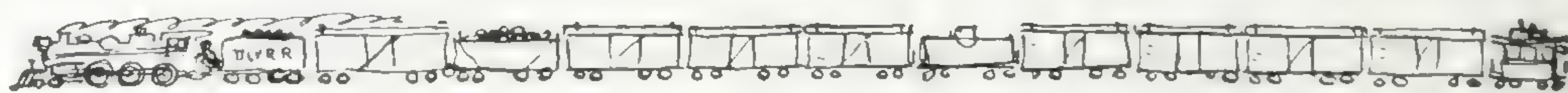
PAXINOU was in London when France fell. Minotis was in Athens. She stayed on to make broadcasts for the British Broadcasting Company and to perform other duties "which I am not at liberty to talk about," while her husband, a political enemy of the Nazis, started upon the first of three attempts to escape from Greece.

The first time he was picked up by a Gestapo officer who recognized him from a performance of "Hamlet" he had seen in Frankfurt; the second time he managed to cross the border into Turkey, only to be picked up by the Gestapo again and returned to Athens. The third time, he escaped through Smyrna, on through to Palestine and around the world to America, weighing ninety pounds upon arrival. "He's 160 pounds now," beams Paxinou, and both of them break into a rhythmic harangue in Greek, complete with arm-waving, temple-clutching, facial gyrations—and, finally, calm.

Right now, they're debating whether Minotis should shave off whatever hair he has left, to play the role of a Russian soldier in a forthcoming Paramount film. "It's a good part," they argue, "but (and Paxinou shudders) what if the hair doesn't grow back in!"

They live in an eight-room furnished house in Beverly Hills, with an ailing great Dane and a Victory garden that provides their salad bowl every night. Paxinou cooks and sews, knits, gardens, mends and rearranges the furniture twice daily. She also makes dinner parties, being careful to limit the number of guests to six because "all they furnished was silverware for eight and, if anybody extra comes, poor Alexis has to say he isn't hungry."

THE END



This is the Train
that's going to bring to you
your December Photoplay.

Be patient if it's late—that's because of wartime transportation difficulties. But be sure, when the train does pull in, your copy is aboard it.

Reserve that December Photoplay now!

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 23)

✓✓ Lassie Come Home (MGM)

It's About: A dog whose love and devotion overcome all obstacles.

A TRIUMPH of Technicolor and a story to fill the heart with warmth and courage, love and faith, is this tale of Lassie, the dog who could not be separated from those he loved.

Based upon the novel by the late Eric Knight, the story at no time becomes maudlin or sentimentally sticky. Those who know and love dogs will realize how very true to life are Lassie's instincts—to get home and be with his loved ones at all costs and with no thought for himself.

Donald Crisp, a Yorkshireman out of work, and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, decide to sell Lassie to Nigel Bruce, an English duke, because they cannot afford to feed him. It all but breaks the heart of their boy, Roddy McDowall, whose life and habits have become a part of his beloved friend's.

But Lassie refuses the separation even when Bruce carries him off to Scotland. Making his escape, the dog begins his perilous trek all the way back to England and almost loses his life getting back. His adventures en route include a stay with Dame May Whitty, who saves his life but knows she must let him go, and an interlude with Edmund Gwenn, a cheery, understanding little fellow who sells pots and pans about the countryside.

Gwenn's performance is marvelous and as for Lassie himself, well, there's an actor and a gentleman everyone will love.

Your Reviewer Says: A tender story in a magnificent frame.

✓✓ Claudia (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A child wife who grows up.

CHUCKLE after chuckle mount and grow into a crescendo that melts into tears and heartache in this utterly entrancing story that proved a two-year hit on the New York stage. How lucky Hollywood is to have secured Dorothy McGuire, star of the stage play, to play the role of Claudia, the child wife whose ideas on sex and business are killingly funny.

Robert Young, as Claudia's older and thoroughly perplexed husband, is completely real and natural. Patiently he lives through Claudia's mother fixation, her attempts at intrigue with a Britisher, her business transactions that sell their home from under them and finally her impending motherhood and awful awakening to realities when she realizes her mother, beautifully played by Ina Claire, has only a short time to live.

Reginald Gardiner, as "that Britisher," and Olga Baclanova, as the opera singer, are outstanding.

You'll love Claudia. You'll laugh and you'll cry with her and be so very entertained all the while.

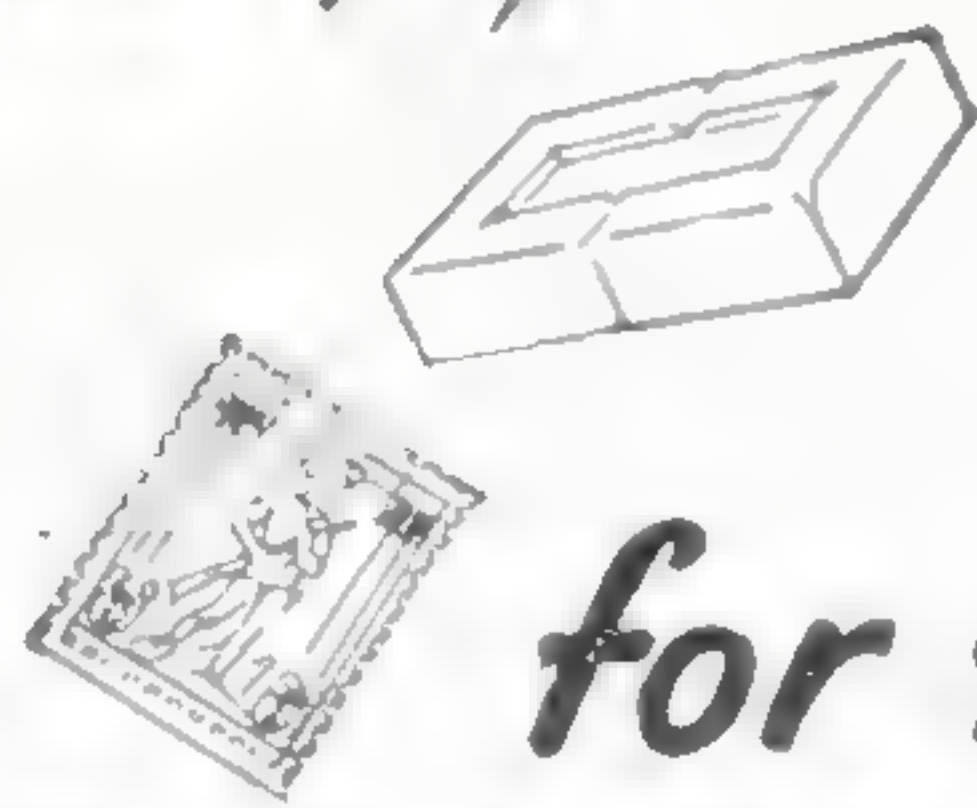
Your Reviewer Says: Completely captivating.

✓ The Fallen Sparrow (RKO)

It's About: An ex-soldier for Spanish Loyalists who runs afoul of Nazi agents.

THIS is a bit involved but an interest-holder despite the many threads that run through the film. Those of us who

"I USE Royledge - and save these



for the WAR EFFORT"

Yes, every bit of war-vital material you can save speeds Victory. Now see what this modern, durable, colorful shelving *saves* for your Uncle:

TACKS . . . and tacks are steel! Royledge clings flat as you lay it; needs no fastening.

SOAP . . . and soap contains fat! Royledge is a "doubl-edge," strong paper shelving that needs no laundering.

FABRICS . . . many fabrics used for shelving are war-essential.

MONEY . . . at 6¢ for a whole 9-ft. package of Royledge, many a penny can be saved for war stamps.

Now, more than ever, Royledge is your thriftiest household buy. Remember, we need millions for defense . . . and not one cent should go for tribute to waste!

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15¢ at your 5¢ and 10¢ or neighborhood store

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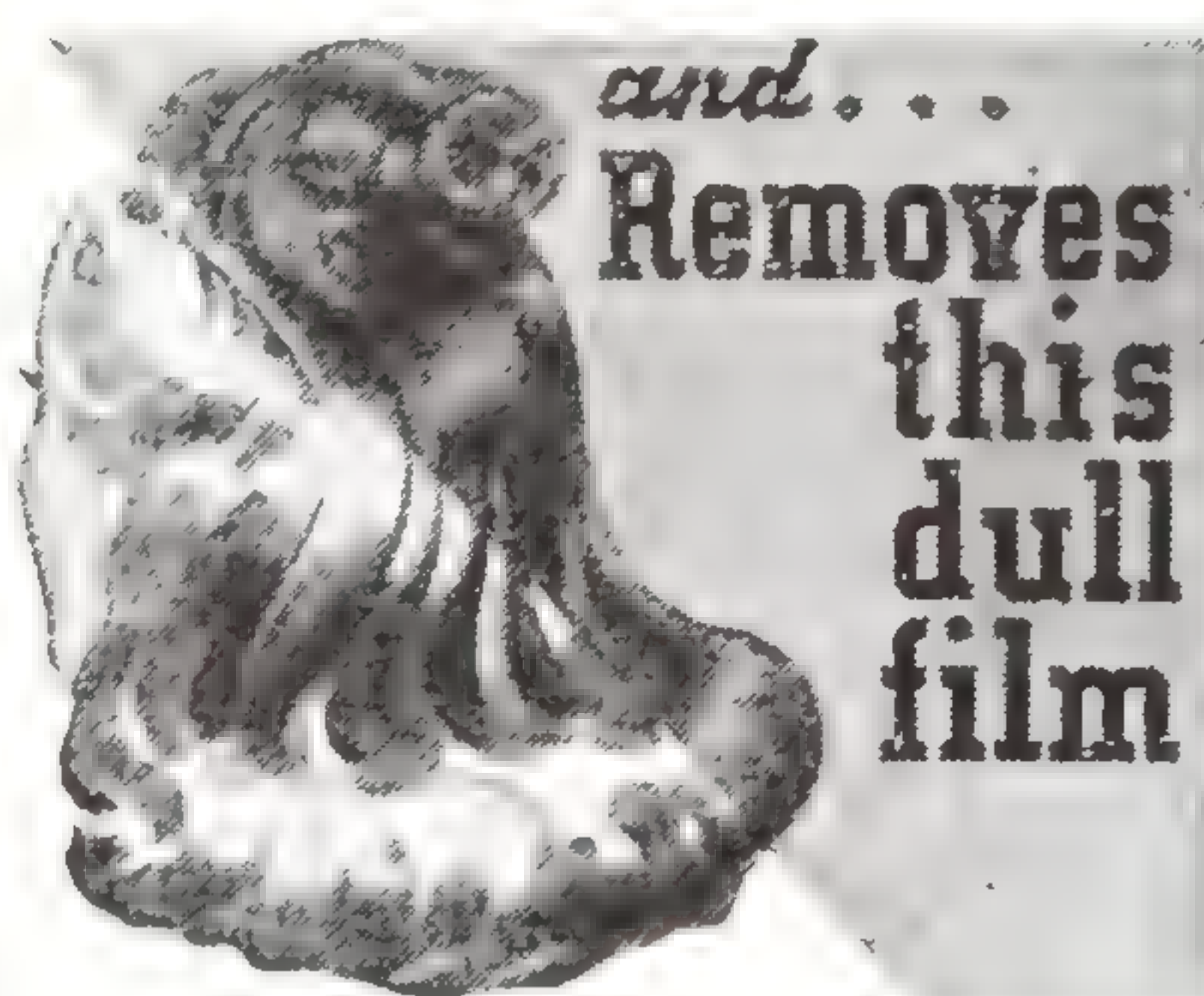
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by KURLASH

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc. Rochester, New York

have read the book are subject to even more confusion of mind, as the object of the Nazis' relentless search has been switched from fancy goblets to a flag standard—but still, or in spite of this, it's an interesting, well done spy mystery.

John Garfield is mighty good as the American who was permitted to escape from a Spanish prison in order to be watched by Nazi agents and thus lead them to the hiding place of the flag standard.

After recuperating on an Arizona ranch from his experience, Garfield returns to New York when he learns a detective pal is murdered. Then the fun begins.

Martha O'Driscoll is pleasing as the night-club singer who tries to aid Garfield. Maureen O'Hara, beautiful but emotionally cold, is the girl who wins Garfield's love but—well, wait and see.

Walter Slezak can't be beat as a Nazi heel. He plays those roles so smoothly. Patricia Morison is good in a minor role.

Your Reviewer Says: Good mystery.

✓ Hi Diddle Diddle (U. A.)

It's About: An interrupted honeymoon.

IT'S the old bedroom farce of the newly married couple who, for the most outlandish reasons, can't seem to get together. It's as far-fetched as the moon, tickly as champagne bubbles and heavy as a feather. But it's just what the old medico ordered after a surfeit of heavy war dramas.

Dennis O'Keefe, the sailor groom, attempts to aid his new mother-in-law, Billie Burke, recoup her lost fortune and at the same time spend his forty-eight-hour leave with his bride.

Martha Scott graduates from drama to farce with a straight A grade. She's cute, chic, funny. Adolphe Menjou, O'Keefe's father, and Pola Negri, his stepmother, are a perfect team. June Havoc sings rather well.

All in all, it's better than a day at the Fun House and not nearly so strenuous.

Your Reviewer Says: Whoopee!

Best Pictures of the Month

Girl Crazy
Claudia

A Lady Takes A Chance
Lassie Come Home
Holy Matrimony
Watch On The Rhine
Johnny Come Lately
Thank Your Lucky Stars

Best Performances

Dorothy McGuire in "Claudia"
Robert Young in "Claudia"
Jean Arthur in "A Lady Takes A Chance"
Lassie in "Lassie Come Home"
Edmund Gwenn in "Lassie Come Home"
Monty Woolley in "Holy Matrimony"
Gracie Fields in "Holy Matrimony"
Paul Lukas in "Watch On The Rhine"
Lucile Watson in "Watch On The Rhine"
James Cagney in "Johnny Come Lately"

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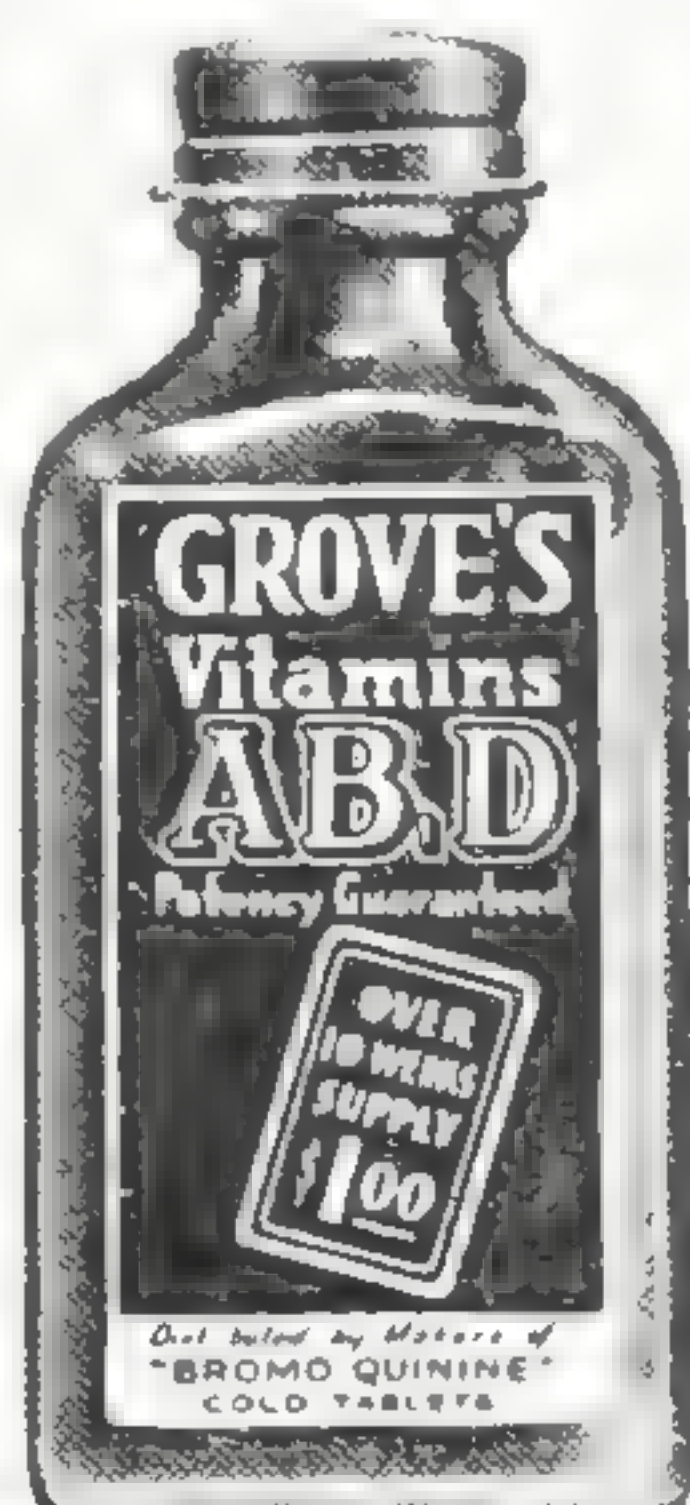


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✓ Frontier Badmen (Universal)

It's About: *The establishing of an honest cattle market out West.*

THIS is a good Western. It has a story to tell—how an honest market for Texas cattlemen was established at old Abilene with Robert Paige and his partner, Noah Beery Jr., doing most of the establishing. It has pretty Anne Gwynne loved by both boys, and Diana Barrymore, surprisingly enough, in the small role of a lady owner of a gambling house.

Comedy is handled by Andy Devine, Leo Carrillo and Frank Lackteen. Lon Chaney is a tough villain and Paige a grand hero.

Your Reviewer Says: A swell out-West story.

Tornado (Paramount)

It's About: *The unhappiness caused a man by a socially ambitious wife.*

CHESTER MORRIS is a hard-working, happy-as-the-day-is-long coal miner who marries showgirl Nancy Kelly, an ambitious woman, who goads him on to success only to prove unfaithful and meet her just dues in a whirling tornado.

Nancy Kelly does a swell job and Chester Morris has never been more likable. Gwen Kenyon and Bill Henry lend able support to this action-packed story.

Your Reviewer Says: A solidly packed little B.

✓ Someone To Remember (Republic)

It's About: *An old lady who guides a student's life.*

BECAUSE of its originality and quaint charm, we liked and enjoyed this story of an old lady who refused to move from a residential hotel that had been sold as a boys' college dormitory. She takes a great interest in one of the boys because he bears the same name as her missing son and helps him make his grades. She also promotes his marriage to Dorothy Morris, a cutie if ever there was one.

The old lady, who loses her loneliness, dies before she actually knows her own son is dead and will not return.

Mabel Paige does a superb job as the old lady, giving tenderness and pathos to the role. John Craven is ideal as the boy. Tom Seidel, Charles Dingle and Harry Shannon lend splendid support.

Your Reviewer Says: Lavender and rare lace in a rah-rah setting!

✓✓ Fired Wife (Universal)

It's About: *An interrupted honeymoon that leads to divorce.*

SPRIGHTLY, gay and sassy as a daisy is this flighty little tale of a pair of deeply-in-love newlyweds who start off on a honeymoon that ends in Reno.

Louise Allbritton is the bride who interrupts her honeymoon to return to New York to direct a play for producer Walter Abel. Her marriage to Robert Paige, head of an advertising agency, must be kept secret as Abel, it seems, is allergic to married working women. Louise is unable to keep her mind on her job when Paige becomes involved with one of his radio performers, Diana Barrymore, and when Abel insists Louise marry his foreign star,

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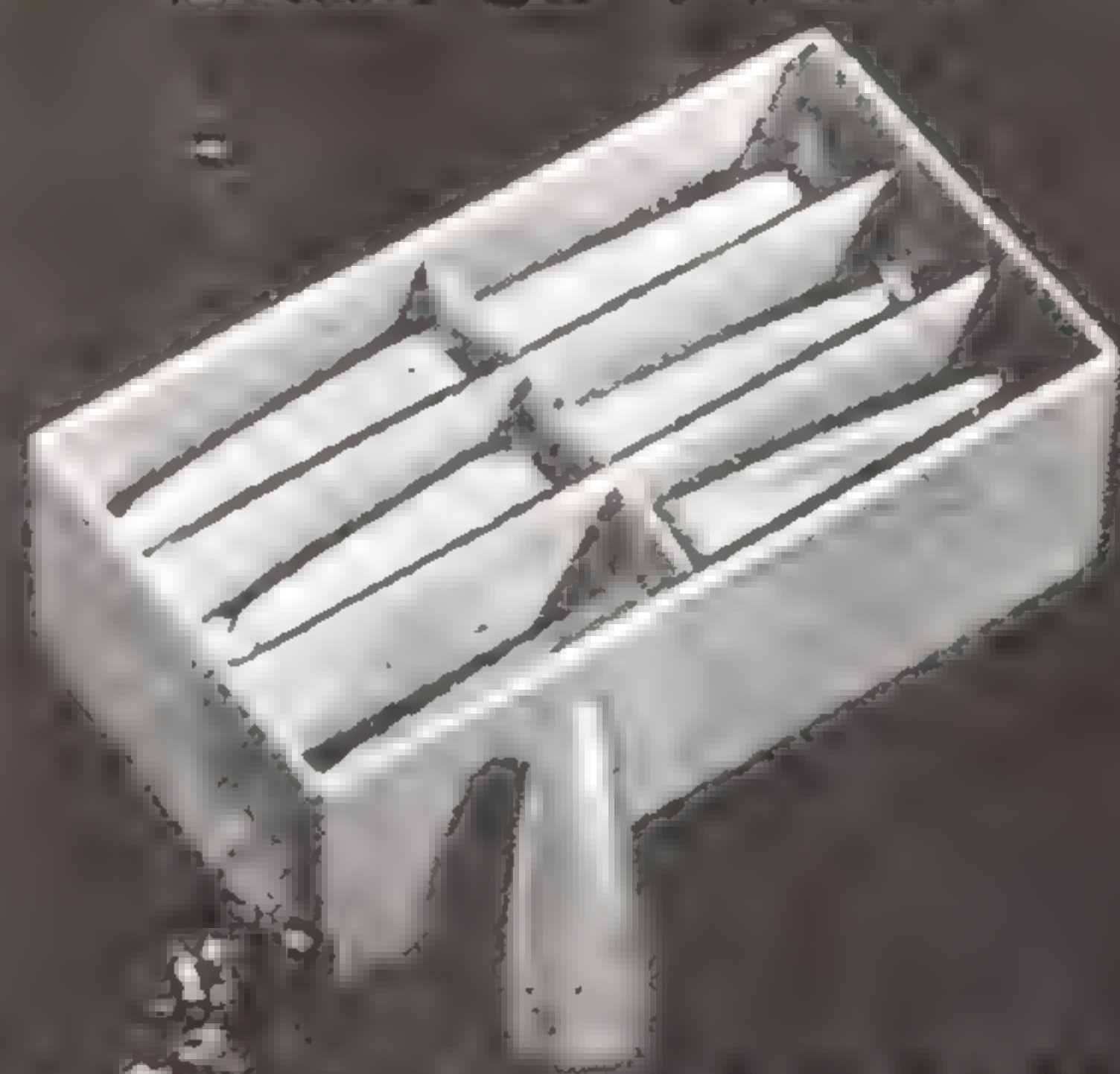
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And remember this—whether you're a blonde, brunette or red head—Marchand's enables you to obtain the exact degree of lightness you desire.

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George Dolenz, to save him from deportation, the confusion is just too much.

Everyone on the screen and out front has a gay old time.

Your Reviewer Says: Frothy as frosting.

✓ The Man From Down Under (M-G-M)

It's About: The result of an Aussie soldier's adopting two children.

WORLD WAR I has just ended and soldier Charles Laughton adopts and takes home with him to Australia two Belgian orphans. One grows up to be Richard Carlson, a champion prize fighter who injures his shoulders and terminates his career. The other is Donna Reed, whose suitor, Horace McNally, is knocked silly by Carlson for daring to propose. It's then the two know they are in love, though they have always believed they were brother and sister. It is subsequently proved they aren't, but not before Laughton buys a defunct hotel, finds the girl he jilted, Binnie Barnes, on his trail and Japs dropping on him from the skies.

Which will give you some idea of why too many things happen.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much water for the soup bone.

The Strange Death of Adolf Hitler (Universal)

It's About: A woman who dies believing she has murdered Hitler.

A BIT far-fetched is this fantastic tale of a man who becomes Hitler's double. His wife, Gale Sondergaard, is falsely informed her husband is dead, shot by the Nazis as a traitor. She then vows vengeance and is finally brought before the man she believes to be Hitler, but who is actually her husband who also intends to assassinate Der Fuehrer. Unfortunately, Miss Sondergaard unknowingly murders her husband and kills herself and the big bad wolf of Berlin is left free to prowl.

Your Reviewer Says: Merely a little novelty.

Nobody's Darling (Republic)

It's About: The ugly duckling of a famous screen pair.

TAKE a look inside the schoolroom of these children of Hollywood's celebrities and then look away quickly because this isn't the way it is at all, believe us.

But anyway, it provides a setting for little Mary Lee, the unpretty daughter of movie actor Louis Calhern and actress Gladys George, who wants to sing in the school play. The efforts of the parents to help their offspring bring about a new understanding between them.

Jackie Moran and Lee Patrick are two fine performers. Mary Lee sings several songs well.

Your Reviewer Says: Harmless little piece.

✓ Destroyer (Columbia)

It's About: The test of a ship under enemy bombardment.

THE John Paul Jones II is built to replace a destroyer of the same name and sets sail under the guidance of Edward G. Robinson, veteran of World War I and an old sour-puss meanie. His misbehavior antagonizes the entire crew, including

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PESTER ME
I FIND THAT MILES NERVINE
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TO RELAX
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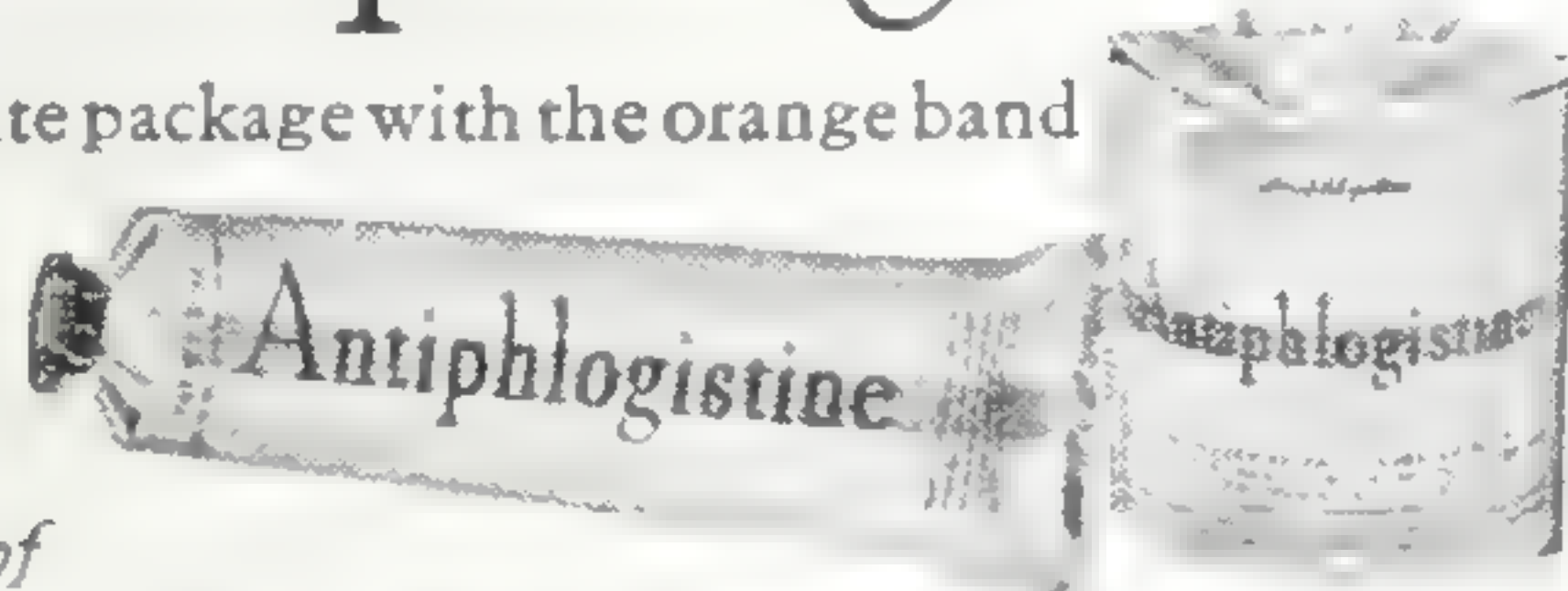
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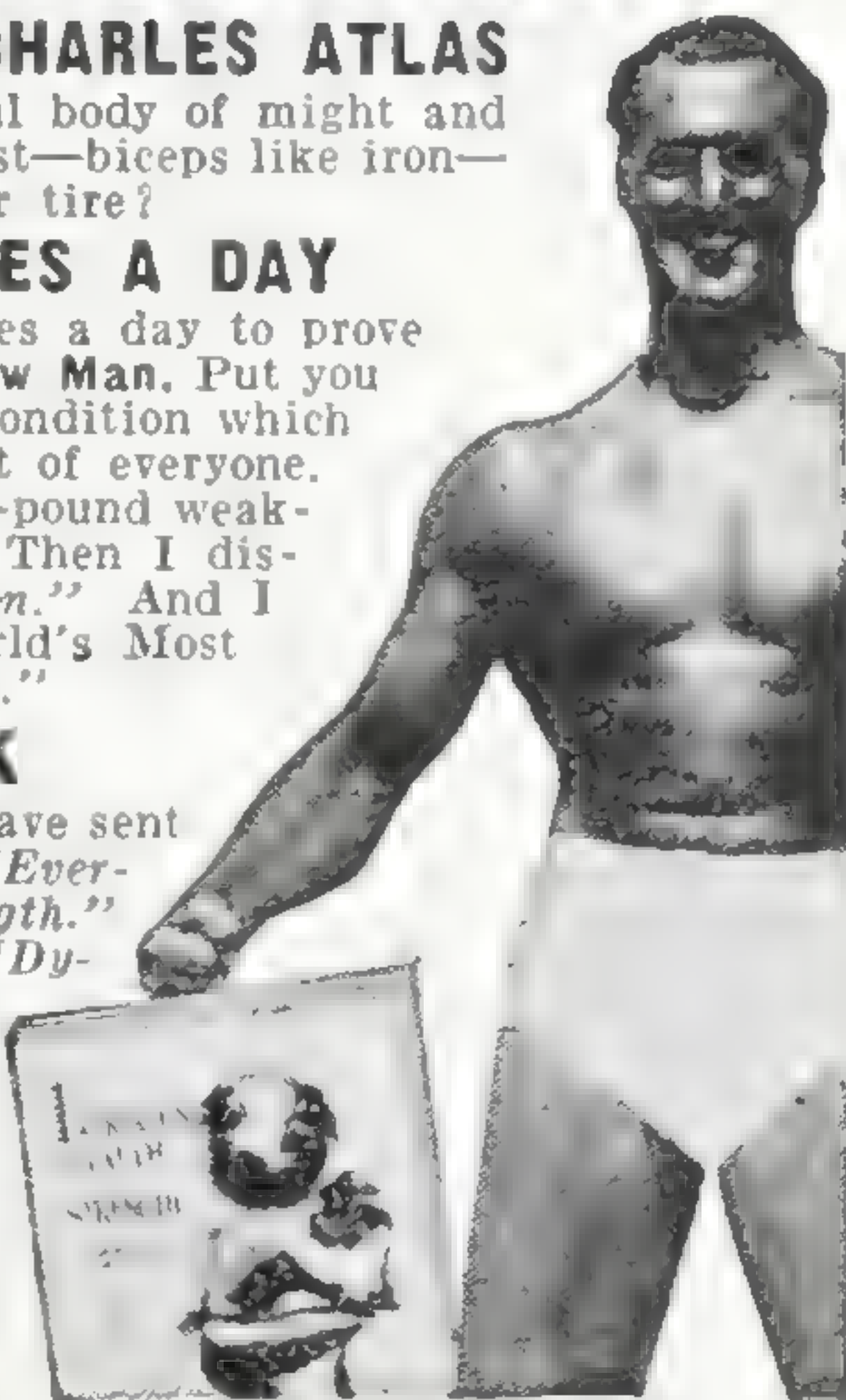
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Glenn Ford, who is in love with Marguerite Chapman, Robinson's daughter.

It takes an attack by a flight of Nip planes and a sub to bring out the qualities of the ship and her captain.

If "Destroyer" had not been preceded by too many pictures with the same theme, it would have carried even more dramatic weight. Even so, it's a mighty fine tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting.

Bomber's Moon (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The escape of Nazi prisoners.

MORE of the same old stuff, Mister, all about an American flyer, George Montgomery, a Russian girl, Annabella, and a Czech officer, Kent Taylor (in reality a Nazi spy), who are permitted to escape from a German prison so that the prisoners may lead the Germans to the underground workers. Taylor is killed as he is trying to relay this information to the Nazis. Annabella escapes in a fishing boat, but Montgomery, who must like to do things the hard way, steals a Nazi plane for his excursion across the Channel. The three principals are good, but the story has been done to death.

Your Reviewer Says: Warmed over.

✓ True To Life (Paramount)

It's About: A family whose antics reach the air waves.

DICK POWELL and Franchot Tone are a team of writers for a radio soap opera who find their program slipping fast. Dick discovers Mary Martin singing in a little cafe. Mary believes Dick broke and takes him home to her nuttier-than-a-fruitcake family. Zoom, Dick gets an idea. Why not put the goings-on of this "True to Life" family on the air. So Dick moves in as a boarder and the Crosley on their radio serial soars and soars until the family gets wise and then, oh dear, oh dear.

Vic Moore, the father of the family, is a scream. The little romance angle among Dick, Mary (who sings so cutely) and Tone is fetching. Mabel Paige, William Demarest and Clarence Kolb go round and round and round.

Your Reviewer Says: A gay, dizzy whirl.

Hostages (Paramount)

It's About: The holding of Czech hostages in reprisal for a Nazi's suicide.

WAR, war—war, and all its ensuing nastiness—here it is again, folks, so take it or leave it as you've a mind to.

This story, which ran serially in a national magazine, tells of the suicide of a Nazi officer in Czechoslovakia. The Nazis seize upon the incident to vent their cruelty on certain Czechs and seize the property of a wealthy pro-German Czech.

Bill Bendix, supposedly a stupid wash-room attendant, but actually the leader of the Czech underground, gives the best performance. Bendix is terrific in his role. Luise Rainer has a thankless sort of role and plays it that way. Paul Lukas as a Gestapo official, Oscar Homolka as the wealthy Quisling, and Rheinhold Schunzel as a conniving Nazi, give three swell performances.

Arturo de Cordova registers as the newspaperman and the go-between.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much too late.

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Some Laxatives are too Strong—

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* can often do more harm than good!

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A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief is not the best answer to your child's laxative problem. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle! When taken in proper doses...

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Ex-Lax is thorough and effective. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too! It won't weaken or upset the children. Won't make them feel bad afterwards. And remember, Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like *fine chocolate*! It's as good for grown-ups as it is for youngsters. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

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Are you sure your tinted hair doesn't look harsh, streaked, unnatural to others? To avoid this don't tolerate inferior colorings—insist that your beautician use Rap-I-Dol Shampoo Oil Tint—won't wash or rub off—the modern way to economically cover gray hair and keep it a secret.

FREE: Send a few strands of hair for FREE Confidential report. Write today to: Rap-I-Dol, Dept. 2211, 151 W. 46th St., New York 19, N. Y. Caution: Use only as directed on label

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Artistic pins, rings and emblems. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from 55c up. Write today. Dept. J, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y. **FREE Catalog**

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You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your hair! You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "dyed".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7663 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
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☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 24)

takes intern Van Johnson with him to a prison to visit homicidal maniac John Craven, former suitor of Donna Reed. They get there just in time to become involved in a jail break. Keve Luke is another intern, Margaret O'Brien a patient in the children's ward and Bill Lundigan a war veteran. (Aug.)

✓FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—Paramount: Franchot Tone, British soldier in Tobruk, impersonates a dead German waiter in the pay of the Nazis in a small hotel run by Akim Tamiroff. From Field Marshal Rommel, superbly played by Erich von Stroheim, Tone learns the secret of the German success in Africa. Peter Van Eyck scores heavily as Rommel's aid and Anne Baxter is more than competent. (Aug.)

✓✓✓FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Paramount: In many instances this is a breath-taking, magnificent thing of sound and color, although the telling is long and some sequences too slow. Gary Cooper, the American who sets out to dynamite a bridge during the Spanish Civil War, and Ingrid Bergman as Maria are superb, but Katina Paxinou emerges as the picture's star. It's a must-see. (Oct.)

GALS INCORPORATED—Universal: Leon Errol's so girl-struck he even opens a night spot so he can be constantly surrounded by cuties. But Leon's sister threatens to cut him off if he doesn't marry and settle down, so Errol pretends to be married to Gracie McDonald. Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra furnish some swell music and Betty Kean and Harriet Hilliard do good work. (Oct.)

GET GOING—Universal: Gracie MacDonald comes to Washington in search of a job, which she gets easily; a room, which she obtains with three other girls; and a beau, which she gets when she pretends to be an enemy agent, thus attracting the attention of Robert Paige, F.B.I. agent. It's all cute. (Sept.)

GHOSTS ON THE LOOSE—Monogram: Huntz Hall's sister moves into a bungalow next to a house occupied by Nazi Bela Lugosa. Whereupon Huntz, Leo Gorcey and Bobby Jordan set out to trap the spy and, after much trouble, succeed. (Sept.)

GILDERSLEEVE'S BAD DAY—RKO-Radio: When well-meaning Gildersleeve, as a member of a jury, works to set the accused man free and then is accused of bribery, all heck breaks loose with a whirl of Gildersleeves midst wild chases. Jane Darwell and Nancy Gates get mixed up in the thing. (Aug.)

✓✓HEAVEN CAN WAIT—20th Century-Fox: Gay, amusing, true to life and tragically real at times is this Lubitsch-directed yarn concerning the women in the life of a rich, spoiled, but well-meaning husband, very well played by Don Ameche. Gene Tierney as his wife has never been better or prettier. Laird Cregar is the devil, who hears Don's life story. The whole cast is excellent. (Sept.)

HENRY ALDRICH SWINGS IT—Paramount: Henry, played by Jimmy Lydon, takes music lessons from pretty Marion Hall and life becomes difficult for the Aldriches, what with Mrs. Aldrich leaving home, Henry getting caught in a raid. (Sept.)

✓✓HERS TO HOLD—Universal: Wealthy Deanna Durbin meets Joe Cotten at a job bank. In order to get her man, Deanna gets a job as a riveter in the same defense plant in which Joe is working. Deanna sings delightfully and it's a charming, timely love story. (Sept.)

✓HIT THE ICE—Universal: Abbott and Costello are sidewalk photographers who gangster Sheldon Leonard thinks are thugs. He hires them to cover him while he robs a bank. When the boys discover what goes on they leave town and follow the robber to Sun Valley where things really get going. With Ginny Simms and Elyse Knox. (Sept.)

HITLER'S HANGMAN—M-G-M: This is a pretty poor memorial to Lidice. Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison struggle like trapped animals with the romantic leads. Heydrich is played well by John Carradine. (Sept.)

✓I DOOD IT—M-G-M: Good fun about a valet in a swanky hotel who adores stage queen Eleanor Powell, marries her when she becomes jealous of her stage partner, Richard Ainley, and travels from despair to happiness. Red Skelton gives the role of the valet all the business that riots the customers and Jimmy Dorsey, Hazel Scott and Lena Horne all add to the entertainment. (Oct.)

JITTERBUGS—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy run riot in this not very funny movie. First they're a two-member jive band selling gasoline tablets; then they become involved in an impersonation contest. (Aug.)

JUNIOR ARMY—Columbia: Billy Halop befriends English Freddie Bartholomew, so Freddie's uncle sends him to military school as a reward. Hoodlum



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Billy almost wrecks the school before he finally melts under the good sportsmanship of Freddie. (Oct.)

KANSAN, THE—U. A.: Banker Albert Dekker elects Richard Dix as marshal; Dix exposes Dekker and his get-rich-quick schemes and the result is a shootin', tootin' mix-up. Jane Wyatt is a capable heroine. (Sept.)

✓✓LET'S FACE IT—Paramount: Bob Hope is an Army private in love with physical-culture teacher Betty Hutton who runs a near-by milk farm. When Bob and two buddies spend a week end with three old girls who want to make their husbands jealous and the husbands turn up with three young girls and Betty arrives with the buddies' fiancées, the picture skyrockets. It's all for laughs. (Oct.)

LEOPARD MAN, THE—RKO-Radio: Dennis O'Keefe, publicity man, gives an actress a black leopard that kills a young girl, whereupon other murders occur. Margo, Isobel Jewell, Abner Biberman, a leopard trainer, and Ben Bard, police chief, all prowl along with the cat. (Aug.)

✓✓MISSION TO MOSCOW—Warner Brothers: Regardless of your reaction to this picture's message of understanding Russia, it's beautifully directed, acted and executed. The story takes former Ambassador Davies, played by Walter Huston, through the factories, intrigues and length and breadth of Europe in his quest for truth about Hitler and Russia. It's definitely a picture to see. (Aug.)

✓✓MISTER BIG—Universal: Here's the student body group again who want to put on a hot musical for their class play, but the faculty says no. Guess who wins? Anyway, Donald O'Connor is a great little performer. Gloria Jean sings old-style and new-style songs and Peggy Ryan proves a live-wire partner for O'Connor. (Aug.)

PETTICOAT LARCENY—RKO-Radio: Joan Carroll is a child radio star who tires of her trite material and sets out to find more realistic stuff, in the course of which she meets up with three burglars whom she convinces she herself is a miniature robber. Ruth Warrick, Walter Reed, Wally Brown and Tom Kennedy have quite a time for themselves. (Oct.)

✓✓PRELUDE TO WAR—War Department film: Every man and woman who loves freedom should see this pulse-stirring picture. It shows the causes of the present war, beginning when the Japs attacked Manchuria. The picture is a master job. (Aug.)

SALUTE FOR THREE—Paramount: Press agent Marty May tries to promote Betty Rhodes into a radio job by linking her name with war hero Macdonald Carey, but the publicity stunt backfires. Donna Drake leads her girl orchestra. (Aug.)

SARONG GIRL—Monogram: Ann Corio, a burlesque star whose jail sentence is commuted when a shady lawyer steps in, is not yet competent enough to handle a leading role, "Scat" Davis and his music brighten it up, but it's still an inept picture. (Aug.)

✓✓SILVER SPURS—Republic: Cowboy Roy Rogers puts an ad in a Lonely Hearts column; his boss, Jerome Cowan, wants a wife. Phyllis Brooks, reporter on the paper, answers the ad herself and is forced into marriage with Cowan, only to have him killed immediately after the wedding. Rogers is blamed and it all becomes quite exciting. (Oct.)

✓✓SKY'S THE LIMIT, THE—RKO-Radio: Fred Astaire is a Flying Tiger, tired of being lionized, so he escapes from his buddies and goes to the big city in search of love and adventure. He finds it in the person of photographer Joan Leslie, who dances with him beautifully. Robert Benchley's after-dinner speech as Joan's boss is a classic. (Oct.)

SONG OF TEXAS—Republic: Roy Rogers is a rodeo performer who allows an old cowhand to pretend to be owner of Roy's ranch in order to impress the old fellow's daughter, Sheila Ryan, and her pal Arline Judge. (Aug.)

✓✓✓SO PROUDLY WE HAIL—Paramount: Seldom has a picture packed the power of this one, based on factual experiences of the nurses on Bataan and Corregidor. Claudette Colbert is their leader who falls in love, marries and leaves behind George Reeves. Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake give the performances of their careers and Sonny Tufts is a find. It's a film you'll long remember. (Sept.)

✓✓SPITFIRE—Goldwyn-U.A.: This is the story of R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Spitfire, told in the picture by David Niven, test pilot. Leslie Howard plays Mitchell. Because this is a true story, you will find it twice as moving and exciting. (Aug.)

SPOTLIGHT SCANDALS—Monogram: Billy Gilbert, a barber, teams up with actor Frank Fay to become a riotous success as a vaudeville team. But then Fay leaves to join a radio show starring Bonnie Baker and when he becomes involved in the death of a chorus girl Gilbert gallumphs back into the picture. With the Radio Rogues and Harry Langdon. (Oct.)



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STAGE DOOR CANZLER—Sol Lesser U.A.: Top names in the theater and in orchestras lend their talent to this colossal picture of New York's Stage Door Canteen. The story has ambitious actress Cheryl Walker meeting soldier William Terry at the Canteen and their love story unfolding amidst glittering top-star entertainment. (Aug.)

STORMY WEATHER—20th Century-Fox: This all-Negro revue is a singing, dancing feast. Bill Robinson reviews the fictional events that have shaped his life, his love and marriage to beautiful Lena Horne, their separation and reunion. With Cab Calloway and Dooley Wilson. (Aug.)

SUBMARINE ALERT—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an engineer, finds himself employed by Axis agents under the watchful eye of the F. B. I. Wendy Barrie is cute as the girl. (Sept.)

SUBMARINE BASE—PRC: John Litel, former detective and only survivor of a Merchant Marine ship, is dragged from tropical waters by gangster Alan Baxter and taken to an Island base where he discovers that Baxter is aiding the Axis. Eric Blore, Lewis Alberni, Georges Metaxa and Fifi D'Orsay make up a pretty good cast. (Oct.)

SWING SHIFT MAISIE—M-G-M: Ann Sothern, as *Maisie*, is working in a trained dog act when test pilot James Craig gets a job in a defense plant. That's where *Maisie* lands in deep trouble when Jean Rogers betrays her. It's average fare. (Aug.)

TAXI MISTER—Roach-U.A.: Bill Bendix and Joe Sawyer are a pair of taxi drivers whose success story is told in flashbacks of how Bendix met and fell in love with burlesque queen Grace Bradley and how gangster Sheldon Leonard's interference eventually led to their success in business and love. All three principals are a hit trio. (Aug.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Warners: A magnificent job is this tremendous musical film turned out by Warners for the benefit of the Army Relief. George Murphy plays the instigator of the 1918 soldier show "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," and Ronald Reagan his son who puts on the 1938 show. You'll see Irving Berlin, Alan Hale, Joan Leslie, Sgt. Joe Lewis and Uncle Sam's soldiers. (Oct.)

THUMBS UP—Republic: Brenda Joyce, an American singer in London, goes into a British defense plant when she learns that a producer is going to recruit talent from such plants. She meets heart-aches when her true motives are revealed, but is regenerated through patriotism and flyer Richard Fraser. Gertrude Niesen sings a number and Elsa Lanchester is Brenda's pal. (Oct.)

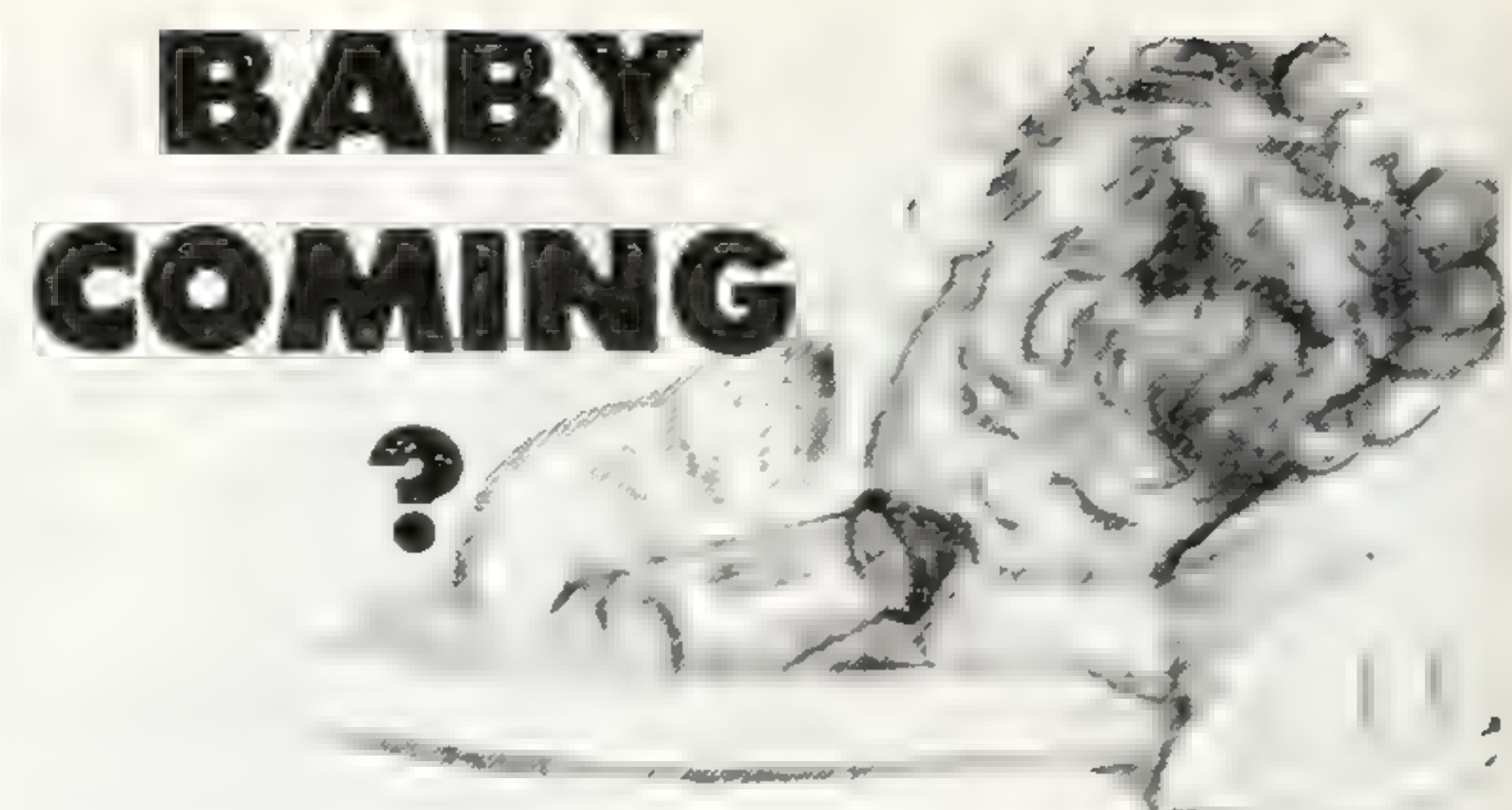
TWO TICKETS TO LONDON—Universal: A poorly constructed story, with Alan Curtis as a merchant seaman accused of being a traitor. When a bomb hits the train carrying him to London, he escapes with Michele Morgan and the two become fugitives from justice. C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Gordon and Oscar O'Shea do their best. (Sept.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Disney-U.A.: The most unusual film of the year, and one which every American should see, is this history of aviation, past, present and future. It's a plea by Major de Seversky himself for a greater and mightier air force; and with the aid of Disney's men of genius, the type of bomber needed to smash at the heart of Tokio itself is pictured. (Oct.)

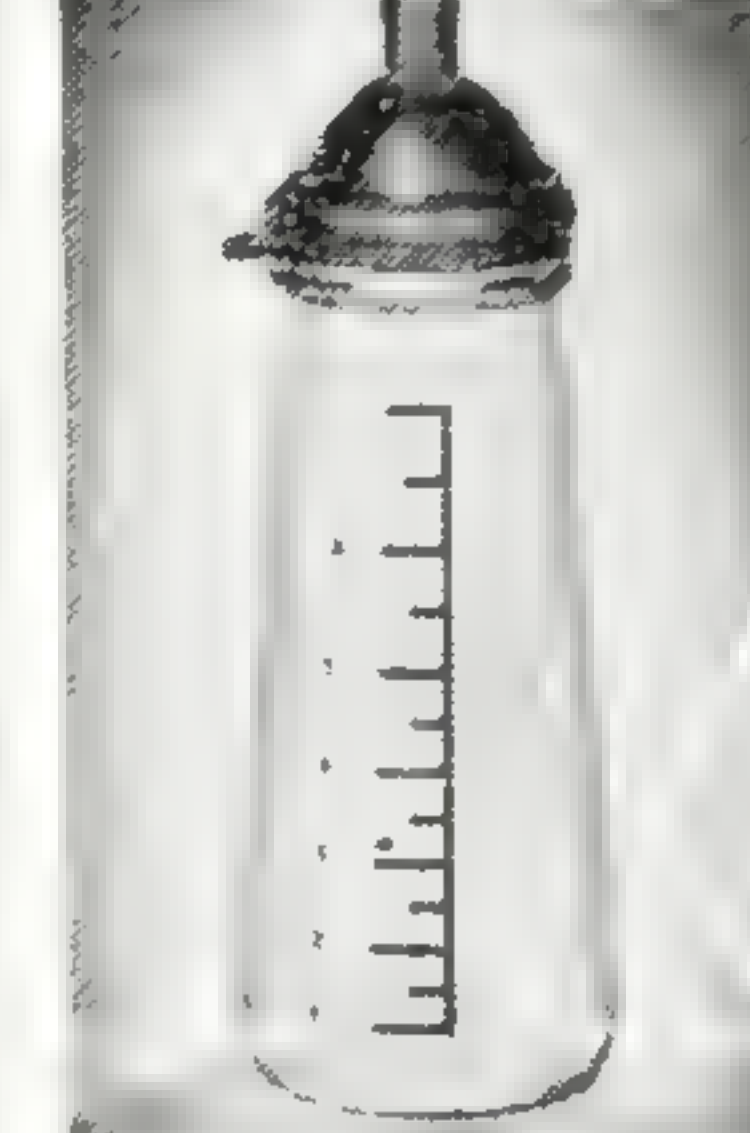
WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED—Universal: This is all about the training and the social and romantic life of the students of famous Texas A and M college and is an interesting, informative and exciting picture. Richard Quine is a student who becomes a target of suspicion through his friendship with two Japs and how he turns traitor to aid his country is thrilling. Anne Gwynne and Noah Beery Jr. are very good. (Oct.)

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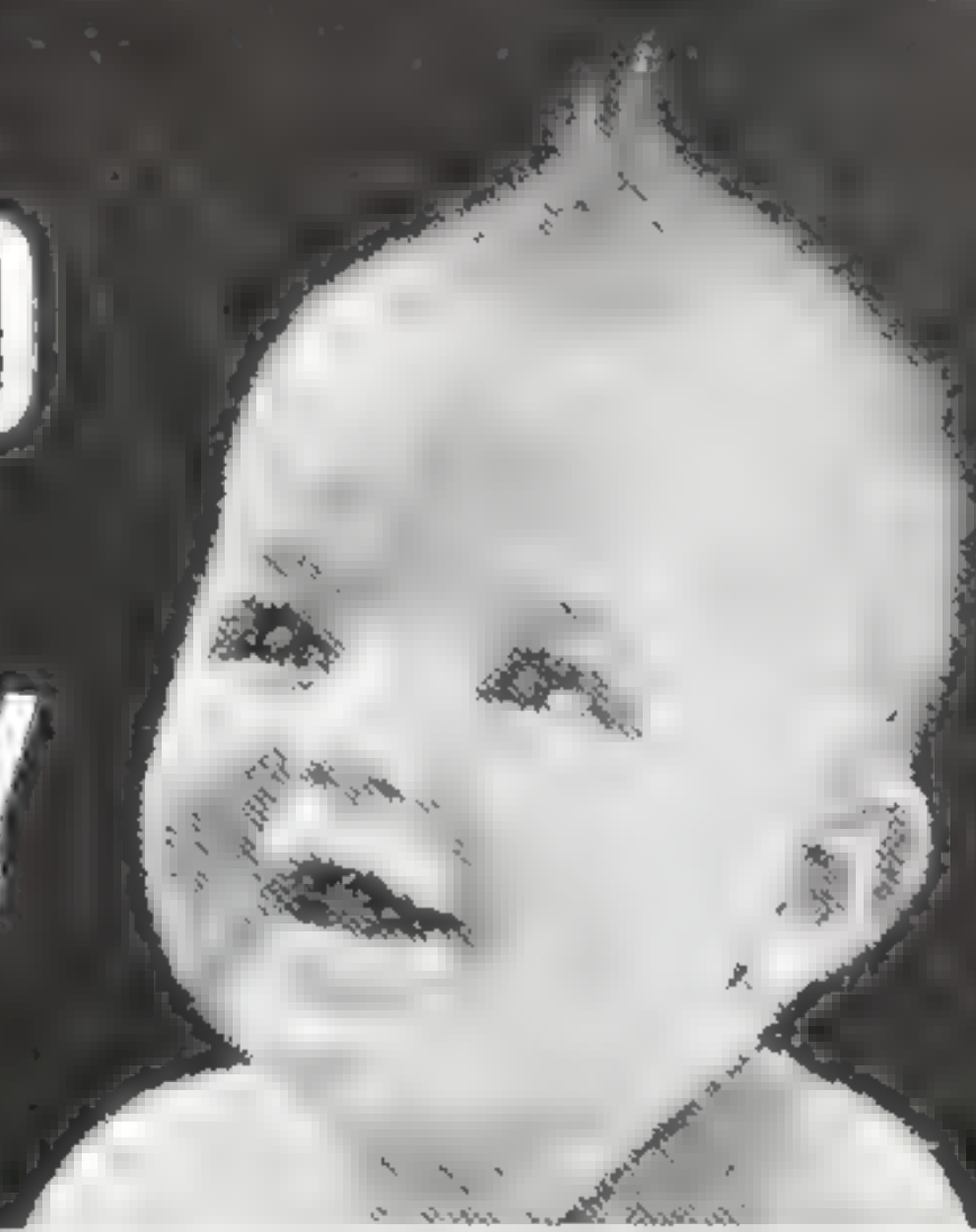
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Casts of Current Pictures

BOMBER'S MOON—Twentieth Century-Fox: Captain Jeff Dakin, George Montgomery; Alec, Anna-bella; Captain Paul Husnik, Kent Taylor; Friederich Mueller, Walter Kingsford; Major von Streicher, Martin Kosleck; Major von Grunow, Dennis Hoey; Ernst, Robert Barrat; Lieutenant Danny Dakin, Richard Graham; Karl, Kenneth Brown; Derbitz, Lionel Royce; Henrik Vanseeler, Victor Kilian; Dr. Hartman, Felix Basch; Elsa, Edith Evanson; Henrich, George Davis; Inn Keeper, Ilka Gruning.

CLAUDIA—Twentieth Century-Fox: Claudia, Dorothy McGuire; David Naughton, Robert Young; Mrs. Brown, Ina Claire; Jerry Seymour, Reginald Gardiner; Mme. Daruschka, Olga Baclanova; Julia, Jean Howard; Fritz, Frank Tweddell; Bertina, Elsa Janssen; Carl, John Royce; Hartley, Frank Fenton; Mr. Feiffer, Ferdinand Munier; Mrs. Feiffer, Winifred Harris; Maid, Jessie Grayson.

DESTROYER—Columbia: Steve Boleslavski, Edward G. Robinson; Mickey Donohue, Glenn Ford; Mary Boleslavski, Marguerite Chapman; Kansas Jackson, Edgar Buchanan; Sarecky, Leo Gorcey; Lt. Comm. Clark, Regis Toomey; Casey, Ed Brophy; Lt. Morton, Warren Ashe; Bigbee, Craig Woods; Yasha, Curt Bois.

FALLEN SPARROW, THE—RKO: Kit, John Garfield; Toni Donne, Maureen O'Hara; Dr. Skaas, Walter Slezak; Barby Tavito, Patricia Morison; Whitney Hamilton, Martha O'Driscoll; Ab Parker, Bruce Edwards; Anton, John Banner; Inspector Tobin, John Miljan; Prince Francois de Namur, Sam Goldenberg; Otto Skaas, Hugh Beaumont.

FIRE WIFE—Universal: Eve Starr, Diana Barrymore; Hank Dunne, Robert Paige; Tig Callahan, Louise Allbritton; Chris McClelland, Walter Abel; Oscar Blix, George Dolenz; Charles, Rex Ingram; Willie Wilson, Ernest Truex; Jerry Donohue, Alan Dinehart; Justice of the Peace, Walter Catlett; Orin Tracy, Richard Lane; Judge Towne, Samuel S. Hinds.

FRONTIER BADMEN—Universal: Claire, Diana Barrymore; Steve, Robert Paige; Chris, Anne Gwynne; Chinito, Leo Carrillo; Slim, Andy Devine; Jim, Noah Bery, Jr.; Chango, Lon Chaney; Kimball, Tex Ritter; Courtwright, William Farnum; Ballard, Thomas Gomez; Sheriff, Robert Homans; Thompson, Tom Padden; Lindsay, Arthur Loft; Cherokee, Frank Lackteen.

GIRL CRAZY—M-G-M: Danny Churchill, Jr., Mickey Rooney; Ginger Gray, Judy Garland; Bud Livermore, Gil Stratton; Henry Lathrop, Robert E. Strickland; "Rags", "Rags" Ragland; Specialty, June Allyson; Polly Williams, Nancy Walker; Dean Phineas Armour, Guy Kibbee; Marjorie Tait, Frances Rafferty; Mr. Churchill, Sr., Henry O'Neill; Governor Tait, Howard Freeman; and Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE—U. A.: Col. Hector Phylfe, Adolphe Menjou; Janie Prescott, Martha Scott; Leslie Quayle, June Havoc; Genya Smetana, Pola Negri; Sonny Phylfe, Dennis O'Keefe; Mrs. Prescott, Billie Burke; Senator Simpson, Walter Kingsford; Peter Warrington, III, Barton Hepburn; Spinelli, Georges Metaxa; Pianist, Marek Windheim; Croupier, Eddie Marr; Impresario, Paul Porcasi; A Friend, Lorraine Miller; Boughton, Richard Hageman; Fat Man, Bert Roach; Chauffeur, Chick Chandler; Maid, Ellen Lowe; Cashier, Barry McCollum; Bartender, Joe Devlin; Minister, Hal K. Dawson; Doorman, Andrew Tombes; Watson, Byron Foulger; Sandra, Ann Hunter.

HOLY MATRIMONY—Twentieth Century-Fox: Priam Farll, Monty Woolley; Alice Challice, Gracie Fields; Clive Oxford, Laird Cregar; Mrs. Leek, Una O'Connor; Mr. Pennington, Alan Mowbray; Dr. Caswell, Melville Cooper; Duncan Farll, Franklin Pangborn; Lady Vale, Ethel Griffies; Henry Leek, Eric Blore; Mr. Crepitude, George Zucco; Critics, Fritz Feld; William Austin; Judge, Montague Love; John Leek, Richard Fraser; King Edward VII, Edwin Maxwell; Solicitor, Leyland Hodgson; Harry Leek, Whitner Bissell; Matthew Leek, Geoffrey Steele; Lady Vale's Footman, Lumsden Hare; Court Clerk, Thomas Loudon; Stawley, Ian Wolfe; Clerk, Milton Parsons; Aylmer, Alec Craig.

HOSTAGES—Paramount: Milada, Louise Rainer; Paul Breda, Arturo de Cordova; Janoshik, William Bendix; Rheinhardt, Paul Lukas; Marie, Katina Paxinou; Lev Preissinger, Oscar Homolka; Kurt Daluge, Rheinhold Schunzel; Captain Schuler, Frederick Giermann; Jan Pavel, Ronald Varno; Dr. Walenstein, Felix Basch; Prokosch, John Mylong; Lieut. Glasenapp, Hans Conreid; Mueller, Steven Geray.

JOHNNY COME LATELY—U. A.: Tom Richards, James Cagney; Vinnie McLeod, Grace George; Gashouse Mary, Marjorie Maine; Jean, Marjorie Lord; Aida, Hattie McDaniel; W. M. Daugherty, Ed McNamara; Pete, Bill Henry; Bill Swain, Robert Barrat; Willie Ferguson, George Cleveland; Myrtle, Margaret Hamilton; Dudley Hirsch, Norman Willis; Blaker, Lucien Littlefield; Winterbottom, Edwin Stanley; Chief of Police, Irving Bacon; First Cop, Tom Dugan; Second Cop, Charles

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*externally-caused

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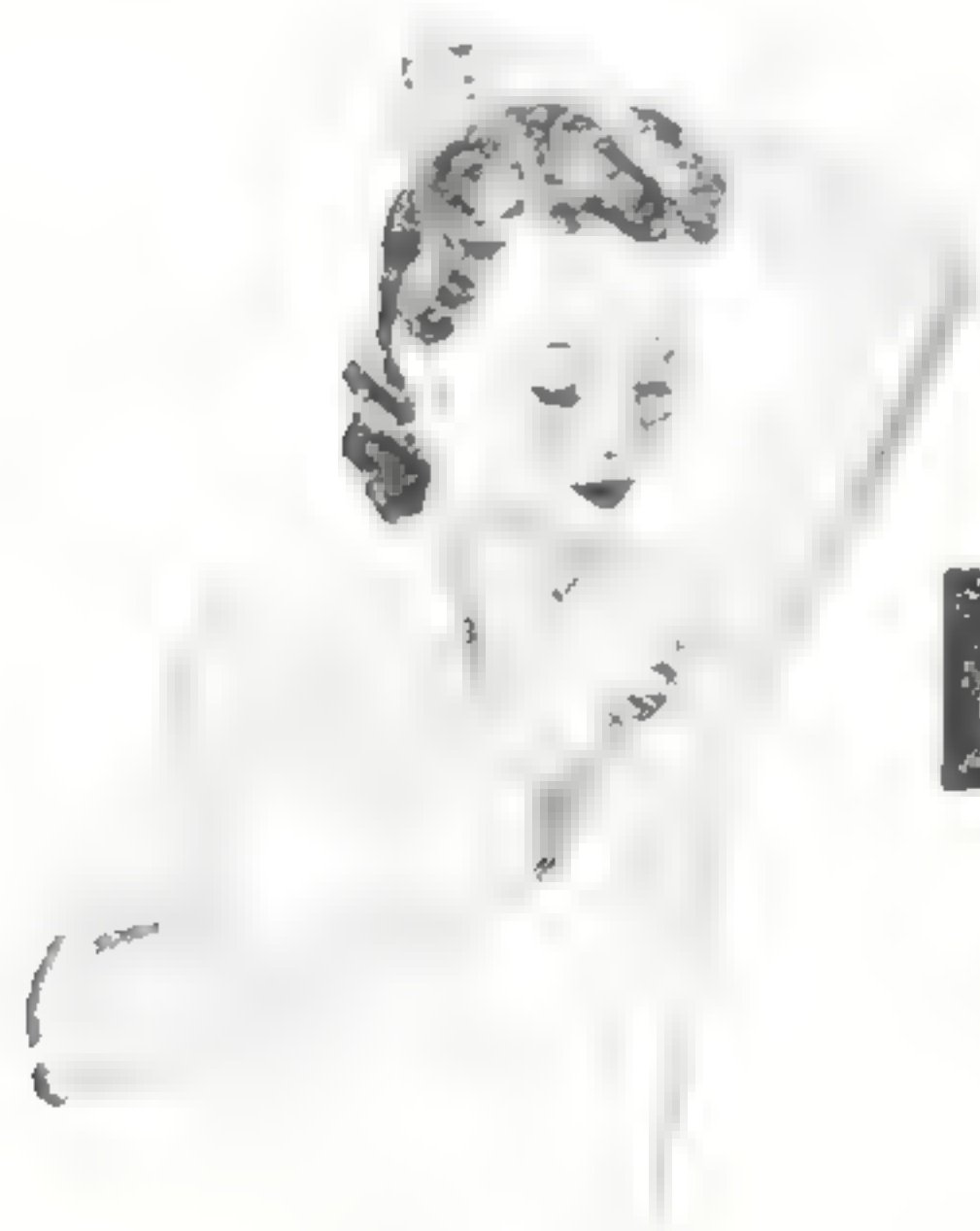
Mail us \$1.00 and we will send you prepaid 4 boxes famous Rosebud Salve (25c size) and will include with salve this lovely solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring your size and month. You can sell the 4 salve and get back your \$1.00 and have ring without cost. Rosebud is an old reliable salve.

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Embarrassing Wet Underarms

How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious
and Save Clothes, too!

Are you horrified at any underarm dampness and odor? Are you appalled at armhole staining and clothes damage?

If you are willing to take a little extra care to be surer of not offending—you will welcome the scientific perspiration control of Liquid Odorono.

Liquid Odorono was first used by a physician 30 years ago to keep his hands dry when operating.

A clear, clean odorless liquid—it simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 5 days. If you need it more often, you use it more often—daily if necessary to

bring quick relief from all perspiration embarrassments.

When your underarm is kept dry, you won't "offend," you won't stain and ruin expensive clothes. Today, especially, you want your clothes to last. You can depend on Liquid Odorono for real "clothes-insurance."

Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odorono. It's the surest way to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too... it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

Irwin; *Third Cop*, John Sheehan; *Butler*, Clarence Muse; *First Tramp*, John Miller; *Second Tramp*, Arthur Hunnicutt; *Tramp in Boxcar*, Victor Kilian; *Bouncer*, Wee Willie Davis.

LADY TAKES A CHANCE—A—RKO: *Mollie Truesdale*, Jean Arthur; *Duke Hudkins*, John Wayne; *Waco*, Charles Winninger; *Smiley Lambert*, Phil Silvers; *Florrie Bendix*, Mary Field; *Drunk*, Don Costello; *Storekeeper*, John Phillip; *Malcolm*, Grady Sutton; *Bob*, Grant Withers; *Gregg*, Hans Conreid; *Jitterbug*, Peggy Carroll; *Flossie*, Ariel Heath; *Linda Belle*, Sugar Geise; *Lilly*, Joan Blair; *Mullen*, Tom Fadden; *Bus Station Attendant*, Ed Waller; *Carmen-cita*, Nina Quartaro; *Bartender*, Alex Melesh; *Gambling House Boss*, Cy Kendall; *Second Bartender*, Paul Scott; *Dr. Humboldt*, Charles D. Brown; *Butch and Buddy and the Three Peppers*.

LASSIE COME HOME—M-G-M: *Joe Carracough*, Roddy McDowall; *Sam Carracough*, Donald Crisp; *Dolly*, Dame May Whitty; *Rowlie*, Edmund Gwenn; *Duke of Rudling*, Nigel Bruce; *Mrs. Carracough*, Elsa Lanchester; *Priscilla*, Elizabeth Taylor; *Dan'l Fadden*, Ben Webster; *Hynes*, J. Patrick O'Malley; *Jock*, Alan Napier; *Andrew*, Arthur Shields; *Snickers*, John Rogers; *Buckles*, Alec Craig and Lassie.

MAN FROM DOWN UNDER, THE—M-G-M: *Jocko Wilson*, Charles Laughton; *Aggie Dawkins*, Binnie Barnes; *"Nipper"* Wilson, Richard Carlson; *Mary Wilson*, Donna Reed; *"Nipper" as a child*, Christopher Severn; *Ginger Gaffney*, Clyde Cook; *"Dusty" Rhodes*, Horace McNally; *Father Polycarp*, Arthur Shields; *Mary, as a child*, Evelyn Finks; *"Boots"*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Father Antoine*, Andre Charlot.

NOBODY'S DARLING—Republic: *Janie*, Mary Lee; *Chuck*, Jackie Moran; *Curtis*, Louis Calhern; *Eve*, Gladys George; *Pennington*, Lee Patrick; *The Deacon*, Bennie Bartlett; *Texas*, Roberta Smith; *Lois*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Dolly*, Betty Jean Hainey; *Jason*, Jonathan Hale; *Sammy*, Billy Benedict.

SOMEONE TO REMEMBER—Republic: *Mrs. Freeman*, Mabel Paige; *Dan Freeman*, John Craven; *Lucy Stanton*, Dorothy Morris; *Jim Parsons*, Charles Dingle; *Tom Gibbons*, Harry Shannon; *Bill Hedge*, Tom Seidel; *Ike Dale*, David Bacon; *Paul Parker*, Richard Crane; *Mr. Roseby*, Chester Clute; *Mr. Stanton*, Russell Hicks; *Mrs. Mayberry*, Leona Maricle; *Mrs. Stanton*, Madeline Grey.

STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, THE—Universal: *Adolf Hitler*, Ludwig Donath; *Hitler's double*, Ludwig Donath; *Franz Huber*, Ludwig Donath; *Bauer*, Frantz Kortner; *Anna Huber*, Gale Sondergaard; *Hermann Marbach*, George Dolenz; *Heinrich Himmler*, Fred Giermann; *Col. Von Zechwitz*, William Trenk; *Hans Huber*, Merrill Rodin; *Viki Huber*, Charles Bates; *Countess Eugenie*, Joan Blair; *Gen. Halder*, John Mylong; *Nazi Youth Leader*, Kurt Kreuger; *Maj. Mampe*, Rudolph Anders; *Maj. Profe*, Hans Schumm; *Prince Hohenberg*, Ivan Triesault; *Prof. Kaltenbrunn*, Lester Scharif; *Dr. Lurke*, George Sorel; *Frau Reitter*, Trudy Berliner; *Count Godeck*, Erno Verebes; *Gen. Pelzer*, Richard Ryen; *Gen. Diebold*, Gene Stutenroth; *Gestapo agent*, Hans Von Morhard; *The Judge*, Hans Von Twardowski.

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS—Warners: *Himself*, Humphrey Bogart; *Himself and Joe Simpson*, Eddie Cantor; *Herself*, Bette Davis; *Herself*, Olivia de Havilland; *Himself*, Errol Flynn; *Himself*, John Garfield; *Pat Dixon*, Joan Leslie; *Herself*, Ida Lupino; *Tom Randolph*, Dennis Morgan; *Herself*, Ann Sheridan; *Herself*, Dinah Shore; *Herself*, Alexis Smith; *Himself*, Jack Carson; *Himself*, Alan Hale; *Himself*, George Tobias; *Farnsworth*, Edward Everett Horton; *Dr. Schlenna*, S. Z. Sakall; *Gossip*, Hattie McDaniel; *Nurse Hamilton*, Ruth Donnelly; *Announcer*, Don Wilson; *Soldier*, Willie Best; *Angelo*, Henry Armetta; *Girl With A Book*, Joyce Reynolds and Spike Jones and His City Slickers.

TORNADO—Paramount: *Pete Ramsey*, Chester Morris; *Victory Kane*, Nancy Kelly; *Bob Ramsey*, Bill Henry; *Charlie Boswell*, Joe Sawyer; *Sally Vlochek*, Gwen Kenyon; *Diana Linden*, Marie McDonald; *Gary Linden*, Morgan Conway; *Old Man Linden*, Frank Reicher; *Big Joe Vlochek*, Nestor Paiva.

TRUE TO LIFE—Paramount: *Bonnie Porter*, Mary Martin; *Fletcher Martin*, Franchot Tone; *Link Ferris*, Dick Powell; *Pop Porter*, Victor Moore; *Mom Porter*, Mabel Paige; *Jake*, William Demarest; *Mr. Huggins*, Clarence Kolb; *Twips*, Beverly Hudson; *Clem*, Raymond Roe; *Oscar Elkins*, Ernest Truex; *Mr. Mason*, Harry Shannon.

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Warners: *Sara Muller*, Bette Davis; *Kurt Muller*, Paul Lukas; *Marthe de Brancovis*, Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Fanny Farrelly*, Lucille Watson; *Anise*, Beulah Bondi; *Teck de Brancovis*, George Coulouris; *David Farrelly*, Donald Woods; *Phil von Ramme*, Henry Daniell; *Joshua*, Donald Buka; *Bodo*, Eric Roberts; *Babette*, Janis Wilson; *Mrs. Mellie Sewell*, Mary Young; *Herr Blecher*, Kurt Katch; *Dr. Klauber*, Erwin Kalser; *Oberdorff*, Robert O. Davis; *Sam Chandler*, Clyde Filmore; *Joseph*, Frank Wilson; *Horace*, Clarence Muse.

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An hilarious heart-to-heart
encounter... between a girl who
wouldn't give in to love and a guy
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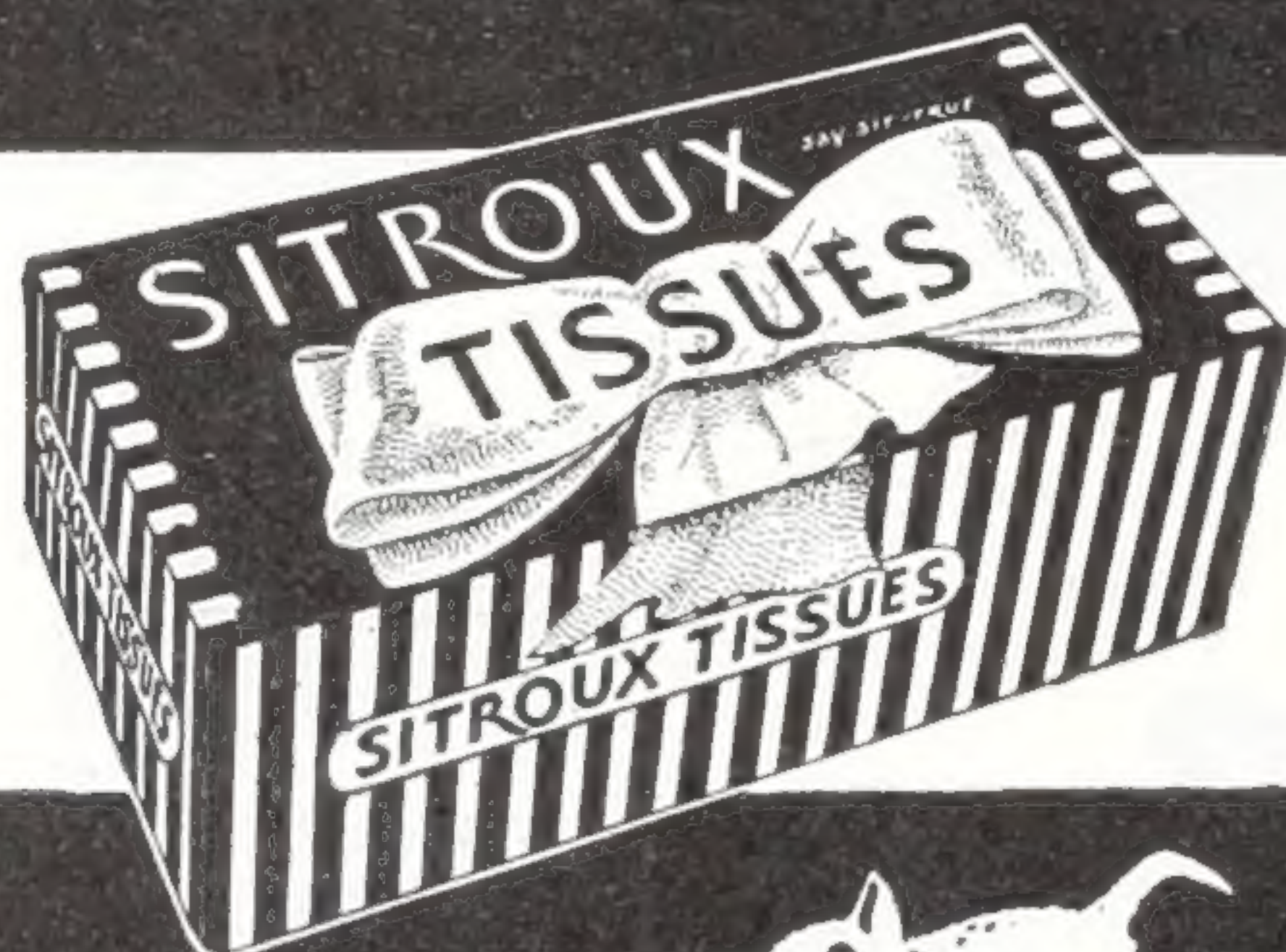
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SAY SIT-TRUE

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Available in the Following Stores:

#1 Trikskirt

Akron, Ohio—Nugents
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist
Buffalo, N. Y.—Nugents
Champaign, Ill.—W. D. Kennedy Company
Chicago, Ill.—Milford Shops
Danbury, Conn.—Nugents
Erie, Pa.—Nugents
Ithaca, N. Y.—Nugents
Jamestown, N. Y.—Nugents
Kingston, N. Y.—Nugents
Lancaster, Pa.—Nugents
Little Rock, Ark.—Gus Blass Company
Los Angeles, Cal.—Rathels
Miami Beach, Fla.—Ann's Importers
Middletown, Conn.—Nugents
Minneapolis, Minn.—Maurice Rothschild
Mobile, Ala.—Gayfer's
New Brunswick, N. J.—Nugents
Newburgh, N. Y.—Nugents
New Orleans, La.—Guy Mayer
Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Nugents
Philadelphia, Pa.—Snellenbergs
Reading, Pa.—Nugents
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Schenectady, N. Y.—Nugents
Springfield, Mass.—Muriels
St. Paul, Minn.—Maurice Rothschild
Trenton, N. J.—Nugents
Tulsa, Okla.—J. W. Megee
Washington, D. C.—Nugents
Wilmington, Del.—Nugents

#1 Jersey Blouse

Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild-Kohn
Boston, Mass.—Touraine Stores, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Cincinnati, Ohio—Lepols
Cleveland, Ohio—May Company
Dayton, Ohio—Dayton Company
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods Company
Los Angeles, Cal.—May Company
Louisville, Ky.—Stewart Dry Goods Company
Milwaukee, Wis.—Ed Schuster
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers
New York City, N. Y.—Commodore Shop
Norfolk, Va.—W. G. Schwartz
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Salt Lake City, Utah—Z. C. M. I.
San Antonio, Texas—Carls
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Wheeling, W. Va.—Stone & Thomas

#2 Plaid Skirt

Akron, Ohio—A. Polsky & Company
Asheville, N. C.—Bon Marche
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Birmingham, Ala.—J. Blach & Sons
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist
Boise, Idaho—Falk Merc. Company
Bridgeport, Conn.—D. M. Read & Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam Meldrum, Anderson
Charleston, S. C.—Kerrison Dry Goods
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company
Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Denver, Col.—Gano Dawns Company
Detroit, Mich.—Crawley Milner
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Brothers
Hartford, Conn.—Albert Steiger & Company
Houston, Texas—White House, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullocks Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith
New Haven, Conn.—Greens
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche Company
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy & Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.—C. R. Anthony Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Portland, Ore.—Lyman & Wolfe
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Company
Richmond, Va.—Miller & Rhoads
San Antonio, Tex.—Joake Brothers
San Diego, Cal.—Marstons
San Francisco—Roos Brothers
Salt Lake, Utah—The Paris Company
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown Dunkin Dry Goods Company
Washington, D. C.—S. Kann & Sons

#2 Peasant Blouse

Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
Cleveland, Ohio—Halle Brothers
Detroit, Mich.—Himmelhoch
Kansas City, Mo.—Hartfelds
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Rochester, N. Y.—Setley Lundy & Carr
St. Louis, Mo.—Alex Barr & Fuller
Washington, D. C.—Jelleffs

#3 Black Skirt

Akron, Ohio—A. Polsky Company
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison Paxon Company
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild Kohn & Company
Birmingham, Ala.—Burger-Phillips Company, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.—Outlet Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adams Meldrum and Anderson
Charleston, S. C.—Kerrison Dry Goods Company
Charleston, W. Va.—Diamond Store

Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldts
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris Company
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Brothers
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Ft. Worth, Tex.—A. Harris Company
Houston, Tex.—White House, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.—W. H. Black & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—John Taylor Dry Goods
Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—J. W. Thomas
New Haven, Conn.—Kellers
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy & Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.—C. R. Anthony Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Litt Brothers
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Portland, Ore.—Lyman Wolfe & Company
Providence, R. I.—Outlet Company
San Antonio, Tex.—Joske Brothers
San Francisco, Cal.—City of Paris
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson
Tucson, Ariz.—Albert Steinfeld & Company
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown Dunkin Dry Goods Company
Washington, D. C.—F. R. Jelliff, Inc.

#3 Herringbone Jacket

Akron, Ohio—A. Polsky & Company
Asheville, N. C.—Bon Marche
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Brothers
Boise, Idaho—The Mode
Boston, Mass.—Chandlers
Charleston, S. C.—Kerrison Dry Goods
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Dallas, Tex.—G. Harris Company
Denver, Col.—Joslin Dry Goods
Detroit, Mich.—Ernest Kern
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Brothers
Ft. Worth, Tex.—R. E. Cox Dry Goods Company
Hartford, Conn.—Brown Thompson
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayers Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery Bird Thayer
Louisville, Ky.—Stewart Dry Goods
Los Angeles, Cal.—Broadway Department Store
Memphis, Tenn.—J. Goldsmith
Minneapolis, Minn.—Powers Dry Goods
New Haven, Conn.—Edw. Malley Department Store
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes & Company
New York, N. Y.—R. H. Macy & Company
Oklahoma City, Okla.—C. R. Anthony Company
Phoenix, Ariz.—Korrick's Dry Goods Company
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Portland, Ore.—Meyer & Frank
Salt Lake City, Utah—The Vanity Shop
San Antonio, Tex.—Joake Brothers
San Diego, Cal.—Marston
San Francisco, Cal.—Emporium
St. Louis, Mo.—May Department Stores
Seattle, Wash.—Best Apparel
Springfield, Mass.—Albert Steiger Company
Tucson, Ariz.—College Shop
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown Dunkin Dry Goods
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh & Brothers

#3 Dickey

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Los Angeles, Cal.—Al Cooper
New York, N. Y.—Emily Shops
Philadelphia, Pa.—The Blum Store
Providence, R. I.—The Shephard Company

#4 Taffeta Blouse

Chicasha, Okla.—Levine & Miller
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdales
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbel Brothers
Wilkesburg, Pa.—Charm Shop

#4 Hat

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Company
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue
Columbus, Ohio—The Union Company
Denver, Colo.—Daniels & Fisher
Detroit, Mich.—D. J. Healey
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Company
Minnesota, Wis.—Dayton Company
New Haven, Conn.—Ed. Malley Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.—J. Horne
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
San Diego, Cal.—The Marston Company
San Francisco, Cal.—O'Connor Moffat
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

#5 Evening Jacket

Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker
Newburgh, N. Y.—Johnson & Hare
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Lucky Platt
Norfolk, Va.—W. G. Swartz Company
San Antonio, Tex.—The Vogue
Tacoma, Wash.—Knettle Corset Company
Washington, D. C.—Woodruff & Lothrop

Softer, smoother Skin..it's Yours with just One Cake of Camay!

• Does it seem like a miracle—that your skin can be fresher, clearer, softer—with just one cake, your very *first* cake of Camay? It can—that's our *promise to you*—if you'll make this one simple change! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! Yes—they know the kind of MILD cleansing Camay gives you can make your skin softer, smoother with *just one cake!* You see, Camay is wonderfully mild...so MILD it cleanses the skin gently, thoroughly...*without irritation.* So change to proper MILD cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Day-by-day...with that one cake of Camay...your skin will look lovelier, fresher, smoother.

**Mild Camay
cleanses skin
without irritation!**

Mrs. Robert J. Zipse of Maplewood, N. J., says, "Camay's mildness suits my skin! It's easy—with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to have that 'so fresh and dewy look' that goes with romance."



2 minutes a day—to softer skin

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mild Soap—to cleanse skin without irritation. So take 2 minutes a day with Camay. All you do is this:



Cream Camay on—over face, nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, add a cold splash. See your skin look lovelier...day-by-day.



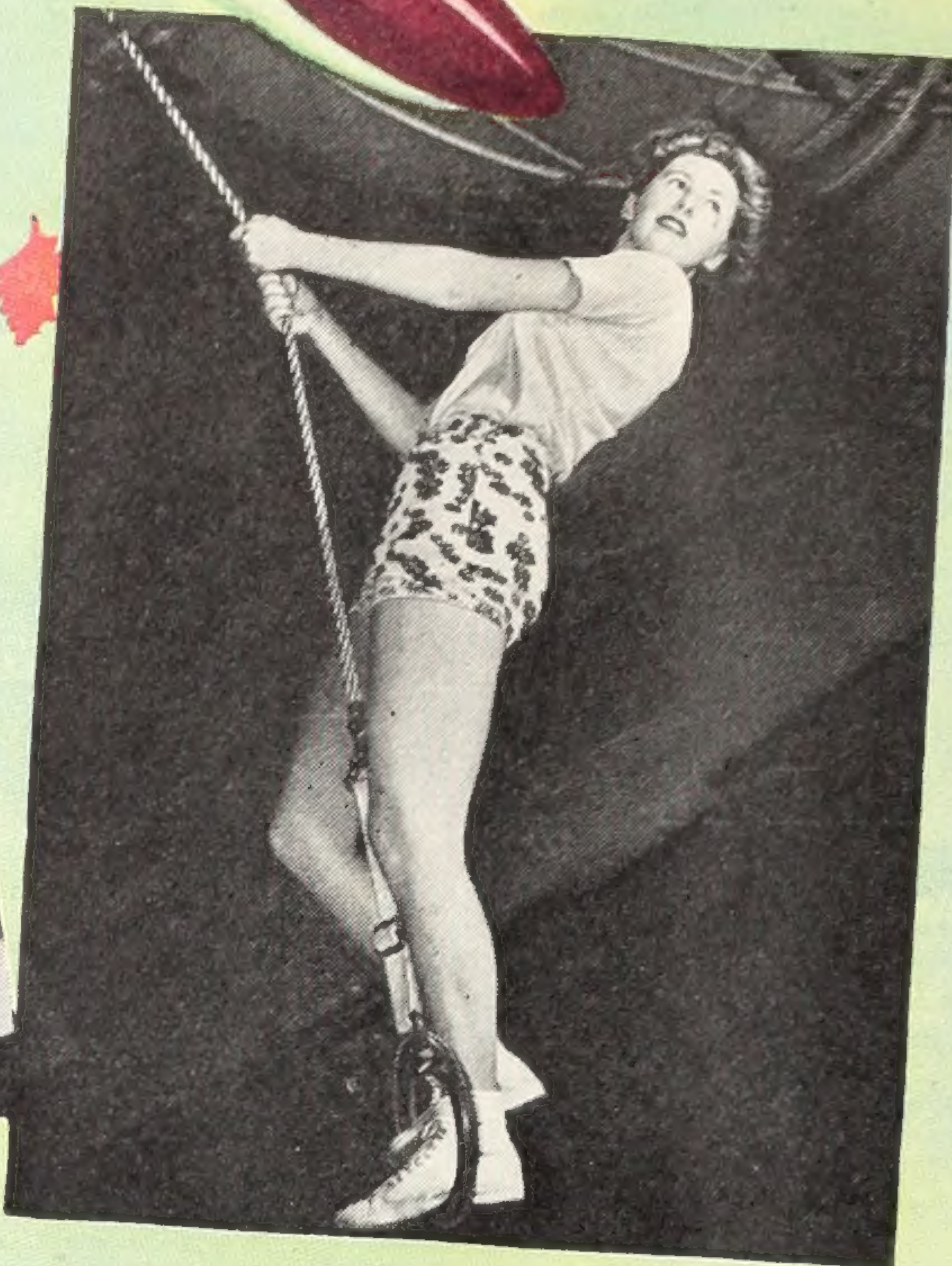
THE MILDEST EVER!

***Do your Bit—be a Soap Saver!** Between latherings, keep your Camay in a DRY soap dish! Wet dishes waste soap!

Smart war co-eds choose their favorite *Cutex* nail shades



DOLORES CONOR, Duke '44, taking the Accelerated Program and a COG in the wheel of victory—says: "For excitement give me Cutex **BLACK RED**! It's tops in smartness. Yet I don't have to pay a luxury price for it."



DIANA HAUCKE, Syracuse '44, toughens up for her pre-med course, plus lab, First Aid and air-raid defense! Says: "I'll take Cutex **OFF DUTY**—it's so smart and subtracts only 10¢ from my wartime college budget."



ANNE BURKHART, University of Texas '45, voted Sweetheart of its Engineering School, helps serve her country in the air. "I choose Cutex **ALERT**," she says. "It's so gay and flattering and goes with everything I own."

NAN WHEDON, Stanford University '44, active in the land army—really makes hay! Says: "Every minute must count. That's why I love Cutex **YOUNG RED**... swell color, goes on fast, stays on—and on! Really, it's wonderful."



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